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L O N D O N ,

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THE
CABINET;
OR,
MONTHLY REPORT
OF POLITE LITERATURE.

VOLUME I.

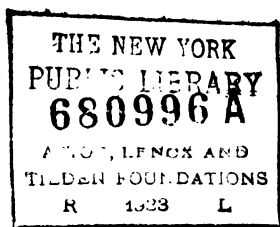
FEBRUARY TO JUNE, 1807.

LONDON:

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1807.



EXPLANATION OF THE ENGRAVED TITLE PAGE.

IN the fore ground is the Genius of Taste presenting her choicest gifts, to enrich the Cabinet of Britannia.

On the sides of the Cabinet, are the Sister Arts of Painting and Engraving—Above are Biography and Criticism.

The Base consists of Poetry, attended by Tragedy and Comedy—The Sphinx and Minerva, are emblematical of Learning in General.

PROSPECTUS.

IT is not now necessary to explain, much at large, the objects of a *Magazine* ; nor, when it is considered how many long established works of that description are already before the world, and that several others have recently appeared, is it easy to submit any fresh grounds for soliciting the favour of the Public towards a **NEW Periodical Publication**. Still, however, we will venture to *add one more to the many*, and notwithstanding such numerous and powerful competitors, we have the confidence to think that, as well on the score of novelty of design as superior taste in the execution, we shall have some right to ask, and to hope for a very considerable share of the Public Patronage.

A share then of that Patronage, we now beg leave earnestly to request for the **CABINET** ; which is the Title we have chosen for our work. It has often been asked "*what's in a name ?*" We believe in truth not much ; for "as that which we call a *rose* by any "other name would smell as sweet," so will a *Magazine*, if ably conducted, find its way into public notice as well under one appellation as another ; yet as our reasons for selecting this title will also afford a good *general view* of the work itself, those reasons we shall proceed to state.

A *Cabinet* is an elegant Repository for any thing curious or valuable. It is intended to make the new work correspond with this definition by the splendour of its embellishments, the beauty of its type, and the superior quality of its paper. Calculating, we trust not vainly, from our literary arrangements and resources, we may likewise pronounce that the *contents* of our **CABINET** will not be unworthy of their exterior ornament. In the different departments of **BIOGRAPHY**—**The ARTS**—General and particular **CRITICISM**—**MISCELLANY**—**POETRY**—**The DRAMA**, written and acted, in London, in the country, and abroad—many *curious* articles will be found ; and none, we presume, that will not prove *valuable* in themselves, and highly interesting to the friends of *elegant LITERATURE*.

A *Cabinet* is also a place set apart for the exhibition of pictures, engravings, and other specimens of the

FINE ARTS. In this sense our title is not a misnomer ; it being our purpose to present a *splendid series* of choice performances from the pencil of celebrated painters, and the *burin* of our most eminent engravers: **PORTRAITS** of distinguished public characters living and deceased; **POETS, AUTHORS, CRITICS, MUSICIANS, PAINTERS, ACTORS, DRAMATISTS.**

Politics, so uncongenial with literary attachment and pursuits, are not included in our plan ; but, *parva componere magnis*, our proceedings, like the affairs of the state, will nevertheless be regulated by a sort of **CABINET COUNCIL**. Our *Chancellor*, presiding in equity, shall have the guardianship of all oppressed and injured authors, artists and actors. They shall be peculiarly the objects of his care and protection. Managers also shall have their cause fairly advocated ; and none shall have reason to complain of the injustice of his decrees. Should it be found that from any defect of evidence, or detected error of judgment, the decision is questionable, the cause shall be again brought on, re-argued, and the decree amended or reversed. Our *Secretary for the Home Department* shall have cognizance of the progress of literature, taste, and the stage in the *Metropolis*. The *Foreign Secretary* will have but little business to trouble him from *abroad* ; he therefore shall have controul over the articles respecting the *Provincial Theatres*, the *Opera House*, the *Sub-urban Amphitheatres*, &c. The *War Secretary* shall conduct our controversial discussions, and all our personal disputes, should any unhappily occur. Our *Chancellor of the Exchequer* must find the *Ways and Means* if he can, and we hope without laying any other tax on our Readers than such as they may be inclined cheerfully to pay. Our *Master General of the Ordnance* must supply us with *ammunition* as often as called upon ; but of this we do not apprehend any want. At present our *Magazine* is full. And having an aversion like *Hotspur's* *fop* to "those vile guns" or any thing like them, be they ever so small, we trust his official services in that way will never be required. Indeed this minister and the *First Lord of the Admiralty* who, except in the case of a great *naval victory*, which should not fail to be recorded in every *English* work, may be considered as holding sinecures, and as honorary, rather than efficient members of our *Cabinet*. The *Privy Seal* shall apply the stamp of *secrecy* to every article of correspondence that may require it. The **PREMIER**, consistently with uniform usage, must have the direction of the *Treasury*, which we hope will soon be in a flourishing

state; he must also retain the discretionary power of choosing his colleagues, and even of ejecting them from the *Cabinet* should he think it necessary for the public good. We want nothing now but a *President*. He, like other presidents, must call the counsellors together, sit at the head of the Board, and give the casting vote to the deliberations.

Thus is our *Cabinet* composed—our administration, we hope, will conduce to the general interests of the world—of letters. Opposition we must expect, and endeavour to overthrow; but, at all events, feeling no disposition to resign, we will keep our seats, and hold the reins of government as long as we possibly can.

THE REVIEW. —The *Review of Books*, though we do not design any positive exclusion, will be chiefly confined to works which relate to the *Belles Lettres*, and to those particularly which shall eminently excite, or ought to excite, the attention of the Public. A *Review of Music* will be included in this Department.

THE STAGE.—The affairs of the Drama will be discussed minutely and with spirit. To effect the improvement of the English Stage, considering it as a NATIONAL INSTITUTION, highly important to the morals, and to the literary character of the country; and to advance the credit and respectability of the *members* of that profession, is the desire, and shall be the strenuous effort of the conductor of the *Cabinet*.

THE CABINET EDITION OF THE ENGLISH THEATRE.—

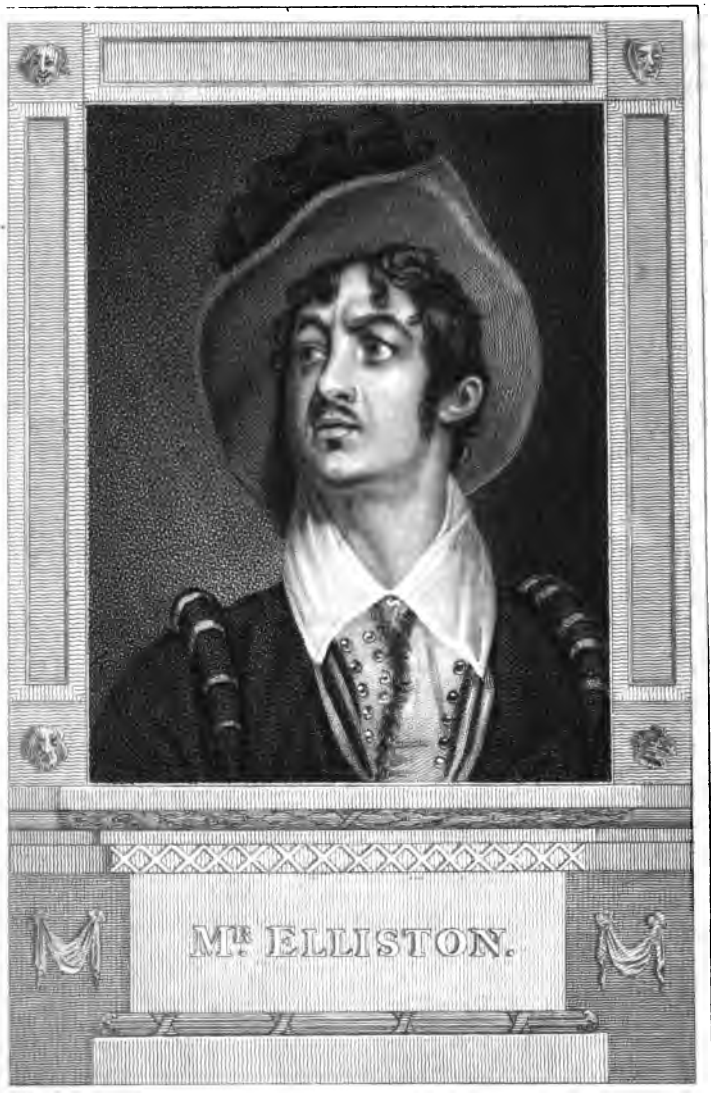
A word or two in explanation of our plan with regard to the *Edition of the Theatre*. This we likewise hope will merit its title of the "CABINET EDITION". It will be separately paged and embellished, so as to form a Work perfectly distinct from the Magazine. Our popular plays only will be selected; but these shall be printed with great care from the most authorized copies: with Lives of the Authors; Critiques original and selected; curious and entertaining Anecdotes; Annotations; a review of the leading actors, ancient and modern, who may have distinguished themselves in the principal characters: in brief, every interesting article or occurrence appertaining to each play; humbly hoping, by these accompaniments, to present an *Unique Edition*, which shall do honour to the drama of our country; and to render an acceptable service to all men of taste and letters; including the intelligent conductors, amateurs, and professors of the British Stage.

PREFACE

TO THE FIRST VOLUME

WE cannot suffer the present opportunity to pass by, without briefly expressing our grateful acknowledgments for the liberal patronage which this Work has experienced from the Public. We may say with *Macbeth* that we are yet but "young in deed," but we have received such flattering commendations from all quarters, and our confidence in our resources is so strong, that we can venture to promise to the CABINET not only a *long* but a *prosperous* life, and it shall be our study as it grows *older*, to make it grow as much *better* as we can, by adopting every hint, at whatever expence, that may appear calculated either to increase the interest of its contents, or the splendour of its embellishments. The present volume therefore is offered as a specimen, not of what we *deserve*, but of what we *will deserve*.

Among the portraits in hand are those of Shakspeare, Milton, Ben Jonson, Dryden, Southerne, Vanburgh, Wycherley, Addison, Steele, Otway, Rowe, Betterton, Booth, Wilks, Cibber, Quin, Powell in *King John*, Mrs. Oldfield, Nell Gwynn, Mrs. Cibber, Hayley, the poet; Sir John Carr, Cooke, the actor; and other distinguished characters, living and deceased. They will be engraved by Hopwood, Freeman, Evans, Meadows, Meyer, Woodman, jun. Cook, and other eminent artists. There will also be given an historical scene, sometimes two, from each Drama annexed to the *Cabinet*.



De Wilde pinx.

Hopwood sculp.

Published 1 March 1807 by Mathews & Leigh.

THE
CABINET;
OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF
POLITE LITERATURE.

MARCH 1807.

ROBERT WILLIAM ELLISTON, Esq.

IT is one part of our plan to give faithful portraits, and authentic biographical notices, of all PUBLIC CHARACTERS who have raised themselves into distinction by the force of talent, in the different departments of LITERATURE, CRITICISM, POETRY, the ARTS, MUSIC and the DRAMA. It has been convenient to us, not however from any marked preference, to pay our earliest attention to the *Stage*; and we have chosen to commence with one of its principal living ornaments, MR. ELLISTON.

He was born in London, in the year 1774. His father, a watch-maker of some eminence, died a few years ago. The death of his uncle William Elliston, D. D. and Master of Sidney College, Cambridge, took place on the 11th of last month. Professor Martyn, so justly celebrated for his botanical researches and publications, is another of his uncles. The family, therefore, is remarkable for its ingenuity, respectability, and learning.

Dr. Elliston was desirous of bringing up his nephew to the church; and, taking upon himself the entire superintendence and expence of his education, placed him in St. Paul's school. In our great public seminaries it is usual, at certain periods, to allow the boys to recite before their school-fellows. The practice is laudable and beneficial; but, as there is no food so gratifying to youthful vanity as the applause which follows such exhibitions, the successful declaimer is sometimes led to indulge ideas of his own, very foreign from the design of his master, or the wishes of his friends. In

VOL. I.

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the year 1790, Elliston delivered an English Thesis, of which this was the subject; '*nemo confidat nimium secundis.*' The approbation he received on this, and other occasions of a similar kind, was too flattering to be forgotten; from the extracted speeches of plays, he turned to the plays themselves, and, soon imagining himself the character he read, he made his appearance in Pierre, before a private audience at the Lyceum, in the Strand. This dramatic bias produced serious remonstrances from his relations; but the *die was cast*, 'young Ammon would go on.' He went to Bath, and, introducing himself to the Manager, was permitted to perform *Tressel* in Richard III. He was greatly applauded, but the company being full, he was recommended by the father of Miss Wallis, to Tate Wilkinson at York. With this gentleman he continued one season; having however few opportunities of displaying his talents in the principal characters, and finding by this time, that an actor's, no more than the statesman's bed, is not always a *bed of roses*, he wrote to Dr. Elliston, soliciting his forgiveness; still pleading, however, his partiality for the profession he had adopted, and expressing a desire to try his fortune on the London boards. His uncle *was not made of steel*; his friend Dr. Farmer recommended our young Roscius to his brother commentator George Steevens, who introduced him to Mr. Kemble; that gentleman told him to prepare himself in *Romeo* against the opening of the new Drury Lane theatre; but, too impatient to wait for the workmen, and not being able to feed upon a distant hope, he applied for an engagement to Mr. Dimond the Bath Manager, then performing for a few nights at Richmond. The agreement was settled at once; and, instead of Drury Lane, he performed his *Romeo* at Bath, in the year 1793. His success was complete, and he rose rapidly into favour with the audience. His name was mentioned with high encomiums, and patronage and profit attended his exertions. When the new Drury Lane opened in 1794, enquiry was made as to the terms which would be given him on his joining the company; he was offered *forty shillings* a week; but not chusing to *starve* in the metropolis on a paltry sum, the tardy offer of which, was with difficulty obtained through the joint interest of Dr. Farmer, George Steevens, and Mr. Kemble, he preferred living in credit

and affluence at Bath, by the independent exertion of his own unassisted abilities.

Our *Romeo* was soon destined to play the character of a lover on the stage of life; and he found a most lovely and interesting *Juliet*, in the person and accomplishments of Miss Rundall. Some impediments arose to the match, but they were removed by degrees, and their union took place three weeks before Mr. Elliston made his triumphant *debut* on the London stage, in the characters of *Octavian* and *Vapour*. The torch of Hymen has seldom waved over more propitious nuptials. From his own *Honey-moon*, down to Mr. Tobin's, and from thence until this moment, his history presents nothing but a series of good fortune. On and off the stage his career has been uniformly prosperous. His performance of *Octavian* was greatly admired and followed; and the failure of the *Iron Chest*, with Mr. Kemble in *Mortimer*, at Drury Lane, and its success when Mr. Elliston played that character at the Hay-Market, (which gave rise to much conversation and criticism) was a circumstance that did the young tragedian essential service. We never were, and we think never can be of opinion, that the condemnation of the *Iron Chest* was owing entirely to the bad acting of Mr. Kemble; but however this may be, the play which *died* on the third night at Drury Lane, was revived by the skill and animation of Mr. Elliston, and he enjoys all the fame of having restored it to the life it now enjoys.

To Mr. Harris, a new face is a sort of *Jack-a-lantern*; follow it he must; and it often leads him into a bog, and there leaves him. When the Hay-Market closed, Mr. Elliston was under the necessity of returning to his situation at Bath; but the Covent-Garden proprietor engaged him to play once a fortnight, for a certain number of nights. The celerity of his movements, so necessary to enable him to fulfil his duty, both at Bath, and in London, procured him the appellation of "the *Telegraph*, or *Fortnight Actor*." This arrangement was soon found to be mutually inconvenient, and after a few nights was abandoned.

He returned to the Hay-Market the ensuing season, and was eminently successful in a variety of opposite characters. The following summers he passed in different parts of the country. Being much countenanced

by the Royal Family, his visits to Weymouth in particular, were very frequent and very profitable: but when Mr. Colman, that he might open his theatre on the 15th of May, resolved on collecting a company of performers entirely from the country, and applied to Mr. Elliston to take the stage management, and the lead as an actor, he was tempted again to return to London; and Mr. Colman's new and hazardous scheme was infinitely indebted for its success to his enterprising spirit, and the promptitude and versatility of his professional abilities. Mr. Mathews also distinguished himself as a comedian of genuine merit.

Mr. Elliston's engagement was for three seasons. At the close of the second summer, having received offers from the proprietors of Drury Lane, such as it had been folly to reject, he obtained the consent of the Bath proprietors to give up a year of his articles, and made his appearance, at length, on the boards of the magnificent theatre in Drury-Lane; not as he would have done in 1794, as "steward, substitute and lowly factor," at *forty shillings a week*; but in *Rolla* the Peruvian General, at a salary and with privileges, seldom before bestowed on any performer. The secession of Mr. Kemble paved the way to Mr. Elliston's promotion to the highest rank, and most enviable honours of his profession.

In the full enjoyment of these honours we now leave him. In the course of this *Publication* we shall have sufficient opportunities of pointing out his particular merits and deficiencies as an actor. He has written one piece for the stage, called the *Venetian Outlaw*, founded on the story of the *Bravo of Venice*. We cannot judge of it as a composition; but we remember that its dramatic effect was very striking, and the applause it received abundant.

Mr. Elliston, we believe, has five or six children; and, if report tells but *half* the truth, the recent death of his respectable uncle, has left him in a state of very handsome independence, in point of fortune.

The portrait which accompanies this sketch, exhibits him as the *Duke*, in the *Honeymoon*.

MARSHAL RANTZAU.

WHAT contrarieties often occur in the same person ! How often the indulgence of one vice, prevents the exertion and the advantage of many good qualities, and of many virtues ! Auberi du Maurier, in his "*Memoires de Hambourg*," thus describes the celebrated Marshal Rantzau—"He was a German of high birth, and a General of such great note, that Mazarin used to oppose to the Prince of Condé, when that great Commander had the misfortune to be in arms against his country and his Prince." M. Rantzau possessed admirable qualities both of body and mind. He was tall, fair, and very handsome. To see him only, one would say he was born to command. He was the finest horseman ever beheld. He would hit a single piece of money with a pistol, at a hundred paces distant. He was invincible with the small-sword. He spoke the principal languages of Europe, and had a general taste for the sciences. He was acquainted with all the great Generals of the age, having made war under them from the time he was able to bear arms. He said in conversation many lively things ; and as an infallible proof of the force of his eloquence in any council of war in which he ever sat, he always drew over the other members to be of his sentiments, so ably did he support them with powerful reasons. If he spoke well, he wrote still better. To his courage nothing was impossible. He possessed perfect coolness in the greatest danger, and found expedients under the heaviest misfortunes. His liberality procured him the love and esteem of his soldiers, and no General knew how to give his orders so well. But so many excellent and rare virtues were effaced by his great vices. Never was there a more determined debauchee. He loved wine and women to excess, and the most seasoned drinkers were afraid of him. He sought their company from all parts, and no one could equal him in this species of vice. He sometimes remained in a state of insensibility for whole days. The disorder that reigned in his private affairs was inconceivable. He gave away whatever he had about him without discrimination, and he always had much money in his pocket, which he was robbed of during his inebriety.

Thus, like a cask without a bottom, all the riches of India would not have been sufficient for him, and he found himself compelled to sell all his effects for little or nothing. He often lost his best friends for a bon-mot. Du Maurier, who was Rantzau's great friend, told this extraordinary man one day, that his excesses and irregularities would destroy his health, and that they would prevent his rising to the principal employments in the state. "I would not," answered he, darting a most ferocious and haggard look upon Du Maurier, "I would not give up my pleasures to become Emperor of Germany." His excesses, during the siege of Dunkirk by the Spaniards, are thought to have lost that place. He was, however, confined for some time in the castle of Vincennes for this supposed neglect, and was cleared from any imputation of treachery or cowardice. He died soon after his release. During the siege of Grave-lines, he had one day appointed the Duke of Orleans, and some of the principal French Nobility, to sup with him. He went, however, in the morning, to pay a visit to the famous Dutch Admiral Van Tromp, where he got so drunk with Malaga wine, that he fell under the table as if he was dead, and was obliged to be put to bed. His Aid-du-camp made an apology to the Duke of Orleans, for his master's not being able to attend him at supper, and put it upon an excessive swell of the sea, which had prevented his leaving the Admiral's ship.

To shew the dangers of ebriety, the catholic legends tell us of some of their Hermits to whom the Devil gave his choice of three crimes; two of them of the most atrocious kind, and the other to be drunk. The poor Saint chose the last, as the least of the three; but when drunk, committed the other two.

The baneful effects of this pernicious vice upon the body are described by the ingenious Dr. Darwin, in his "Zoonomia," under an allegory which would not have disgraced the splendid imagination of Lord Bacon himself.

"Prometheus," says the Doctor, "was painted as stealing fire from Heaven, that might well represent the inflammable spirit produced by fermentation, which may be said to animate or enliven the man of clay; whence the conquests of Bacchus, as well as the temporary mirth and noise of his devotees. But the after-punishment of those who steal this accursed fire, is a

vulture gnawing the liver, and well allegorizes the poor inebriate lingering for years under painful diseases."

And that the graces and energies of poetry may come in aid of the figure so strongly depicted in prose, the same great physiologist, in his "Botanic Garden," in the most sublime imagery, and with the greatest strength of personification, has composed a picture which should be painted and hung up in every chamber dedicated to Bacchanalian festivity.

Dr. Darwin personifies the Goddess of Wine under the name of VITIS, who thus addresses her votaries:

"Drink deep, sweet youth," seductive Vitis cries,
The maudlin tear-drop glistening in her eyes;
Green leaves and purple clusters crown her head,
And the tall thyrsus stays her tott'ring tread:
"Drink deep," she carols, as she waves in air
The mantling goblet, "and forget your care."
O'er the dread feast malignant Chymia scowls,
And mingles poison in the nectar'd bowls.
Fell Gout peeps grinning thro' the flimsy scene,
And bloated Dropsy keeps behind unseen.
Wrapp'd in her robe, white Lepra hides her stains,
And silent Frenzy, writhing, bites his chains.

THE MELANGE.

No. 1.

CHACUN A SON GOUT.

THE IMPORTANCE OF GEOGRAPHY ILLUSTRATED—A pert, illiterate young fellow in Glasgow, who had newly dashed into trade, and given the *loom* the *go-by*, stepped one morning accidentally into a bookseller's shop. He had not staid long before he accosted the shopman with the trite question, 'Any news to day, Sir?' 'Yes,' replied the shopman, 'the Senate of Hamburgh have, it seems, delivered up *Napper Tandy* to the British!' 'Amazing! *Napper Tandy*; I rejoice to hear it (replied the speculator in muslins), 'tis a fine island, 'twill be a good opening for trade. I hope it will never be re-taken.'

The BATTLE of FONTENOY—Comte de Hordt, a native of Sweden, and a Lieutenant General in the Prussian army under Frederick the Great, pays this honourable tribute to the valour of our countrymen, in this battle.

"In this memorable day, the two armies experienced

great losses, but, of all the allies, the English suffered most. We cannot deny them this justice, that it was impossible to march up to an enemy with a countenance more firm, determined, and resolute than that which they displayed; they were cut to pieces, and the ground was covered with their mutilated bodies; they lost a multitude of officers; and after this bloody and terrible battle, all the great families of England were seen to wear mourning. I was sent two or three times to the Duke of Cumberland, with messages from the Prince of Waldeck; and I always found him where the firing was hottest, and at the head of his infantry; neither he nor the corps which he commanded paid any attention to us; they fought as if they stood alone, and retired in the same manner. Two years afterward I had occasion to make the same observation at the battle of Lawfeld. This nation has something singular belonging to it, which distinguishes it from all others. Even their women, who follow their camp, preserve a *sang-froid* in the midst of the greatest dangers, and even when surrounded by the horrors of carnage. To instances of this kind I was witness at the battle of Fontenoy."

CHARLES XII.—It is well known that his indolence and indifference in his tender years had very generally excited opinions which were highly disadvantageous to him. His grandmother Edwige-Leonora of Holstein was regent during his minority; and this ambitious princess exerted every effort to hold him at a distance from business, leaving him no resource but that of reviewing his troops, or sharing in their exercises. One day, on his return from manœuvring several regiments, the Counsellor of State, Piper, observed that he was plunged in a profound reverie. "Will your Majesty," said he, "permit me to ask what it is that renders you so serious, and of which you are thinking?—I am thinking," replied the Prince, "that I feel myself worthy to command those brave men, and that neither they nor I ought to receive the commands of a woman." In a very short time, Piper fulfilled the wishes which had been so laconically expressed. The states were assembled: the five counsellors of regency proposed to them to acknowledge the majority of the young king: no one ventured to oppose the suggestion, and the government was vested in him. Three days sufficed to Charles XII. and his minister, to strip the queen of all her authority.

**SUGGESTIONS ON THE ART OF READING POETRY, AND
ESPECIALLY THE POETRY OF MILTON.**

It has been observed by Pope, that "of all the English poets, Shakspeare presents the fullest and fairest field for criticism." With equal truth, and less equivocal compliment, we may assert, of Milton, that no other poet affords so wide a scope for graceful and sonorous enunciation, in all that variety of tones which is essential to genuine harmony, and the perfection of oral eloquence. Any reference to Greek or Latin composition would be foreign from the present design, though, perhaps, we might easily shew that the uniform return of the Spondee, in the last foot, and of the Dactyl, in the last but one, of the Hexameter, imposes on the ancient metre a clog, not indeed so burthensome and barbarous as that of rhyme, but sufficient to preclude a competition with the freedom and energy of the English heroic, as framed and ennobled by the scientific genius of Milton.

There is a trite notion, deriving fallacious credit from some great names, that the numbers of our illustrious Epic Poet are inharmonious; this imputation, proceeding first from a vitiated taste in Dryden, has been renewed by Dr. Johnson, from a mixed principle; capriciousness of sentiment, and an ear not framed to perceive, or relish, the charms of this poet's melody; in which peculiar excellence, I believe he will be found to surpass all his competitors, Shakspeare alone excepted, as far as he, unquestionably, transcends them in the vigour, compass, and sublimity of his imagination. As a decisive testimony, of this alleged imperfection in the structure of Milton's verse, his biographical critic observes that there are only a few happy Readers who can recite the *Paradise Lost*, well; but the remark itself implies a concession of which the objector seems not to have been aware, for it admits that the poem may be well read, provided the reader be qualified for his office, and so, the defect is not in the versification, but in him who utters it: with as much fairness might we condemn some rare and exquisite piece of music because an adequate performer could not readily be found to execute it: the truth is, this acknowledged difficulty of reading Milton, so far

from being any proof of the poet's unskilfulness, is an evidence of his consummate art; as resulting from that wonderful variety of pauses, inflections, and emphases which distinguish his metre, and form one of its noblest characteristics: still, however, the difficulty of the reading remains; to remove or lessen which is the object of the present endeavour.

We have heard it said, that the art of reading poetry is now either unknown, or entirely neglected among us; and the cause of this ignorance, or neglect, is, with much plausibility, ascribed by a respectable Critic * to that revolution produced about sixty years ago, on the English stage, by Mr. Garrick; who, willing to depreciate a talent which probably he did not possess, contrived to bring measured and harmonious recitation into disrepute: there is, certainly, much cogency in this remark, since it has been acknowledged, that, with all his skill, and the wonderful effects ascribed to that gentleman's acting, he was by constitution, or a natural deficiency of voice, unable to acquire reputation as a declaimer.

Yet it may be that elocution was declining, at the period alluded to, was beginning to assume a pompous, unnatural sort of gait or march, more adapted to the termination of the lines than to the sense and spirit of the subject, or the true melody of the numbers, and thereby afforded an easy victory to the popular and politic reformer, who would not fail to employ satire on the occasion, and complete his triumph over the exploded system, by overcharged and ludicrous imitation.

But whether Betterton and Booth, as well as Quin, were really masters, or not, in this art, is a question that, like all others on which no document exists to direct our judgment, beside what vague tradition can furnish, must remain for ever dubious. That unwritten eloquence which aids and ennobles Justice herself, at the bar; which wields and decides the fate of empires in the senate; and, from the pulpit, can elevate to heaven the spirit of devotion, is but a lambent flame, frail, even as his, the poor player

“ That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
“ And then is heard no more.

* Sir Brook Boothby---Preface to his translation of Britannicus.

Those speaking looks and gestures, more impressive, and often more perspicuous than any words, that untaught language of the soul which arrests at once, and chains attention, those tones that vibrate on the nerves, and are the master-key to every passage and recess of the heart, must yield up their transient energies; must perish, with the breath that animated them,

“ And like some unsubstantial pageant faded,
“ Leave not a rack behind*.”

In addition to the obvious requisites for good reading, a perfect knowledge of the author, and the skill and discernment to trace and recognise him through every subtlety and variation of meaning, the reader of Milton should possess a voice, at once smooth, clear, strong, flexible, and comprehensive, capable of sounding every note, whether of grave or impassioned language, and, under the sympathetic guidance of an ear always true, refined, and delicate, pronouncing with unfailing euphony, sentences differently allied, in periods, unequally, and often very widely extended;† but perfection, that ideal climax, that still-retiring phantom of human pursuit, has no rational approach but by degrees, and it may be consoling to those who would enter on the arduous task here proposed, to reflect that, while many of the objects which toilsome science aims at are followed through paths that lead to pain, disease, and death, the endeavour after just elocution not only strengthens and improves those peculiar faculties by which it is to be attained, but contributes materially to our general health: public speaking, with just and natural action, as it affords the most salutary exercise to the lungs, will add strength, animation, and activity to the whole frame: and such advantage will be found to result, in an unrivalled measure, from the pages of Milton; who may thus be said to evince more conspicuously than any other poet, the double Godhead of Apollo.

To read *The Paradise Lost*, properly, it will be necessary first of all to note and consider the various

† The utter want of such a voice has led an actor of great genius, taste, discrimination and force, to substitute for natural enunciation, a lamentable sort of chanting or recitative, continually imposing false cadences, and which all his other merits are hardly sufficient to render tolerable.

modes of speech contained in it : these may be named and set down according to their several degrees of importance, in the following order :

First the *Dramatic* style, of all the most animated ; in which some character is produced speaking in his own person, as Satan in Pandemonium

“ Is this the region, this the soil, the clime,” &c.

Secondly, the *Vocative*, in which the poet addresses the Muse, or some other personage or power, as in the opening of the same poem

“ And chiefly thou, O spirit ! that dost prefer,” &c.

Thirdly the *Descriptive*, which is of two sorts ; one abstracted or remote, the other particular, and, as it were, present : of the latter kind, by far the more spirited, and approaching nearly to the dramatic, is the picture given of the infernal regions, of Satan and his crew——

“ At once, as far as angels’ ken he views

“ The dismal situation,” &c.

The remote description may be illustrated by the representation given of Eden, in the Fourth Book——

“ Southward thro’ Eden went a river large,

“ Nor chang’d his course, but thro’ the shaggy hill

“ Pass’d underneath ingulf’t.”

Fourthly the *Narrative*, as when the poet relates any historical or fabulous tale, such as the account of the heathen idols ——

“ First Moloch, horrid king !” &c.

and lastly the *Declarative*, in which some acknowledged doctrine, fact, or opinion is stated, as——

Spirits when they please

“ Can either sex assume or both, so soft

“ And uncompounded is their essence pure.”*

EDWARD HICKEY SEYMOUR.

(*This Subject will be resumed in the next Number.*)

* Perhaps a sixth mode might be distinguished, in which the Poet introduces himself, personally ; as in the opening of the third book, where Milton, emerging from the gloomy terrors of the infernal world, salutes the cheerful day, in strains, not less melodious than sublime.——

“ Hail holy light !” &c.

I am well aware of the censure which some morose critics are

EDWARD AND MARY,

A DOMESTIC STORY.

Founded on recent Circumstances.

EDWARD was the eldest son of a rich merchant ; Mary the only child of a respectable gentleman, who lived upon a moderate fortune in a retired village, (not far from the metropolis,) where the merchant had a country seat ; but having more liberality than prudence he became the easy dupe of pretended friends, and died suddenly when his daughter was little more than sixteen years of age, leaving her without the smallest provision for her support. Mary was beautiful, amiable and accomplished. Edward had for some time felt a passion for her, which was increased by this sad reverse in her expectations. His father, he knew, was ambitious and fond of money. Hopeless, therefore, of his consent, he made an offer of his hand to Mary ; and she, poor and unprotected, consented to become his wife. She loved the person, and esteemed the virtues of her Edward. These she long had known ; but she knew not yet the relentless character of his father. The name of Edward was instantly expunged from his will, a small sum was sent to him by a servant, and the paternal door was closed against him—for ever.

It is sweet to labour for those we love. Though intended for a mercantile life, Edward's education had been liberal. For two or three years his literary abilities procured them a scanty support. During this interval

ready to pass upon this address, on account of the personal allusion in it : but from factitious and arbitrary rules there is always open an appeal to sense and nature ; and if, among the multitude of readers, the most callous-nerved relax in tenderness at this pathetic descant of the poet on his own blindness, the objection must at once be withdrawn, or left to furnish on the barrenness of cavil ; on words without meaning, or argument without consistency.

he made frequent attempts to obtain his father's forgiveness, but in vain ; he continued inexorable. This had a gradual effect on Edward's spirits ; his health, from the sedentary nature of his occupation, began to decline ; and soon after the birth of his third child, he was seized with a fever that threatened to be fatal. The poor Mary was always by his bed-side. Though her heart was ready to break, she constantly spoke the words of hope and comfort to her husband ; and only when he had fallen into a short slumber, would she give vent to the affliction which almost overwhelmed her. Then would the suppressed tears burst forth, and bedew the cheek of the innocent babe that clung to her breast, and as she wiped them off, the unconscious infant would look up and smile in her mother's face ; this, instead of relieving, gave additional poignancy to her grief. At length her husband's disorder abated ; but it was necessary that he should remove a little way into the country. What gives stronger energies than connubial affection ? Mary soon contrived every thing. Two rooms were hired in a small cottage near Epping Forest, and thither, accompanied by a female domestic, this distressed family removed.

Edward derived benefit from the change of air, and was nearly recovered ; but their little stock was reduced to a solitary guinea. *Want*, he had never yet felt ; its aspect was frightful, and the apprehension that his wife, now doubly dear to him, and his three helpless children, might shortly be without common nourishment, brought with it a train of reflections that were intolerable. He resolved to make a last and solemn application to his opulent father, and endeavour to " knock at nature in his heart." He made known his intention to his wife, who, with much hesitation, and many tears and embraces, at length permitted him to set out. Early in the evening he promised to return.

Agitated with a thousand hopes and fears Mary passed a melancholy day. It was about the middle of December, and the night was drawing on. She put her little family to bed. The eldest was a fine boy of three years old ; the second, another boy, somewhat more than a year younger ; the last, as before observed, a blooming female infant at the breast. The time of her Edward's return approached. How did she count each passing minute ! In a quarter of an hour she expected

to clasp her beloved in her arms. You only who have passed an interval of absence from the dearest object of your affections can judge of Mary's anxiety. The night too was dark and tempestuous "Loud was the wind, and the rain beat hard against the casement." She had prepared a little supper to talk over the hoped-for success of her husband's application. The clock struck nine; but he did not return. She opened the window, and looked towards the forest; no object attracted her view, no sound of footsteps arrested her ear. Mary's heart died within her. "Yet why should I be alarmed?" she asked herself. "Some happy circumstance perhaps has delayed him; his father is kind; their reconciliation has detained him beyond the time he had appointed. Shortly I shall see him, his countenance beaming with joy; his heart overflowing with rapture; or it may be that he has missed the conveyance he expected;—or perhaps"—Here a sigh escaped her—Her thoughts had pursued an opposite direction, and she was afraid to follow them. The success of his journey formed no longer the subject of her contemplation. The gloomiest apprehensions had taken possession of her mind, and *but to see him in safety* was all the felicity she desired.

Another hour elapsed. The pulsations of her heart began to beat quick, and she paced the room in great disorder. Now and then the sight of her pretty babes caused her to stop. Twice she knelt down, and kissed their little foreheads; then turning her eyes to heaven seemed to invoke the Almighty blessing and protection. Again she opened the window, and for some time listened attentively, then closing it, with a mournful motion of the head, sank into her chair in hopeless dejection; her elbow reposed on the table; her hand pressed her throbbing temples; while her eye, beginning to assume a frightful vacancy—wandered over the ruddy countenances of her infants as they lay, gently-breathing, before her. At length she thought she heard a confused sound of voices from the forest; it drew nearer; she tried to rise, but could not—terror fixed her to the spot. A loud knocking ensued, and in a few moments the door of her chamber was opened by a poor labourer, and an elderly gentleman leading in her husband, pale, speechless, and bloody. Mary uttered a fearful shriek. Never shall I forget that heart-

rending exclamation. Edward was in the agonies of death, he staggered to the bed where his children slept, hung a few moments on their lips, which he seemed to quit only through weakness; and clasping the hand of his senseless wife, fell back exhausted with the effort, and expired.

The senses of poor Mary are quite gone—and I fear for ever. As soon as she recovered from her first swoon, she called aloud for her Edward. She flew to the next room to which we had removed his body, parted his hair, kissed his lips and temples, and talked to him as if he had been still sensible to her conversation and endearments. “Edward, my love, my protector, my husband—you must not leave me—your father never will acknowledge me—*my* hands shall procure food and cloathing. Do not depart. The nights are cold and dark, the forest dreary and dangerous. Edward, awake my life—still, still, we may be happy.”

This affecting scene almost overpowered me. I sent for such assistance as the melancholy occasion required, and confided the unhappy Mary into proper hands. She is now removed where every attention will be afforded her; but the physicians give no hope of her recovery; her malady seems beyond the reach of their art. In the room where she is confined, there is a small window which several times in the day she opens, and after straining her eye-balls till they seem almost starting from her head, as if in search of her husband, she carefully closes the casement, and placing her arm upon the table, falls into the attitude I have before described, in which she sometimes continues, as I am told, many hours.

I visit her once a week, but she has no recollection of me, and, what seems extraordinary, never mentions her children, who, happily, too young to feel their misfortunes, are improving in health and knowledge under the care of a worthy school-master, with whom I have prevailed on their grandfather, with much difficulty, to place them, and to make them, as well as their mother, a decent allowance.

The particulars of this history I gathered from the nurse who attended them in their retreat, I have a house three or four miles further on the road from town, and was returning thither on horseback when the starting of the animal, followed by two or three deep groans,

induced me to alight. The groans, alas ! proceeded from Edward. In a few minutes an honest rustic came up, and assisted me in conveying the wounded man home, whither he had just sufficient articulation to direct us.

From a letter that was found in his pocket, and a pistol near him that had been newly discharged, it appeared that his appeal to his father had been ineffectual ; he had advanced on his return home within less than a quarter of a mile from the cottage, when no doubt the dreadful destiny to which his wife and family seemed doomed, and the horror of meeting his Mary thus pennyless, deserted, and hopeless, urged him to commit a crime which man may pity—but Heaven alone can *pardon* !

Feb. 1807.

T. C.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LECTURE

ON THE CONDUCT OF THE UNDERSTANDING;

READ AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION,

BY THE REV. SYDNEY SMITH.

I HINTED in my last lecture, that it was my intention to conclude the present course with some observations upon the conduct of the understanding ; at the same time I observed, that what I had to offer upon the subject, must be considered, in such an audience, to apply only to the juvenile part of it, and that all I could hope would be, to drop a few seeds in a favourable soil, which might yield a large increase in a proper season.

In a consideration of mental power, a question occurs whether the differences between mind and mind are owing to cultivation solely, or there be something in the transmission from sire to son, which, like the qualities in other animals, appertain to the race, and possess an inherent superiority not to be debased or altered. If, for instance, we should place the eggs of a wild duck under a mother who is tame, I understand, and can readily believe, that the progeny would be considerably more wild than any from the eggs of the domestic fowl. In the colt of an Arabian, we find more spirit and other valuable qualities than on common occasions, not

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from the principle of imitation, for the son has never seen its father, but that the properties of the sire are communicated to the offspring, and that, independently of cultivation, he set out with an advantage derived from the nature of his origin. But to drop the question whether all minds are originally the same, there can be no doubt that they do progressively display remarkable differences; and it is my province to notice some of the prominent causes which lead to mental inferiority; and are the barriers to the improvement of the understanding. The first and most important of these is indolence. We are astonished and offended by a call to re-examine any opinion; the acquiescence in our first thoughts is so easy and delightful, that we hate the occasion of our alarm; and resist the charge to fight the battle again, in our imaginary repose upon the lap of victory. Another co-operant cause is vanity; it is so because we have thus decided it---‘What when I have taken so much pains to attain the truth upon any point, shall a new enquiry pretend to confute me? shall I be obliged to confess the superior industry, and what may be more mortifying, the superior penetration of one whose name is hardly known, and whose powers I have despised—no! I determine not to be convinced, be his reasons what they may; it is sufficient that my opinions are mine, I have decided the question, and it must be so.’

Words themselves form a third barrier to the attainment of truth—the progress of the understanding—words with their associations. In our youth we hear particular words associated with particular events, and the terms never recur without their associations—One has heard or read the most deplorable excesses combined with the terms Dissenter, or Turk, or Catholic—and in consequence the mind, regardless of the progress of events, of the changes of time, or the operations of religion and philosophy, persists in the association, though the actions no longer accompany the terms—we are blind to the alterations of manners, and the differences of passions and interests, and retain those prejudices in a liberal age, which were justly formed in an age of persecution—but surely, seeing the fatal results from words, we ought to be particularly careful of their exact meaning, and when we remember the torments, the murders, the massacres to which a word

has given rise, should be cautious that we do not, by a misapplication of terms, encrease the misunderstandings between nation and nation, and man and man, and poison, by wrong association, the fraternal peace of the universe.

The first great step to the cultivation of the understanding is to get a habit of study. I know that at first severe application is a painful thing, that, like the relish for olives and coffee, it is only acquired by perseverance ; but I say persevere, and you will acquire it—nothing is to be done without it ; take your Livy, work yourself so into the lively events which he places before you, that you see his scenery, and become acquainted with his heroes ; let your abstraction be such, that upon a sudden knock at your door you are startled and alarmed at the interruption, and for a second or two doubt whether you are in your own study with a classic in your hand, or upon the plains of Lombardy gazing at the hard and weather-beaten countenance of Hannibal. Read, if possible, so intensely, that the morning shall have passed away two hours before you imagined it was finished, and let many a night be given to enquiry and meditation. The trophies of Miltiades drive away sleep. Indifference is a great enemy to our progress. We have heard that light travels so many feet in a second of time, and that sound also travels a certain distance in the same period. Well, but you say ‘I do not care how they travel, and I do not want to know—light is light, and sound sound—they both have their common operations upon me, and I wish to know nothing more about them’—but begin to enquire into their velocity and you will care ; by degrees you will dread an interruption of the train of thought about them, and value time only as the means of extending your knowledge. But the great bar to improvement is what may be called a languid study ; that indolent and remitted occupation which acquires nothing, and leaves us only disgusted by a fruitless effort. To profit by study we should determine to possess ; for it is like a nettle, he who presses its surface lightly only stings his fingers ; to grasp it firmly is the only way to escape its mischief, and to hold it safe.

A great deal has been said about the question, whether we should have stated hours of study, or commit ourselves to occasional application—he who can be

sure of his desire to apply at all times may trust himself to opportunities, but in general it is better to limit the irregular fancy of man. This may be a safe recommendation, Do as you please, so as you please to do right. The truth is that a little hard thinking will overcome the tendency of the mind to dissipation—by hard thinking I mean a determination to confine the fancy, and to this effect shake yourself, try to rivet your attention—it flies off—never mind, it will return—the images which perpetually float before it become less frequent, and you are finally absorbed in the object of your study. The mind of man is like a restive colt ; all your effort is to keep it in the track from which it is constantly flying off.

A question has arisen among studious men, whether it is better to read with a pen in your hand, or trust to the recollection?—for my part, I own I do not think much has ever been done by this habit of writing out the striking passages of your author ; in the first place, it is perfectly clear that the mind is too much employed upon a particular part to seize with any ardour the spirit of the whole—in the next place, I have not found that the practice of writing leaves much impression on the memory ; we admire a thing as we read it, but we copy without much intelligence ; and, again, these extracts are seldom reviewed, and not readily applied. All that we know is that such an author has said a fine thing upon a particular subject, which we have copied out ; our wit is in a common place book, locked up in a bureau, and could we get at it, would enable us to shine very brightly indeed—the worst part of this practice is that it leads us never to trust to memory, and ends with impoverishing our store, and impairing the faculty. Another question frequently discussed, is the preference of conversation or reading in the cultivation of the understanding ; they have each their advantages and disadvantages. In consulting our book we find much that we do not want to be told, and grow tired with what appears to overlay the subject—again, doubts cross our minds, which are not anticipated by the author, and we desist with dissatisfaction from a useless enquiry. When we consult the living folio, on the contrary, we find at all events some answer given to our queries, and some opinions thrown out, which either silence our doubts, or correct our notions—it is true, in these conferences some

warmth is frequently produced by differences of opinion, and obstinacy and vanity prevent our conviction and improvement, or the mind becomes soured as the understanding is satisfied--besides, men are apt to prose a good deal upon favourite notions, and we may wish to get rid of the subject, or the speaker, or both, without the power to do so--If an author grows dull our remedy is easy, we have only to dogs-ear our book, and toss it away--an act which it might not be so easy, or so safe, to attempt with our living annoyance.

In the course of my experience I have found very few good *listeners*; and this is not favourable to the cultivation of the understanding. In young men particularly, the self-sufficiency which can only be lowered by deep acquirements and much experience, is apt to fly out in rude and petulant contradiction. I have found one practice greatly contribute to the cure of this propensity, at all events it had that effect upon me when a young man. I determined to allow the opinions of the two first persons I met with every day--nay more, not merely to admit them, but to indulge the complacency of the parties by taking them up, throwing upon them too every additional light which I was able, and by this means not merely check the spirit of contradiction, but gratify my friends, and exercise my own fancy. He who perseveres in this kindly course may rely upon his cure. But there is much that must be always left to experience---observation of mankind teaches the particular weight which belongs to rank and profession--a man measures himself against power and situation, and sees with what discount his opinions may be received.

But the great guide of study is, never to force the understanding to a pursuit to which your powers do not impel you. Always do the thing for which you are fitted, it is the only chance of doing it well, and remember that excellence alone is desirable in any thing--he who has a genius only for composing posies on rings and mottoes for twelfth cakes, if he does them well, let him continue to do them---for always remember that a good motto is a better thing than a bad Epic Poem. A good deal of injury is done to the advancement of knowledge, by the prejudice which men of study acquire against pursuits of a nature different from their own. The man of wit has an abhorrence of scientific labour and precision. The man of science looks upon the

gayer provinces of study as frivolous and unworthy ; but they are both mistaken---every branch of the tree has its value---every avenue to knowledge leads to the highest of all possible objects ; they all conduct to the same end, the improvement of the human understanding, and, in that, of the happiness of the whole human race.

By *caution* many men contrive to cut very respectable figures with very humble pretensions---the whole effort of such men is to seize an occasion---they never let themselves down the stream of a wide and general conversation---they wait for an eddy to bring a light object within their reach. Such persons never fight but with all the odds in their favour; they never strike but upon a vantage ground, and only combat a weak enemy---these men do much with little, and, never risking any thing, put out every shilling of their small capital at compound interest.

At the close of this course, and which terminates also the lectures of the season, I feel myself called upon to notice a new Institution of this nature at the other end of the capital. Thoroughly convinced as I am of the great utility of such institutions, it is my earnest wish that they may all flourish and promote the knowledge of science among us---and this I have no doubt they will do, so long as they are managed upon the enlightened principles which govern our own, and consequently have lecturers of ability, to read upon the different branches of learning. I have heard a good deal of what appears to me sour and flimsy reasoning against such institutions. 'What,' say these objectors, 'would you have the whole community Newtons and Lockes ? can you hope to produce any thing more than a race of smatterers in learning ?' To this I answer, we all begin by being smatterers---what I hope and believe to be the result of these institutions is, that some are called to consider subjects, upon which before they bestowed little or no attention, and that a disposition to study has here found assistance and direction. Is it nothing, I ask, to interest such an assemblage in a question of science, of taste, or morals ? If it did nothing beyond, is it nothing to relieve the mind from its worst enemy, idleness ? Such a mode of reasoning is extremely perverse, and would be thought absurd upon any other occasion. What ! will you do no good because you cannot do all ? If you plant 50,000 young oaks in so

many acres is not your chance greater than if you plant only 10? If I were to be cast upon a foreign shore, and should discover myriads of eggs, should I infer from this the scarcity of fowls?—or would it be fair to argue that wherever there was a multitude of children men and women were a rare commodity? It were a waste of valuable time to combat a shadow like this. Let us therefore proceed to multiply the means of knowledge, and conspire, for the noblest of all purposes, the attainment of truth—convinced that we there acquire a good which can never be sullied or changed—against which calamity, and poverty, and disease, shall never prevail, the only consolation in our dejection, the proudest boast of our exaltation—the distinguishing attribute of our nature, and the rational end and object of our existence.

PERSONAL IDENTITY.

WE are born, it is said, with the seeds or principles of dissolution in our frame, which continue to operate from our births to our deaths; so that in this sense we may be said to die daily. But, I think, we may be said to die daily in another sense; and that is, in the change we are always undergoing in our persons, tempers, and manners, which makes us, in the different stages of our lives, quite different beings:—which makes, if I may so say, one self to be continually dying, while another self is as continually growing out of it.

Let me illustrate this reflection, by what gave rise to it.—A boy of three years old was playing before me the other day, upon whom a matron gazed with uncommon fondness, because he bears a striking resemblance to what her own son, who is fifteen, was at that age; and who, it is certain, would not now excite in her the fondness, that this strange child does. She owned it was so; and I told her what I supposed to be the reason, viz. that she viewed the little boy as the image of a being, who once existed, but whom she now considered as no more; and recollected only with that desiderium or longing fondness, with which we call up the images of departed friends or relations. And, added I, “there is between the two objects not the difference which at first sight there may seem to be: for your son at three years old, whom this little boy resembles, was

“ as different from what he is now, as if he were a different being. Nay, though a being with his name and connections hath grown out of him, and still subsists, was he not really a different being? and is not his then-self dead, as his now-self will be twenty years hence?”—It seems to me, that this sentiment and reasoning may be applied to every moment of our lives: by the continual flux our material part is in, we are every moment laying aside one self and assuming another self, every moment dying and reviving. Death therefore is not so much laying aside our old bodies (for this we have been doing all our lives) as ceasing to assume new ones.

Let me add another illustration of the above, from an affair between two boys, in which there is nothing fictitious but the names. When William left London, and went into the North, he wept at parting with his friend and companion, Tommy. He enquired frequently and affectionately after Tommy; he longed to see him again; and, after two years absence, he did see him. But he did not meet him so warmly as was expected: on the contrary, he looked dismayed, as if disappointed; and his behaviour to him was somewhat cold and distant. Being asked the reason, he replied, that “ this was not Tommy, at least the Tommy he left; and that he should love him as well as ever, if he looked more like Tommy.” The truth is, Tommy’s stature was increased, and his features altered; and William no longer acknowledged the identity of his friend, but thought him another person; at least the same as another person, because not presenting the idea he had been accustomed to be fond of. Just so, I suppose, I may love my mother, under that image which she bore in 1758, when she died; but were my mother to be presented to me, all decrepit and withered with age, as she would have been now in 1807, I could scarcely fancy her the lively pretty woman, who used to caress me, and whom under that form I used to love. In short, she would appear a new person, a new being; and, though I might from reason esteem her as my mother, yet I should feel none of that love which instinct produces.

Upon the whole, therefore, did not Locke determine rightly, when he made personal identity to consist in consciousness?

S.

ALESSANDRO STRADELLA.

SOME of the occurrences in the life of this celebrated Musician are so extraordinary, that I think they will be found not uninteresting to the readers of the *Cabinet*.

Stradella was, for several years, composer to the Opera at Venice, where his reputation as a musician was deservedly high, for he was not only an excellent composer, but a very fine singer and performer on the harp, with which he frequently used to accompany his songs on the stage.

A young lady, named Hortensia, although of a noble family of Venice, lived at this time in a disreputable way with a Venetian nobleman. She was exquisitely beautiful, and perfectly accomplished. Stradella, the most eminent professor in Venice, was her instructor in music. It was scarcely possible for such a man to have such a pupil without feeling some sensations different from those of a master, and she soon began to look on Stradella more as her lover than her instructor. Convinced that if they continued in Venice, the jealousy of the nobleman who was the former object of her affections must soon be excited, and well knowing the deadly spirit of revenge which such a discovery would infallibly generate, they resolved to leave the city privately. The plan was no sooner formed than executed. They left Venice by night, and travelled without stopping till they arrived at Rome. Here the vigilance of the Venetian soon discovered them, and he took the usual Italian method to revenge himself, by hiring two assassins, who were instructed to murder both Stradella and Hortensia; and in order to protect them from punishment, they were furnished with letters to the Venetian Ambassador at Rome. On their arrival there, they learned that an oratorio of Stradella's was, on the following day, to be performed in the church of St. John Lateran; they resolved accordingly to attend it, and to dispatch their victims on leaving the church. They had not been long seated before they began, in common with the rest of the audience, to admire the sublime composition then performing, with the excellence and grandeur of which they were so struck, that, seized with remorse at the deed they were about to perpetrate, they reflected with horror on the thought of assassinating

a man who could impart to his hearers such exquisite pleasure. They looked on Stradella as little short of a divinity, and instead of murdering, were almost prepared to adore him. When the oratorio was finished, as Stradella and Hortensia were leaving the church, they were accosted by the assassins, who, after thanking Stradella for the pleasure and delight they had just received from his music, disclosed to him the dreadful purpose on which they had been sent, and declared to him that, instead of taking away either his life or that of his mistress, they would employ every method for their preservation. They related all that had passed between themselves and the Venetian, and earnestly intreated that Stradella, and his fair companion, would leave Rome immediately, promising that they would deceive their employer by informing him that the objects of his vengeance had left Rome on the morning previous to their arrival. The loss of their reward, which was to have been very large, they considered as amply compensated by the exquisite pleasure and gratification they had just received. Stradella and Hortensia, after expressing their gratitude to the preservers of their lives, determined on immediately quitting Rome, and seeking for safety at Turin. Their intended murderers returned to Venice, and informed their employer that the objects of his vengeance had left Rome for Turin, where the laws against assassins were so severe, that they had not dared to follow them; the house of the ambassador being the only place that could afford protection; advising him, at the same time, to give up the hope of their assassination, which they refused to undertake for any addition to their reward.

This disappointment served but to "whet the blunted purpose" of the savage Venetian; he contrived to engage in his interest the father of Hortensia, who, with a mind still more diabolical and vindictive, united in the plot to be the murderer of his own daughter.

In order to effect this savage purpose, he himself, accompanied by two other ruffians, went to Turin, having been previously furnished with letters by the Venetian from the French Ambassador at Venice, to the Marquis of Villars, then French Ambassador at Turin, which requested his protection for the bearers, who were stated to be merchants.

On the arrival of Stradella and Hortensia at Turin,

they put themselves under the protection of the Duchess of Savoy, then regent there, who, as soon as she had been informed of their story, placed the lady in a convent, as the most secure asylum from the designs of her persecutors, and appointed Stradella her first musician. Here they lived for some time in the enjoyment of prosperity and happiness, and, favoured with the patronage and protection of the duchess regent, they almost forgot the malice and cruelty of their persecutors. This fancied dream of security, was not however of long duration, for as Stradella was one evening walking on the ramparts of the city, he was attacked by the father of his mistress and the two ruffians, who each wounded him with their poniards in the breast, and immediately fled to the house of the French Ambassador for protection. This atrocious act having been perpetrated in the sight of many spectators, occasioned great indignation in the city, and having soon come to the knowledge of the regent, she gave instant orders for the gates of the city to be shut, and the most diligent search to be made for the assassins. They were soon discovered to have taken refuge at the house of the Marquis of Villars, who insisted on his privilege, and refused to deliver them up; he wrote, however, to the French Ambassador at Venice, to know further particulars respecting the persons who had attempted to murder a man so much beloved and admired as Stradella. He was answered by the ambassador, that the men were unknown to him any further than that they had been very strongly recommended to him by the Venetian nobleman. In the mean while Stradella, who happily had received no dangerous wound, recovered, and the Marquis of Villars suffered the ruffians to escape.

Another disappointment served only still more to enrage the Venetian, who employed spies to watch every motion of these unhappy lovers, and to give him intelligence when a more certain and more fatal blow might be struck. A year after the attack on Stradella, the duchess regent gave her sanction to his union with Hortensia, and they were accordingly married at Turin. Soon after their nuptials had taken place they travelled as far as Genoa, intending, after a short stay there, to return to Turin. But the Venetian, having intelligence of their departure, again dispatched after them two assassins,

accompanied by Hortensia's father, who reached Genoa the morning after Stradella and his wife had arrived, and having traced this unfortunate couple to the house where they lodged, entered a chamber where they were sitting, and in an instant stabbed them both to the heart. The assassins, having accomplished their purpose, escaped to a vessel which they had provided, in which they immediately set sail, and were never afterwards heard of.

Norwich, Jan. 30, 1807.*

E. D.

THE ARTS.

BY way of introduction to what will occasionally appear under this title in the *Cabinet*, it may be proper to make a few brief remarks on the present state of the Arts in this country. If they are not in the most flourishing condition, it certainly is not owing to any want of genius in the professors, who have produced, and are producing, under very unfavourable circumstances, the most brilliant specimens of skill in every department of painting. Considered as a body, the English artists may contest and bear away the palm from any of the rival nations of Europe.†

It cannot however be denied that the national patronage is too limited and meagre to give the requisite energy to the Fine Arts§. Our public institutions are

* Mr. Hayley has amplified the circumstances of this tale into a poem, which was lately published under the title of the *Triumphs of Musick*.

† "From the productions of living genius at this moment in Great Britain, might be produced examples of excellence in every department of art, that would adorn the noblest collections, and reflect honour on any age or nation."

SHEE'S *Rhymes of Art*.

§ "Though the wreath of art has for some years bloomed upon the brows of Britain, it must be confessed, that neither the spirit of the times, nor the liberality of the state have much contributed to place it there. If she has excelled her neighbours in every department of painting; in history, portrait and landscape; if she has displayed a power, a vigour, a spirit, a richness of effect in water coloured drawings, which rival the productions of the easel, and surpass the efforts of every other age and na-

few, and the establishments on which they are formed, by no means adequate to the important objects they were designed to promote. The ROYAL ACADEMY, though sanctioned by the countenance of the KING, has long been considered as little better than an *Exhibition Room*. The BRITISH INSTITUTION, promising as it does to assist the reputation, and benefit the pockets of our artists, is yet but in its infancy. Although many persons of rank and property appear to be warmly interested in its success, it wants the invigorating interference of the government to render its advantages permanent, and to fix it on a scale consistent with the dignity of the Arts, and the glory of the British Empire.*

From the Academic Correspondence for 1803, most laudably and diligently collected by Prince Hoare, Esq. a gentleman to whom literature and the fine arts are so variously indebted, it appears that the artists in Russia enjoy the most honourable and liberal consideration from the Emperor Alexander. "The munificence of our sovereign" says the Secretary of the Imperial Academy at Petersburg, in his letter to Mr. Hoare, "is unquestionably the most solid and infallible support that can be found for the advancement of our artists. Influenced by this principle, His Majesty, the reigning Emperor, has deigned not only to increase the salaries of the professors and other persons employed in the Academy, but still further to extend his bounty, by lately appro-

tion; to her genius, her unfostered, unaided, uninvigorated genius the praise is due. We have seen no great exertions of power to stimulate ambition, or to reward desert; there have been no fruits forced in the hot-beds of patronage; individuals have done every thing—the nation nothing."—*ibid.*

* "Amongst the ancients or the moderns, in Greece, Italy or in France, under Louis the fourteenth, it was neither the agency of the commercial spirit, nor even the more congenial operation of private patronage that kindled those lights of genius which irradiate with such splendour the hemisphere of taste. The spark was struck by a collision more exalted. The impulse was given from above—from all that was powerful in the state respecting all that was ingenious in the time; attending with solitude to the birth of ability, fostering and invigorating the first struggles of his weakness—stimulating and rewarding the utmost exertions of his strength—setting an example of homage to genius, which rescued him from the ever ready contumely of vulgar greatness, and taught him to respect himself."—*ibid.*

priating, for the maintenance of this institution the annual sum of 146,000 roubles instead of 60,000, formerly assigned for that purpose, and by moreover adding the yearly sum of 10,000 roubles, for the payment of those artists whose works shall be judged worthy of adorning the public institutions." Several of the members of the academy have, also, been recently decorated with various orders of the empire.

The neglect of living artists,* and their productions, presents another lamentable obstacle to the advancement of the arts. Our native genius languishes and desponds under this almost exclusive preference of foreign performances; being often obliged to descend from the noble heights he is so desirous of occupying, to grovel in the humblest and most degrading paths of the art. Such is the rage for old pictures of the *foreign* schools that, to satisfy the cravings of amateurs and connoisseurs "*amateurs sans amour, et connoisseurs sans connoissance*" (to use the happy definition of Count de Stronganoff, the President of the Russian Academy) even the English painter is sometimes employed in their fabrication; and thus suffers the double mortification of being compelled to assist the purposes of venality and fraud, and, by his own act, to degrade the art he honours, and add to the impediments which obstruct its progress in his native country. This shameful encouragement of *Picture dealers* is very feelingly deplored and deprecated by Mr. SHEE, in his *Rhymes of Art*, a production which we know not whether it does him more honour as a *poet* than an *artist* (*in utrumque paratus*) and which, as our readers will perceive, has supplied many of the observations that form the subject of this paper.

Such are some of the causes which operate to the prejudice of the arts in England; still, however, from the fine genius and elastic spirit of our painters, much has been effected; and there is even some reason to hope that the present administration, more favourable, we trust, to the interests of literature and the polite arts

* Mr. West, now restored to the chair of the Royal Academy, in his last discourse, delivered on the anniversary of the establishment of that institution, observed "That the encouragement " extended to the genius of a single living artist in the higher " classes of art, though it may produce but one original work, " adds more to the celebrity of a people, than all the collections " of accumulated foreign productions."

than the last, will not be backward in "stretching forth a hand to sustain the drooping genius of their country; in protecting the pursuits of peace amidst the operations of war; and calling forth her arts to emulation, while conducting her arms to victory."

It will be one endeavour of the *Cabinet* to promote, in a degree however inconsiderable, this interesting and important national object. We shall embrace every opportunity of paying an honourable tribute to the merits of the *English School* of Painting and Sculpture, not omitting however to do justice to the capital works of the *Foreign Masters*, both ancient and modern, of which it is our intention to take an occasional survey. Neither shall the minor art of *Engraving*, so assiduously and successfully cultivated in Britain, pass unnoticed in our pages.

These slight observations will not unsuitably be closed, by a notice of some of the Publications relative to the Fine Arts, which are shortly expected to make their appearance.

The Rev. Edward Forster has announced a British Gallery of Engravings, (upon the plan of the Dusseldorf and other Galleries on the Continent) from Pictures of the Italian, French, Flemish, Dutch and English Schools, now in the possession of the King, and the principal Nobility and Gentry of the United Kingdom; with some account of each picture, and the life of the Artist. And also a short history of the arts of Painting and Engraving, including the rise and progress of those arts in Great Britain.

We understand that a similar work is expected from another quarter, to be superintended by Mr. Tresham.

Mr. Landseer is about to print his course of Lectures, as delivered before the Members of the Royal Institution; and

The works of Hogarth are publishing in numbers, illustrated with biographical anecdotes, a chronological catalogue and commentary. By John Nichols F. S. A. and the late Mr. George Stevens.

Flaxman's designs from Dante are also preparing for publication. This excellent Artist is employed on a great national monument of Lord Howe; a statue of Sir Joshua Reynolds, at the expence (for the honour of the country we regret to say) of his relations; and a statue of Mr. Pitt, for the City of Glasgow. The two former will be erected in St. Paul's Cathedral.

A FEW WORDS OF ADVICE

TO THE CONDUCTOR OF THE CABINET,

MR. CONDUCTOR,

I AM a sort of Literary *Lounger*, though no *Connoisseur*, yet an *Idler*, like myself, will always assume a right to turn *Observer* upon every *Adventurer*; and, whether you may subscribe to my opinions or not, yet (as I mean to subscribe to your work) I shall offer them very freely.

Too many publications promise much at their outset, and perform little in the sequel; great expectations will be formed of what may be produced by the members of a British *Cabinet*; and in case of failure, every *Guardian* of his own Rights will become a *Tatler*, you will be accused as a *Rambler* from your engagements, and, at your downfall, the *World* will be an unconcerned *Spectator*; while, on the contrary, by proper polish and reflection, you may be styled the *Mirror* of all *Monthly Magazines* in the metropolis.—So much for your *Title*, I shall next make some remarks as to the general conduct of the work itself.

With regard to the engraved heads prefixed to each number, and called portraits, I would certainly advise that they should bear *some* resemblance to the originals; this, notwithstanding it may be but a trifling recommendation to some readers, will often prove an advantage; for, however singular it may appear, I have frequently purchased a picture myself, for no reason than that it put me in mind of the person it professed to represent.

I am conscious, however, that there may be exceptions to this general rule; indeed I know a very worthy vender of prints, who keeps in his cellar some hundreds of admirals, and generals, ready engraved, and by cutting off the arm of one, or clapping a convenient patch on the eye of another, he is always ready, before any of his competitors, to present the town with striking likenesses of any, or all, of those persons who so frequently claim our attention and gratitude. However, as there is no subject on which people are apt to disagree so pointedly as on the precision or dissimilarity of

a copy from nature, you may safely steer clear of all criticism, and perhaps please all parties, by embellishing your incipient number, with a face combining Cooke's nose, Kemble's chin, and Munden's mouth, with the arch eye of Lewis, and writing under it

"The Head of an Eminent Actor."

Thus every one will recognise the feature of a favourite, and one feature in a whole face, is as much as they ought to expect.

Admit no *Puns* into your Miscellany. Dennis, the Critic, has said, and I know not how many others after him, that a punster is no better than a pickpocket, and with truth, for how dare any quibbling varlet attempt to rob his neighbour of any portion of that delightful inflexibility, the very taciturnity of which bespeaks what *wisdom* may lie *buried* in a grave demeanour?

Be not too *sentimental* neither; nor copy the infantine simplicity of those dear little children of the *Della Cruscan School*, who "*lisp in numbers*."—Do not let them lisp in any number of the Cabinet. No, sir, like Sir Peter Teazle, I say, "curse your sentiments;"—for the man whose effeminate ideas, expressed in effeminate accents, would contribute to lessen the manly character of the English nation, deserves to be lost in a labyrinth—as I am now, and left in the lurch for a finish to each sentence he commences.

On the other hand, you must carefully shun the affectation of *bombastic diction*;—it is lamentable to see a pre-elucidated theme rendered semidiaphonous, by the elimination of simple expression, to make room for the conglomeration of ponderous periods, and to exhibit the phonocamptic coxcombry of some pedant, who mistakes sentences for waggons, and words for the wheels of them.

Avoid *alliteration*, allowed by all to be the very vehicle of vicious verbosity, particularly in a periodical publication; therefore, the thought that dully depends, during lengthened lines of lumbering lucubration, on innumerable initials introduced instead of rhyme or reason, is really reprehensible. Shakspeare, scorning the sufferance of such a sneaking style, said "Wit whither wilt?"

Lest you should put the same question to me, I will give you my concluding piece of advice, which is, that you should beware of introducing second-hand *Rural*

Tales and Essays, from the successful labours of your predecessors. Such things *have* happened more than once, and I remember reading a letter to the editor, in the first number of a new magazine, which was unfortunately signed by, AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

P. S. I meant to have called myself a *Constant Reader*, but, if you follow my advice, you will have so many of those, you will not know how to distinguish me from others. I shall, therefore, address my future correspondence, provided you insert this, under the signature of my proper initials,

S. L. U. M.

ACTS OF INSOLVENCY.

METHINKS, these *Acts* which are becoming so frequent, should be called *Acts of solvency*; since they enable men to pay debts, and (which is extraordinary) without money or effects. But to be serious.—Acts of insolvency are occasional acts, by which persons are discharged from suits and imprisonment, upon surrendering their all to their creditors*. It hath often been agitated, to whom the benefit of these acts should extend; whether to all indifferently, or only to some, who could with propriety be deemed proper objects of it? But, though to draw the line, and define boundaries, be generally difficult in human affairs, yet here it seems easy. Let a court or committee of equity be ordained, to sit at stated times upon prisoners for debt: and let all, whom *misfortunes* have brought into durance, be released; but let *defaulters* or rogues be detained, or otherwise disposed of according to some wise police. To think of releasing all, the guilty as well as innocent, would be as unjust and partial, as it would be weak and impolitic; and were any one to propose this, “perhaps to be *popular*,” I should deem him knavish as well as foolish. As deliberate schemes, as ever were concerted for a burglary, have been concerted to gain trust and credit, in order to defraud and rob: and getting into debt, with such concerters, is nothing else but a certain mode of robbing.

D.

* Blackstone's Commentaries, ii. 31.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

The Life of John Milton, By Charles Symmons, D. D. of Jesus College, Oxford. 8vo. Johnson. pp. 566. London 1806.

THE Biographers of Milton have been many; Aubrey, Wood, Philips, and Toland; Dr. Johnson, Hayley, and Todd; have given us the Life of this pride and boast of the English nation. How Dr. Johnson has treated the character and political principles of Milton is known to every body; no two men could entertain more opposite sentiments, on the subject of kings, and government, and popular rights. That Johnson had no veneration for Milton as a man, or as a patriot, there can be no doubt. It is no less true that he has spoken of him with unwarrantable acrimony, and done injustice to his memory by imputing unworthy motives to some parts of his public conduct; but, while we lament that Dr. Johnson's political prejudices should so far have misled him, we can by no means join in the *Hue and Cry* which has been raised against the Doctor since his death, first by Mr. Hayley, and now by Dr. Symmons, who, however laudable their intentions, and successful their efforts, as far as regards the character of Milton, certainly pass all limits of truth and reason in their abuse of the great biographer.

Johnson was a *Tory*, Dr. Symmons

"Glories as he professes himself to be a WHIG, to be of the school of SOMMERS and of LOCKE, to arrange himself in the same political class with those enlightened and virtuous statesmen, who framed the BILL OF RIGHTS, and the ACT OF SETTLEMENT, and who, presenting a crown which they had wrested from a pernicious bigot and his family, to the HOUSE OF HANOVER, gave that most honourable and legitimate of titles, the FREE CHOICE OF THE PEOPLE, to the Sovereign who now wields the Imperial sceptre of Britain."

Those who follow Milton through the troubles of England in which he bore a part, will think well or ill of his conduct, according as they have formed their opinion of the two parties at that time struggling for predominance; he will be considered by some, as the instiga-

tor and advocate of rebellion; by others, as the honest, uniform, and undaunted champion of the liberties of his country. Hence the different hue and aspect under which Milton is exhibited to us by Dr. Johnson and Dr. Symmons.

The life of the poet by Dr. Johnson, is stigmatised by Dr. S. as "an atrocious libel." If Dr. Johnson were alive, he would probably consider the present performance as a *hyperbolic panegyric*.

Dr. Symmons' production is designed to accompany the edition of Milton's prose works. It is written with remarkable elegance and vigour, and we have no hesitation in declaring, that it is the fullest, the best arranged, and the most eloquent life of Milton which has yet been given to the world. It would be tedious, and 'from the purpose,' to attend the biographer through all the different stages of the poet's life; we shall advert chiefly to those points which have excited controversy, and which, we think will prove the most interesting to those who are already pretty well acquainted with the particulars of the immortal Bard's history.

Dr. Symmons examines the several authorities upon which the report of his suffering corporal punishment at the university is supposed to rest, and seems to think Dr. Johnson guilty of disingenuousness in the conclusion he draws from the words *et cætera*, in the verses to Diodatus, "What was more than threat was evidently punishment." We should be glad to get entirely rid of this story of the birch, which, even allowing it to be true, would reflect no disgrace upon Milton, unless it could be proved that he merited the castigation. We think it is now quite settled that he neither deserved nor sustained any such indignity. Dr. S. also very ably defends the *Epi:aphium Damonis* from Johnson's censure of its being 'written with the common, but childish imitation of pastoral life.' Of this elegy he gives the original, and a translation. The latter is correct and elegant, but somewhat cold. We think Dr. S. will not be displeased if we refer him to an animated version of it by the late unfortunate Dermody, inserted in his life by Mr. Raymond.

The charge against Milton, of interpolating the *Ikon Basilike* with a prayer from Sydney's *Arcadia*, is likewise satisfactorily repelled; and, Dr. Johnson, "that libeller of Milton!" as he is called, comes in for a smart

trimming, for his ready belief of the story. Mr. Warton, too, who seems to Dr. S. to be "an author who has accidentally and capriciously been elevated into unmerited celebrity," is called to severe account, for attributing an abhorrence of plays to a poet, "who, not only wrote *Samson Agonistes*, but who has left behind him a variety of subjects for the drama." This mistake of Warton and others, had been already corrected by Mr. Waldron, in his Republication of Downes' *Roscius Anglicanus*. The force of Hume's arguments in support of the opinion, that the *Ikon* was written by Charles, is also called in question; the historian is accused of exhibiting, "the most delicate and tremulous reserve, with the most determined preference; the most specious affectation of candour, with the most injurious violation and contempt of it." Johnson, Warton, and Hume, have never been suspected of inclining to the cause of the republicans at this crisis, and they all feel, in turns, the weight of Dr. Symmons' resentment. We agree with Hume, that the testimonies to prove that the *Ikon* is the production of the king, and those which assign it to Dr. Gauden, are both of great strength. Dr. Symmons decides for Gauden; and, it is curious to remark, the different language of writers who labour to establish opposite positions.

"These meditations," says Hume, "resemble in elegance, purity, neatness, and simplicity, the genius of those performances which we know, with certainty, to have flowed from the royal pen; but are so unlike the bombast, perplexed, rhetorical, and corrupt style, of Dr. Gauden, to whom they are ascribed, that no human testimony seems sufficient to convince us that he was the author."

But now *audi alteram partem*; Dr Symmons affirms, that,

"The composition of this little volume, is radically different from that of the writings which unquestionably came from the pen of Charles; that its pages are sometimes strewn with false flowers, and the glitter of fanciful conceits; that its stile is antithetically and artificially constructed, and that it is infinitely more like to that of a doctor, than to that of a king."

Between such authorities who shall decide? The specimens quoted by Mr. Laing, "that acute and able historian," from the *Ikon*, and from one of Charles's known compositions, are certainly very different in point of style; but such evidence must always be inconclusive: and, notwithstanding the suspicions of Milton;

the memorandum of Lord Anglesey of the disavowal of the *Ikon*, as a work of their father's, by Charles II. and the Duke of York; Dr. Walker's account; Mrs. Gauden's narrative; and the other corroborating circumstances stated by Dr. Symmons; we do not think the question is yet so settled as our Biographer thinks he has left it. The evidence however undoubtedly preponderates on the side of Gauden.

Whether the world has benefited or lost by Milton's temporary desertion of the Muses in favour of polemical writing, is a question that every one will answer according to his individual feeling. The poet, the man of genius, and the lover of literature, will lament that the author of *PARADISE LOST* should ever have quitted the flowery walks of Poesy, for the perplexed and thorny labyrinth of Politics:—he who, as Dr. Johnson observes, “had the power of displaying the vast, illuminating the splendid, enforcing the awful, darkening the gloomy, and aggravating the dreadful;” whose “delight was to sport in the wide regions of possibility, who sent his faculties out upon discovery into worlds where only imagination can travel, and delighted to form new modes of existence, and furnish sentiment and action to superior beings, to trace the counsels of hell, or accompany the choirs of heaven.” Dr. Symmons hesitates a little upon this point, but he evidently inclines more towards the poet than the politician.

“By the appropriation of his powers to controversy, during the high noon of his manhood, we have lost, as we may be certain, many a rich effusion of fancy, on which we might have dwelt with exquisite delight: but we have gained by it the spectacle of a magnificent mind in a new course of action, throwing its roaring fullness over a strange country, and surprising us with the force and the flexibility of the human intellect.”

The motives for Milton's political conduct and writings, were no doubt pure and honourable, and he must be a zealot indeed, who will not allow him to have maintained, amid all the changes and distractions of his time, the most upright and disinterested character—that he did not see through the hypocritical designs of Cromwell, may indeed be some impeachment of his sagacity: his panegyric of the Protector, is very lofty; but, while he applauds the “*patriæ liberator, libertatis auctor, custosque idem et conservator,*” he cautions him against the abuse of the power with which

he had been invested, in terms that sufficiently manifest the virtuous independence of his mind.

We should trespass too far on the limits we propose for this department of the *Cabinet*, were we to obey the impulse of our wishes, by entering into a minute analysis of this most excellent Life, which, in opposition to the denomination Dr. S. has given to Dr. Johnson's performance, that of "a biographical libel," we shall call a *noble biographical eulogy*. Each has verged a little towards the extreme; the middle way still remains to be trodden. We must not omit, however, to direct the reader to the character of Laud, and the pernicious tendency of his conduct as a politician and churchman (p. 173). Dr. Symmons, review of the measures of this unfortunate prelate, calls forth a manly and dignified expression of his own sentiments of the Church of England. The character of Charles is thus concisely given.

"If he has been lowered beneath his just level by his enemies, he has been proportionably raised above it by his friends, and, with a nice regard to truth, we may probably place him in the central point between Nero, to whom he has been resembled by the former, and either of the Antonines, above whom he has been advanced, not without a degree of profane temerity, to the honours of sainthood and martyrdom by the latter. His private life was not, perhaps, liable to censure, as it was blemished only with common imperfection; but his public conduct betrayed the violence of a despot, with the duplicity and equivocating morality of a follower of Loyola."

Bradshaw, the president of the tribunal which adjudged Charles to the block, is considered by Dr. S.

"As a man who was mistaken indeed, and placed in an unfortunate situation, but whose radical and vital principle was public virtue; who would have been honoured in the purest times of Grecian and Roman patriotism, and whose high-souled and consistent independence refused, on more than one occasion, to submit to the will of an imperious and irresistible usurper."

The fidelity of these portraits many will question, nor do we conceive that Charles II. worthless and profligate as he was, merits the charge of cruelty and malignity in the degree imputed to him by Dr. S.

A full account is given of the controversy with Salinasius, who is supposed, not without strong grounds, to have furnished Mr. Burke with some of the language and doctrines which we find in his works respecting the French Revolution.

Dr. S. winds up his volume with a summary of Milton's character. The picture he has drawn of him shews the hand of a master; the outline is bold, the colouring vivid, and the expression forcible; the likeness too is strong, but flattering: the rugged features are all softened down, and the whole is more like the description which a lover would give of his mistress, than a faithful portraiture drawn after the life.

We have already said that this is the best Life of Milton. The matter and the manner of it (with the slight drawbacks we have noticed) are entitled to the highest approbation. From the prose works many just inferences are drawn, and much new light thrown upon Milton's views and motives, as well as upon the characters of others who distinguished themselves on the side of the republicans. The style is uniformly animated; it may be thought at times to be too florid, and to rise above the sober tone of a biographical work; but who in writing a life of Milton, especially one who, like Dr. S. has felt the inspiration of the Muse, could restrain himself within the ordinary limits of prose composition? We shall quote a few specimens:

"Amid the ruins of Britain, Milton will survive: Europe will preserve one portion of him; and his native strains will be cherished in the expanding bosom of the great queen of the Atlantic, when his own London may present the spectacle of Thebes, and his Thames roll a silent and solitary stream through heaps of blended desolation."

"If his course was rapid and brilliant, (speaking of his short stay in Italy) it was not useless to others or to himself. He was a meteor, which gathering all the luminous particles within the sphere of its attraction, absorbed, and blended them with its own radiant body, for the sole purpose of diffusing a stronger emanation of light."

"At the time of which we are speaking (the end of 1653, and the beginning of 1654) the mighty work, [the *Paradise Lost*] according to Philips, was seriously undertaken; and it is curious to reflect on the steadiness of its growth, under a complication of adverse circumstances; and to see it, like a pine on the rocks of Norway, ascending to its majestic elevation, beneath the inclemency of a dreary sky, and assailed in the same moment, by the fury of the ocean at its feet, and the power of the tempest above its head."

Many such passages as these will be found in the volume. Dr. S. no doubt thought that he had a right, considering his subject, to introduce the *gigantesca sublimità Miltoniana*.

As a critic, he has shewn infinite taste and sagacity. His criticism on the irregular Latin Ode in the volume of Milton's Poems sent to the Bodleian Library, is deeply learned, and curiously minute. The single remark of Mr. Warton, which points out a false quantity in the use of the word *solers*, (and whose observations on Milton's latin prose composition, are stated by Dr. S. to "discover the Critic to be qualified only by presumption for the office") induced Dr. S. to offer a more extensive piece of criticism, on that wild and lawless composition.

The comparison between Milton and Shakspeare, as to their creative power, particularly with respect to *Comus*, *The Tempest*, &c. is a masterly specimen of discrimination.

The translations, both of the prose and poetical pieces, are several of them, from the pen of the Rev. Francis Wrangham. They are faithful, elegant, and spirited.

Before, however, we close our Review, we must again observe, that Dr. Johnson has been treated with an asperity, scarcely to be justified even between living literary combatants. We do not hold with the maxim "*de mortuis, nil nisi bonum*" but certainly "*nil nisi verum.*"

It is more than inferred, and almost directly charged, that Dr. Johnson was a participator with Lauder, in the nefarious attack upon Milton. He is called his "*literary accomplice*," his "*great literary patron*;" and in another place, he is declared to be, "an accomplice in the malignity; *if candour* obliges us to admit his ignorance of the frauds of its author;" again "Dr. Johnson survived the disgrace of his infamous alliance, to enjoy the opportunity of attempting with much deeper, though not more effectual wounds, the impassible reputation of Milton," and, Dr. Symmons might have proceeded to add, of publishing a review on the *Paradise Lost*, which contains more solid criticism, with clearer and more forcible illustration, and conveys more just and pointed encomium, than all the comments and panegyrics which have ever, either before or since, proceeded from his most enthusiastic admirers.

No man had a greater reverence for truth than Dr. Johnson: and even admitting that he *wished well* to the success of Lauder's undertaking, we trust there are very few persons who will listen without indignation to the suggestion that he had any knowledge of the fraud that had been committed. On the contrary, "*ought not candour*

to oblige us to admit," that, crediting Lauder's pretended discovery, the encouragement he afforded that unfortunate man arose from his *detestation* of fraud, which he believed at the time to have been justly attributable to Milton as an unacknowledging plagiarist?

With equal indignation we read the assertion that when Johnson stated "that it happens to be known that his (Milton's) daughters were never taught to write," he *must have known* what Aubrey had told, viz. that Milton's youngest daughter was his amanuensis. "Though truth," continues Dr. S. illiberally, and we sincerely believe unwarrantably, "though truth was dear to him, the depreciation of Milton was still dearer." What is this but saying that Dr. Johnson would have told a deliberate falsehood, if thereby he could have injured the character of Milton? "Truth, religious, moral, and political, is what alone I profess to pursue." So says Dr. Symmons in his preface; we hope that after this truly excellent scholar; able critic, and liberal advocate of civil and religious liberty, shall have quitted the scene of life, his veneration for that paramount quality, will never be called in question with so little reason as he has endeavoured to fix a departure from it on the illustrious English moralist.

With an allusion, however, to Dr. Johnson's *Life of Milton* he began, and with Johnson he must end. He dispatches him with the following *coup de grace*. "The delinquency of the libellous biographer, is ill compensated by the merit of the monotonous and heavy-gaited morality of the sombre and dogmatic essayist."

May we have many such delinquent biographers, and many such sombre and dogmatic essayists!

Geographical Delineations: or, a Compendious View of the Natural and Political State of all Parts of the Globe. By J. Aiken, M. D. 12mo. 2 vol. Johnson. 1806.

The utility of a publication like this, need scarcely to be insisted upon, and to say that Dr. Aiken is the author, implies that the manner in which the undertaking is executed, is proportionate to its importance. These *Delineations* are designed as an intermediate work, between the common elementary books on geography, and the more complete systems of that branch of knowledge; and the object intended by the performance is, to afford in a moderate compass, and under an agreeable form, such a view of every thing most important, relative to the natural, and political state of the world

which we inhabit, as may dwell upon the mind in vivid colours, and durably impress it with just and instructive notions. In his view of each country, the author has considered what nature has made it, and what man has made it. This arrangement is very judicious, and Dr. Aiken has introduced under both divisions, and in a reduced form, every thing that is interesting and valuable.

The boundaries of the different countries are minutely traced, and Dr. A. has made it his particular business to shew how far the great portions or masses, into which nature seems to have divided the land upon this globe, coincide with the territorial distributions made by human policy; and those grand features of country, mountains and rivers, have likewise been laid down, with a degree of precision correspondent to their geographical importance. It is presumed by the writer, that a good map will be in possession of his readers, for, as he very justly observes, the size and price of his work would not have admitted of such an accompaniment, except on so small a scale as to be of little service.

A publication of this kind must necessarily be compiled. But there are some compilations which cost more labour, and are infinitely more useful, than a work entirely original. This is one of them. The authorities consulted are very numerous, and Dr. A. has shewn equal judgment and impartiality in his selections.

Such, in brief, is the character of these volumes, which we cordially recommend, in the words of the author, 'to young persons of both sexes, at the period of finishing their education, as a summary of what is important to be remembered, relative to the topics treated of, and as affording compendious information, and matter for reflection to those of maturer years, who are destitute of time and opportunity for copious research.'

The Birds of Scotland; with other Poems; by James Grahame, 12mo. pp. 248, Edinburgh, Blackwood. London, Longman, 1806.

Mr. Grahame has already recommended himself to the public, by a pleasing poem on the *Sabbath*, which soon ran through several editions, and led us to form a very favourable opinion of him as a man of worth and piety, and a poet of more than ordinary capacity. We, therefore, took up the present volume with an expectation of deriving much gratification from a perusal of its contents, and we are happy to say that our expectation has not been disappointed.

In the first and most important of these poems, the author has endeavoured to delineate the *manners and characters of Birds*, and the scenes which they frequent in his own country.

“ The woodland song, the various vocal quires,
That harmonize fair Scotia's streamy vales;
Their habitations, and their little joys;
The winged dwellers on the leas, and moors,
And mountain cliffs; the woods, the streams, themselves,
The sweetly rural, and the savage scene,—
Haunts of the plummy tribes,—be these my theme !”

The “ plummy tribes” have been celebrated incidentally by several of our descriptive bards, but we believe they now, for the first time, form the subject of a poem exclusively. In the natural history of birds, there is every thing to amuse the mind, to gratify curiosity, and excite our wonder and admiration; and we are glad that they have found at last a poet so competent to undertake the grateful task of recording their praises and ingenuity, from the domestic robin who ventures to pick the crumbs from the hand, to the lordly eagle,

“ Who far above the fire-impregnate wreaths
Soaring surveys the ethereal volcanos.”

The minute characteristic descriptions, however, which such a subject almost incessantly requires, are often clogs upon the poet, which, with all his skill in versification, and efforts at variety, he cannot sufficiently throw off; and they sometimes induce a *tædium* from which the reader is frequently anxious to obtain relief.

This difficulty, however, is, upon the whole, tolerably well surmounted, and we meet with many passages in which originality of thought, and accuracy of description, are combined with very beautiful imagery, and the true grandeur of poetical expression.

In part the third, which includes the birds of prey, the falcon, cormorant, eagle, &c. Mr. Grahame rises with his subject, and almost attains sublimity. His description of these birds, and of the bold northern scenery which they haunt, is animated in the highest degree.

The apostrophe to “ the full-streamed Clyde,” is extremely beautiful; as also is the ascent and descent of the eagle; the falcon's eyry, and the cormorant's voracious range

“ Along the blood-stained Coast of Senegal.”

The description of *The Eagle of the Sea* not being too long, we shall transcribe it.

"Of bulk more huge, and borne on broader vans,
The EAGLE OF THE SEA from Atlas soars,
Or Teneriffe's hoar peak, and stretches far
Above the Atlantic wave, contemning distance.
The watchful helmsman from the stern descries,
And hails her course, and many an eye is rais'd.
Loftier she flies than hundred times mast-height:
Onward she floats, then plunges from her soar
Down to the ship, as if she aimed to perch
Upon the main-mast pinnacle: but up again
She mounts Alp high, and with her lowered head
Suspended, eyes the bulging sails, disdains
Their tardy course, hurrying outflies the rack,
And, disappearing, mingles with the clouds."

The poem is almost free from *Scottisms*. Many Scotch words, indeed, are introduced, and many old English words which appear like Scotch, but of these there is a glossary, and Mr. Grahame has used them only where a modern English synonyme equally emphatic, did not present itself. We observed, however, one or two modes of expression, which to us "on the South side of the Tweed," appear rather harsh, "O, I *would* never tire," (p. 11.) "To limn, of *new*, thy half-forgotten name." (p. 25.)

In some of the lines the measure is imperfect,

"And spread around: Lost in the midst." (p. 15.)

"Significant: comprizing all." (p. 58.)

We think also that the versification in general appears stiff and affected, from too studied an imitation of Milton's pauses, by constantly running the lines into one another, and often concluding the sense with the second syllable.

"Meantime her young, among the brush-roots, lurk
Secure." (p. 17.)

The instances of this are very numerous. The licences in which Milton indulged, and for which he was satisfied with his own authority, are far from being beauties in a poem of moderate compass. We noticed another singularity, of which we cannot approve—as in these lines,

"There no martin builds
Her airy nest; not even the owl alights
On these unhallow'd walls: the murderer's head
Was shelter'd by these walls: hands blood-imbrued
Founded these walls,—Mackenzie's purpled hands. (p. 23.)

In the following lines the repetition is still more

offensive. The poet is alluding to the cotton-mills in which young children are constantly employed.

"They see the light, 'tis true—they see and know
That light for them is but an implement
Of toil. In summer with the sun they rise
To toil, and with his setting beam they cease
To toil; nor does the shorten'd winter day
Their toil abridge; for 'ere the cock's first crow,
Aroused to toil, they lift their heavy eyes,
And force their childish limbs to rise and toil. (p. 45.)

If this reiteration of the word *toil* be meant to convey an idea of ceaseless and unwearied labour, it will not be considered as a very happy accommodation of sound to sense; and it would be much easier to find a poet who could toil through hundreds of such lines, than a reader who would follow him.

The above lines are moreover prosaic, and of such lines there are not a few. The following, wherein Mr. G. justly observes upon the bad effects of this *system of toil*, are *verse only to the eye*.

"Here vice collected festers, and corrupts.
The female virtues fade; and in their stead,
Springs up a produce rank of noxious weeds.
And if such be the effects of that sad system
Which in the face of Nature's law would wring
Gain from the labouring hands of playful children;
If such the effects where worth and sense direct
The living, intellectual machines,
What must not follow when the power is lodged
With senseless, sordid, heartless avarice?" (p. 46.)

Place the seven last lines in the order of prose, and nobody would suppose that they ever could belong to a Poem.

These, however, are but slight exceptions from the general excellence of the poem; we point them out, because we fear Mr. Grahame looks upon them as recommendations rather than defects, and in order that young writers may not be misled to imitate an example which we think a bad one. The innocent and ingenious employments of the feathered race; their wonderful instincts; the amusement and delight they afford to man: are all illustrated in the most pleasing manner. The descriptions are recommended by simplicity and pathos, and while the poet expatiates on the works of nature, he does not forget the most important part of a poet's duty, to "point from nature up to nature's God."

The digressions are few and easy, and at the same time that they embellish the poem, they relieve our attention from the principal objects, and strongly interest the

best feelings of our nature. Of this kind, among others, are the little narrative of the impressed Sea-boy, (p. 6.) the Child Robbery, (p. 37.) where Mr. Grahame has borrowed the mother's sensations from the *Lady Randolph* of his countryman, Home.

“ Nor does even time—
Assuager of all other woes—bring balm
To this: each child, to boyish years grown up,
Reminds you of your boy! He might have been
Like this, fair, blooming, modest, looking down
With most engaging bashfulness.”

The feelings of a mother on the loss or absence of a beloved son, is a subject to which the author seems to take a mournful delight in recurring. He has adverted to them in no less than three little episodes in the course of this short work. The following interesting picture of maternal anxiety must not be omitted. After relating the fate of a poor youth who fell in battle, and whose body is left to the birds of prey on the Banks of the Danube, the author thus proceeds:

“ Ah, one there is
Who fosters long the dying hope, that still
He may return: the live-long summer day
She at her house-end sits; and oft her wheel
Is stopt, while on the road, far stretch'd, she bends
A melancholy, eye-o'erflowing look;
Or strives to mould the distant traveller
Into the form of him who's far away.
Hopeless, and broken-hearted, still she loves
To sing, *When wild war's dismal blast was blown.*”

The animated allusion to the African Slave Trade, of which we now begin to entertain a well-founded hope of the abolition, we should take a pleasure in quoting, had we not already occupied more room than we can well afford. The extent however to which we have carried our remarks, will testify our sense of the merit of the *Birds of Scotland*.

The other poems consist of *Biblical pictures*, which are short and animated representations, in blank verse, of some of the interesting events recorded in scripture. These are followed by a poetical view of the several months in the year, under the title of the *Rural Calendar*. They are, as Mr. Grahame modestly denominates them, *faithful sketches*, and as well as the remaining pieces, are highly honourable both to the talents and sensibility of their author.

The notes possess considerable interest. With respect to the laying out of grounds, &c. Mr. G. much to the credit of his taste, is an *Anti-Brownist*. In the Birds of Scotland he pointedly censures the *levelling-system*, and supports his opinion by several extracts from Mr. Uvedale Price's *Essay on the picturesque*.

Memoirs of the Life of Colonel Hutchinson, Governor of Nottingham Castle and Town, Representative of the County of Nottingham in the Long Parliament, and of the Town of Nottingham in the first Parliament of Charles II. &c. with original Anecdotes of many of the most distinguished of his Contemporaries, and a Summary Review of Public Affairs: written by his Widow Lucy, Daughter of Sir Allen Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower, &c. now first published from the original Manuscript. By the Rev. Julius Hutchinson, &c. &c. To which is prefixed the Life of Mrs. Hutchinson, written by herself, a Fragment. royal 4to. pp. 446. Longman and Co. 1806.

These Memoirs contain an abundance of information and amusement, and, as their genuineness are undoubted, and the talents and experience of the writer considerable, the historian may collect many new facts, relative to the times in which she lived, and some fresh data, which may serve to clear up such points as have been mistaken, or left in doubt by preceding writers. Colonel Hutchinson was one of those who signed the death-warrant of King Charles I. Among a variety of other curious matter, some additional circumstances are related, respecting the motives and proceedings of the party attached to Cromwell; the return of Charles II.; the trial of the Regicides; and the hopes and fears of those who were concerned in bringing his father to the block.

It does not fall within our plan to enter fully into the merits of a work of this kind. It is to be recommended, however, as a very useful publication, containing as it does, "a history of a period the most remarkable in the British annals, written one hundred and fifty years ago, by a lady of elevated birth, of a most comprehensive and highly cultivated mind, herself a witness of many of the scenes she describes, and active in several of them."

Mrs. Hutchinson seems, indeed to have been a very extraordinary character, and her name deserves to stand high on the list of illustrious females. The volume is ornamented with portraits of herself and the Colonel, very finely engraved by Neagle and Freeman.

Authentic Narrative of the Death of Lord Nelson: with the circumstances preceding, attending, and subsequent to that event; the professional report on his Lordship's wound; and several interesting Anecdotes. By William Beatty, M. D. Surgeon to the Victory in the Battle of Trafalgar, and now Physician to the Fleet under the command of the Earl of St. Vincent, K. B. &c. &c. &c. large 8vo. 7s. Cadell and Davies, 1807.

So many contradictory and unfounded rumours had got abroad respecting the nature of Lord Nelson's wound; its situation; the quarter from whence the fatal shot proceeded; his sufferings, observations, and last moments; that Dr. Beatty has felt it incumbent on him, as the professional gentleman who attended his Lordship on this mournful occasion, to give an authentic statement of all the circumstances. In doing this he has paid a respectful tribute to the memory of the immortal hero of the Nile, and rendered a very acceptable service to the public, who will not read without strong emotion the affecting particulars which are here recorded with equal simplicity and feeling. The account includes the most interesting incidents which occurred on board the Victory from the time of her sailing from England, in the month of September, till the day of battle inclusively; and also a detail of the mode adopted for preserving his revered remains during the subsequent long passage of the Victory to England; and the condition of the body when it was deposited in Greenwich Hospital. Some observations are likewise made on the state of his Lordship's health for some time previous to his fall; with his habits of life, and other circumstances, strongly proving that few men had a greater prospect, in the common course of events, of attaining longevity.

To quote what is interesting in this narrative, would be to transcribe the volume. Admiration and grief alternately fill the mind of the reader as he traces the progress of the battle on which the fate of our country probably depended, and the bodily agonies, noble fortitude, and pious resignation of the conqueror, as the hour of death approached.

This Narrative will be republished in the Life of Lord Nelson, by the Rev. J. S. Clarke, and Mr. M'Arthur, for which it was originally intended. Dr. Beatty has shewn a proper consideration for the public in printing it in this separate form; since the magnificent biography in preparation, will probably not make its

appearance for several months. The portrait prefixed is one of the best likenesses we have seen of Lord Nelson. There is also a plate representing the ball in the exact state in which it was extracted ; and in its present state, as enclosed by Dr. Beatty in a glass case.

A Vindication of Mrs. Lee's Conduct towards the Gordons ; written by herself. Greenland and Norris. 4to. 3s. 1807.

This mysterious transaction cannot yet be forgotten. The conduct of the Gordons is to be regarded with abhorrence ; but Mrs. Lee's account of the affair is far from satisfactory. Notwithstanding this vindication, her behaviour seems to have been so ambiguous and extraordinary, that we cannot acquit her of imprudence, and even of folly ; and there is still a mystery in the whole business, which, like the History of Betty Canning, Mrs. Margaret Rudd, and Miss Blandy, may hereafter furnish ample room for conjecture to those who shall think such investigations of importance.

Our motive for noticing this pamphlet at all is, to caution females against indulging wild and speculative opinions on the subject of religion, and entertaining the absurd notion, that to deviate from established principles, and the prescribed regulations for human conduct, is an evidence of an original and penetrating character. An eccentricity bordering on insanity, seems to have marked the whole course of Mrs. Lee's history, as she has herself set it down ; and, considering the injuries and insults she affects to have received, and recollecting what is supposed to have passed at Tetsworth, we know not whether to smile, or be angry at the consolatory deduction which she draws from a review of the singular incidents in which she has been engaged.

“ They (the public) have been a little amused ; I have been much instructed, *having seen the human character in a new point of view !*”

Poetical Amusement on the Journey of Life, consisting of various Pieces in Verse ; serious, theatric, epigrammatic and miscellaneous. By William Meyler, 8vo. 6s. Robinson, London, 1806.

THIS volume really affords what it promises, much “ *Poetical Amusement.*” We have frequently been pleased with Mr. Meyler's compositions, as they have met our view in the daily prints ; we are therefore glad to find them collected into a volume. Some of the pieces are

excellent, and all above mediocrity. As a *taste of his quality*, we subjoin the *Invocation to Sleep*, from the Latin.

Emblem of death ! come soothing, balmy sleep,
Friend of my pillow ! o'er my eye-lids creep ;
Soft let me slumber, gently breathing, sigh,
Live without life, and without dying---die !

—————*Sic sine vita*

Vivere quam suave est, sic sine morte mori !

The Elements of Greek Grammar, with Notes for the use of those who have made some progress in the Language. 8vo. pp 200. Pridden.

A Grammarian was 'i' th' olden time,' what we now understand by the word Critic, and his functions were the same. At present, however, the distinction no longer maintains that high ground on which it once stood ; and even *grammar* itself, amongst many authors of our day, miscalled men of *letters*, is held in no estimation. Voluminous writers, well known to the devouring appetites of modern readers, have most *ingenuously* made their opinions public on this subject. The Rev. Mr. Noble, F. A. S. who writes memoirs and topography by the hundred weight, has a sovereign contempt for the acquisition of grammar, and prefers one fact, however unimportant, to all that Wallis or Lowth ever wrote or knew about it. Mr. D'Israeli, another *independent* author, who has compiled anecdotes, described (how, no one knows) what a *literary* character should be, and scribbled poetry and romances by the cart load, has often, in as many words, most freely confessed and proved his sentiment to have always been, that grammar is a study beneath the dignified parts of a man of genius ! It has been said, however, that 'grammar is the door or gate of the arts and sciences.' Now, as these gentlemen, and numbers like them, have assuredly the *art* of book-making, it is fair to conclude that they have, by means of the ladder of *genius*, got in at the window. This is the genius of the Egyptians, who made bricks without straw. To be serious. Grammar, says Quintilian, is that to eloquence, which the foundation is to the building ; they who despise it, as only dealing in low, trivial things, are exceedingly mistaken ; it has really more solidity than shew. And Scaliger owned that it was his desire to be a *good grammarian*. '*Sufficit enim ei, said he, qui omnes auctores probe vult intelligere, esse grammaticum.*' But he wished to be a grammarian to understand authors who

wrote according to the rules of grammar, and were masters of the philosophy of it. We are frequently with our writers in no such condition; for where is the necessity of grammar to comprehend that which is written without? Most necessary is it, however, to make us capable of entering thoroughly into the meaning of the noble works of ancient Greece and Rome. He, therefore, who furnishes us with arms qualified most readily to achieve this purpose, is worthy of the highest distinction. In this situation stands the learned and ingenious Dr. Valpy, whose *Latin Grammar* has deserved so well of the rising generation, and whose present Greek Grammar on a similar plan, will be found a luminous torch to the remains of Grecian poetry, wit, and eloquence.

This elementary work has the advantage of experience to prove its utility. Among his own pupils, it has been tried, and "the event of that trial has exceeded his most sanguine expectations." *Advert.*

Grammar cannot be too much simplified, and such has been Dr. Valpy's principal object with regard to the rules to be committed to memory, while the notes for the maturer student, are minute and comprehensive. With respect to the greek declensions, "*Grammatici certant.*" Vossius and others reduced the number to three, which has been sanctioned by Messieurs de Port Royal. Busby, in his metrical grammar, prefers five declensions, but in doing this, he had in view the assimilation of the Greek and Latin languages. Dr. Valpy judiciously adopts the simplest mode, and thinks, with Sharpe, that the formation of such nouns as are called patronymic, diminutive, amplifying, possessive, and verbal, is better acquired by use, than by a multitude of rules.

The plan of the conjugations is excellent, for the facility it gives to their acquisition; but we do not approve of the omission of a synopsis to the contracted forms of verbs. This is surely no simplification. To have followed the ingenious system of Hermannus in the irregular verbs might have produced brevity, but "*brevis esse, &c.*" and under Dr. V.'s peculiar circumstances, it was wisely avoided. The meaning and construction of prepositions are well elucidated, and Huntingford's Exercises recommended by a very honest and just eulogium. In the Syntax, though his pro-

phane authorities are of the greatest purity, we should have preferred examples from the New Testament. The best works on prosody, rhythm, dialects, and accents, are prudently enumerated.

“ The great object of the author has been, “ says he,” utility. He has endeavoured to explain the meaning of terms, and the causes of constructions, and to enliven the rules by analogical allusions to other languages ; a mode of comparison best calculated to illustrate and familiarize the subject.” *Advert.*

Many of his remarks in the notes are new, and he courts even “ the severity of censure,” to improve a second edition. To cavil at what he has occasionally stated, or to differ from him with an appearance of reason, would be no hard task. It is well known indeed that nothing is easier in most things than to find fault, but especially in regard to classical criticism, in which we all are frequently obliged to guess, and every one most admires his own conjecture. He, however, who can offer to the learned grammarian, arguments sufficiently potent to shew the practicability of *materially* improving this grammar, according to its present dimensions and object, is one whose assistance Dr. Valpy may desire, but cannot easily expect.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

THE list of literary periodical critics is a numerous one, that of musical critics is, we believe, very confined : willingly, therefore, we devote a few pages of our miscellany to a subject so pleasing and so popular. As music is divided into so many different styles, each of which has its warm and exclusive admirers, it may be asked, under the banners of which of these contending, though not discordant, leaders we propose to enlist ourselves. We answer, that every kind and style of music, whether solemn or airy, whether learned or popular, if it shall be found in our opinion to possess real and intrinsic excellence, will command our approbation and ensure our praise. We are admirers of every good school, and we hope bigots to none. Acknowledging with alacrity, and contemplating with admiration, the wonderful powers and the majestic genius of Handel, we profess ourselves

his warmest admirers ; we regard him as the first of musicians ; we joyfully award him the right of undisputed sovereignty in the empire of harmony : but while, we pay this willing tribute to his exalted merit, we are equally ready to bestow a portion of our praise, and by no means an inconsiderable one, upon those great masters of song who preceded, who flourished with, and who followed him. We can turn with delight from the learned and sublime compositions of Purcell, of Gibbons or of Croft, to the more light and elegant productions of Haydn, Pleyel, or Mozart : the works of our more modern English composers, equally with those of the present Italian school, will excite our admiration and applause. True genius is confined to no climate, is limited to no country ; wherever we find it, we shall hail it with pleasure, and notice it with approbation. It shall be our constant care, and our unremitted endeavour to maintain the credit, and improve the style of the true and legitimate English school of music, a style which, equally removed from the quaint intricacies and subtleties of harmony, and the flimsy and meretricious appendages of false taste, has always boasted the most powerful supporters. In short, it is our duty, and shall be our pride to prove ourselves the steady supporters of genuine merit, and the constant friends of true genius. These remarks premised, we enter on the discharge of our duty.

"Secure by George's care."

A Glee for four Voices. Composed by John Stafford Smith.

It is singular enough that neither the Germans nor the Italians, have any species of composition precisely answering to our Glee. They have their Motetts, and their Trios and Quartetts ; but the Glee is of genuine English origin. This is the more surprising, since, perhaps, of the various kinds of music, there is none which affords more pleasure, either to the singer or to the hearer, than a good Glee. The performance of it is not confined to the concert room, nor the enjoyment of it to the scientific hearer ; it enlivens the festive board, and adds a zest to the pleasures of the table. The number of Glee writers has been very considerable, and the number of good ones by no means small. The names of Webbe, Cooke, Danby, Paxton, and many others, are familiar to all lovers of harmony, and among them that of John Stafford Smith, deserves to hold a high rank. The melodies of his Glees are pleasing, and his inner parts well arranged. His compositions display much originality of thought, and correctness of execution ; and he has been careful not to write himself down by publishing every trifling production of his pen. The number of his Glees is indeed comparatively small, but every one of them possesses

sterling merit. That now before us is worthy of its author; the melody is well adapted, and the parts carefully arranged: the modulation is bold, and the different movements relieve each other with great effect. We have no doubt of its becoming a popular and standard Glee. We are sorry to see Mr. Smith give into the fashion of writing his Alto and Tenor parts in the G clef.

"O row thee in my Highland Plaid"

A favourite Scottish Ballad, written by Mr. Robert Tannahil, and set to Music, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by Mr. Ross of Aberdeen.

It is the fate of most imitators of what is excellent, to catch the peculiarities, rather than the beauties of their original. Thus most of those writers who have attempted to compose what they call Scottish Ballads, suppose that they have completely caught the character and manner of the genuine Scottish style, when they have in fact generally contented themselves with now and then interspersing a few of the obvious peculiarities of it, in different parts of their melody. The composition by this means assumes a heterogeneous appearance, it becomes a mixture of two different styles, and cannot properly be classed with either; precisely as if a man, not content with putting on a coat of English broad cloth, must decorate it with, now and then, a stripe or a fringe of the Scottish plaid. Some of the genuine Scottish airs possess much sweetness, and a degree of delicacy and tenderness, that has not been surpassed by the national music of any country. The airs of "Tweed Side," "The Yellow Hair'd Laddie," and "Roslin Castle," are exquisite specimens of unadorned elegant melody. Mr. Ross, to be sure, may claim a sort of national right, to be a composer of Scottish ballads, but we must frankly confess that he does not come up to our ideas of the character of the school which he adopts. Some of the turns and peculiarities of the Scottish music appear in his ballads, but they possess not the originality or the sweetness of the models he has copied. There is too great a mixture of the modern English with the old Scottish style. We cannot therefore bestow upon Mr. Ross in this instance more than a moderate share of our approbation.

"We'll meet beside the dusky glen."

A Scottish Ballad, written by Mr. Robert Tannahil, and set to Music, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by Mr. Ross.

We like this ballad rather better than the foregoing one. It possesses more of the characteristic simplicity of the Scottish style. It is however rather destitute of originality, and the same passage occurs so frequently as to tire the hearer, especially as the song is protracted to four verses.

"Accept a heart my dearest girl."

A favourite Rondo, written by Mr. W. Preston, and set to Music with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by Mr. Ross.

Here we meet Mr. Ross on English ground, and here, strange as it may seem, he appears more at home than in Scotland. We re-

gret that we cannot award him a distinguished place among our Composers ; but to this we presume he does not aspire. The subject of the rondo is certainly not very new, the accompaniment however is well arranged, and the whole produces rather a pleasing effect.

"To thy rocks, stormy Lannow, adieu."

A Ballad, by Anne Seward, set to Music, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by Mr. Ross.

This ballad possesses more merit than any of the above-mentioned compositions of this author. The melody, though certainly not entitled to the praise of originality, is striking, and expresses well the sentiment of the words. We are sorry not to be able to give Mr. Ross our unqualified approbation even in this ballad, which we certainly on the whole are inclined to speak well of ; but we think he has not made sufficient use of the advantage which the minor mood possesses, that of modulating with effect, into the major. At the commencement of the second part of the song, he does indeed change into the key of E flat, but it is for so short a time, that we scarcely feel it before we are carried back to the original one of C minor, where we are kept to the end of the song. The words are parodied by Miss Seward, on the elegant ballad of "Seaton Cliffs," which was set by the present Dr. Clarke of Cambridge, with accompaniments by Dr. P. Hayes, and was one of the first of that ingenious Composer's productions.—We will give Mr. Ross one piece of advice, which we think he will do well to attend to. Let him aim more at quality than quantity in his compositions, and let him beware of thinking that every production of his pen is worthy the public attention ; for if he is desirous of establishing a permanent reputation, one composition possessing true genius and originality, will more certainly effect his purpose, than fifty flimsy productions which are forgotten as quickly as they are performed.

Aria et Rondo pour le Piano Forte, composés et dédiés à mi Lady Charlotte Spencer, par L. Von Esch.

M. Von Esch is a Composer of considerable eminence for the Piano Forte. The style of his music is not indeed marked by much originality, nor can he be classed with the first writers for the instrument ; but his compositions bespeak an intimate knowledge of it, combined with a pleasing fancy, and a correct taste. The aria before us, opens well, and the subject is skillfully kept up. The Polacca which follows, is lively and elegant. On the whole we can recommend it as a good lesson for the young performer.

Marche Sicilienne, et Rondo pour le Piano Forte, composés et dédiés à mi Lady Frances Pratt, par L. Von Esch.

The march in A major with which this piece opens, is bold and spirited ; a Siciliana movement in A minor follows, which leads into a rondo, of which the subject is pretty, and the arrangement skilful. The whole lies well for the hand, and will be found a pleasing as well as useful lesson.

THE DRAMA.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.—*Shakspeare.*

TRUTH *versus* COBBETT.

TO THE FREE AND INDEPENDENT ELECTORS
OF WESTMINSTER.

"Measureless Lyar."—*Coriolanus.*

GENTLEMEN,

Mr. W. Cobbett, in a letter addressed to you, dated the 30th of January, and published in his *Weekly Political Register* of the 7th of the following month, has amused, or rather *abused*, you with a number of gross and false reflections upon the profession of an Actor; so gross as to be unworthy of any pen but his own, and so false as to justify my applying to him the motto printed at the head of this article. Lest any one of you, imputing a quality to this man which he does not possess, should give any credit to his statements, and so entertain an unjust prejudice towards a respectable part of the community, whom he contemptuously calls '*Play Actors*,' I have been induced to vindicate the Professors of the Stage from his scurrility; and this point I shall most completely accomplish, if facts are allowed to be of more weight than assertions, and truth to have a greater title to respect, than falsehood.

GENTLEMEN,—Mr. Cobbett quotes the well known line of Pope, 'unelbowed by a Flatterer, Pimp or Player,' because he thinks, probably, that what he himself might say, would produce little effect, without the apparent sanction of some respectable authority; but it happens to be notorious, that Pope's satire upon the actors, originated in chagrin; the bad success of a Dramatic piece called *Three Hours after Marriage*, in which he was concerned with Gay and Arbuthnot, mortified his vanity, and provoked his petulance; and, because Cibber introduced what he calls a *fling*, at this condemned three-act piece into his performance of *Bayes*, which set the audience in a roar, and still further increased the mortification of the Author; he revenged himself by substituting Cibber for Theobald as the hero of his *Dunciad*, and gratified the malignity of his 'wise and just mind,' by insinuating that a Player merited the same degree of contempt, with a flatterer and a pimp. And yet he had lived upon terms of intimacy with Betterton, and published under that *Player's* name, a version, into modern English, of Chaucer's

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prologues, which Fenton believed to have been the performance of Pope himself. If he had thought therefore that a *Player*, as such, was an associate fit only for a pimp and a flatterer, it is not likely that he would have published a work in the name of an actor; that he would have painted the portrait of Betterton, and have regarded him, as his biographers tell us he did, with kindness and esteem. In his youth he was so delighted with theatrical exhibitions, that he formed a kind of play from Ogilby's *Iliad*, with some verses of his own intermixed, which he persuaded his school-fellows to act, with the addition of his master's gardener, who personated *Ajax*. Besides the share he had in *Three Hours after Marriage*, he wrote a comedy; and a tragedy on the legend of St. Genevieve; and in his justly celebrated prologue to *Cato*, he thus asserts the utility and dignity of the Drama.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold :
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage ;
Commanding tears to stream through every age.
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept
And foes to virtue wondered how they wept.

I think I have advanced enough to prove that the line which Mr. Cobbett has selected, to shew 'the degree of estimation in which Play-Actors stood' with Pope, was the result of disappointment, spleen and malice; and that he had, in fact, a reverence more than common, both for actors and the stage.

Gentlemen; the actors are abused by Mr. Cobbett for "co-operating to stifle your voice," and Mr. Sheridan is taxed with meanness for "accepting of a feast" at their hands. A company of comedians can no more stifle the voice of the Electors of Westminster, than any other company or body. An actor, if he be a house-keeper, will no doubt vote for his favourite candidate, and promote his interests as far as in his power. Is not Mr. Cobbett entitled to do this for any person to whose cause he should wish well; and shall we blame the performers of Drury-lane for using their exertions to secure the election of a gentleman whose dramatic writings are the boast of the age, and whose brilliant genius, and captivating eloquence, have so long and often excited the highest admiration in the Parliament of Great Britain?

This is the "head and front of their offending;" they wished success to Mr. Sheridan's election; to protect him from the violence of a set of ruffians who threatened his life, and actually struck at his head with a cleaver, they put their own persons to some hazard; to celebrate his return as the member for Westminster, they asked Mr. Sheridan to a dinner, and he thought it an honour to accept the invitation.

Mr. Cobbett next talks of the *law*, and with the same knowledge of his subject as I have shewn that he possesses with respect to Pope and the *players*. He tells you that the *law* makes Richard Brinsley Sheridan "Right Honourable;"—no such thing. When the King issues his Royal command that a person shall be sworn a Privy Counsellor, the oath is no sooner administered to him than he takes, as a matter of courtesy, the title of "Right Honourable." He

tells you that the *law*, or our code of laws, denominate play-actors "*vagabonds*;"—no such thing. Actors, merely as such, are not, nor ever were considered as vagabonds. By a statute of Elizabeth, "common players, *unless authorised*, are deemed rogues:" By an act of the 10th, George II, c. 19. "Players acting *within five miles of either university*, are deemed rogues and vagabonds; and by the 26th of the same King, c. 25, which contains some other regulations respecting theatres, there is an exception *in favour of Drury-lane, and Covent-Garden*, "and of such performances and public entertainments as are or shall be lawfully exercised and carried on under, or by virtue of letters patent or licence from the Crown, or the Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's household:" so that it necessarily follows that such players only are vagabonds as commit an offence which the law has forbidden. If actors were vagabonds, would his MAJESTY condescend to call them *his servants*; would he honour them, as he does, with his especial countenance? and would the legislature have passed an act of parliament to sanction a fund for the decayed members of the theatrical profession? The *law*, as well as the *fact*, therefore are both against Mr. Cobbett's assertions. I am ashamed, Gentlemen, to offer such stale arguments in opposition to the "*despicable cant*" which this ignorant and impudent libeller has dealt out "for the sole purpose of silencing the voice of truth;" and then he asks with an affected simplicity, as if he had really stated *facts*, "are we to be called *ILLIBERAL*?" certainly not *illiberal*; the epithet is too mild. Such are some of the "*gross and scurrilous untruths*" which, as Mr. Sheridan has so justly observed, "his nature, his habits, and his cause, compel him to deal in." I so far disagree with Mr. Sheridan in his opinion, that "it is useless to continue to detect and expose them," that I think I am doing a service to society, the stage, and particularly to the electors of Westminster, in exhibiting this man, who does not even '*lye like truth*,' in his proper colours.

Following the order of Mr. Cobbett's letter, I shall quote his next falsehood, and then proceed to confute it. "He (Mr. Sheridan) told the play-actors, who, by the bye, were amongst the lowest of that tribe, that he had *royal blood* flowing in his veins; that he has, said Munden, in a whisper to Mathews, "for the only time I ever saw his father, he was King of Denmark." Of the benefit of this *bit of wit*, such as it is, I will not seek to deprive the *satyrical rogue*; but like the story of *Alice in the Castle Spectre*, the remark has one great fault in it, it is not *true*. Mr. Sheridan made no boast of his royal blood; on the contrary, he considered it as a weakness to insist on the claims of mere descent, and, referring to the aspersions which had been cast upon him and his family, only observed, in the same modest spirit as Othello makes mention of *his lineage*, that he might say

"If boasting were an honour, he fetched his life and being
From men of Royal siege."

There were present most of the principal actors of both theatres. Mr. Kemble pleaded illness, and did not attend. Mr. Munden never saw Mr. Sheridan, senior, in *Hamlet*, and he could not have whispered to Mr. Mathews, because they sat at different tables, and had no conversation with each other during the whole of the evening.

There are, after these "gross and scurrilous untruths," some opinions of Mr. Cobbett respecting the calling of an actor, which, to use his own words on another occasion, "I could demolish in three minutes." But with his opinions I have nothing to do; they are as worthless as himself, and need not be disturbed. I propose only to detect his falsehoods; to these I shall confine myself, and it will be seen that I have business enough on my hands.

"Mr. Sheridan's father was a play-actor; a play-actor too, not like the Kembles'; whose rare endowments, and whose excellent characters, serve to screen from universal contempt, a profession, the followers of which hate and envy them in return; not a play-actor of this description, but a play-actor of the lowest, of the very lowest cast, of a cast not less low, and that is saying much, than any one of the hosts of the dinner given in honour of his son."

The assertion in the latter part of this quotation has already been refuted. The *endowments* of the Kembles, and their *characters*, shall be just what Mr. Cobbett pleases. But, as the Kembles cannot believe an iota of what he has said with respect to the rank which Mr. Sheridan bore in society, and on the stage; and as they will not assert, because they will not assert what is false, that their own pretensions are of an order superior to those of Mr. Thomas Sheridan, they will know how to appreciate the value of Mr. Cobbett's praise. Leaving the Kembles out of the question, whose great professional talents nobody will attempt to deny, let me remind you, gentlemen, that such men as Betterton, Booth, Wilks, Quin, Garrick, Barry, Henderson, Mossop, *this very Mr. Sheridan* (I speak now of tragedians only); and such women as Mrs. Oldfield, Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Pope, and many others, have had *rare endowments*, and *excellent characters* as well as the Kembles, and then I leave you to judge whether it was left to *them*, to "screen" this under-rated profession "from universal contempt." If on account of the "rare endowments" with which we know they are gifted, and of those "excellent characters" which we will hope and believe they possess, they are *envied* and *hated* by their fellow performers, they are indeed most unfortunate—but that they are so hated and envied, few will believe, now Mr. Cobbett has told us so, and if he should have stumbled upon a truth by accident, this hatred and envy, may be attributable to causes "more germane to the matter," than their *rare endowments*, and *excellent characters*.

"Mr. Sheridan was a play-actor of the lowest cast." COBBETT. "say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie." SHAKESPEARE. Now to the proof. Hear, Gentlemen, what is said of this, "play-actor of the lowest cast," by those whose veracity may be relied on. "As if one period had been fixed on by fate for awakening the almost expiring taste of both kingdoms, it was nearly at the same time that our great brilliant star appeared at once with dazzling lustre in the East, and this other new phenomenon (Mr. Sheridan) shone forth with almost equal lustre from the West of the theatric hemisphere."—*Biog. Dram.*—Mr. Davies states, that his success on the Dublin stage was so great, that Quin, "who arrived in that city during the first warm glow of Mr. Sheridan's prosperity, with an intention to act, was obliged to quit that metropolis with disgust, if not disgrace." Such was the merit and attraction of this actor of the *very lowest cast*.

But this, Mr. Cobbett, may say, was in his native city. Be it so, let us bring him to London. "The acquisition of such an actor as Mr. Sheridan must have been desirable to the managers of either of the London theatres. It was the mutual interest of Mr. Garrick and Mr. Sheridan to come to a reasonable agreement; this was soon effected, notwithstanding a coldness had for some time subsisted between them. It was stipulated that Mr. Sheridan should act a certain number of nights, and receive a fourth share of profits, after deducting 80l. for the expences of the theatre. This Gentleman had been long esteemed a man of eminence in his profession; and, notwithstanding Mr. Garrick's great reputation for acting, some critics did not scruple to compare, nay, prefer, Sheridan's performance of certain capital characters, such as Macbeth and Hamlet, to the other's utmost efforts in those parts. But indeed the manager's own jealousy justified the public good opinion of Mr. Sheridan's ability. Mr. Garrick soon found that his engagement with this actor was of very great advantage to him. Little difference in the bulk of audiences was to be perceived when they acted separately the parts of Hamlet and Richard, or any other capital character. The manager himself owned that except Barry, he had never found so able an assistant; for the best of them he said, could scarcely draw together a hundred pound audience. But Garrick's ruling passion was the love of fame; and his uneasiness, arising from the success of Sheridan, began every day to be more and more visible. However, he seemed for a time to suspend his jealousy, and promote every scheme proposed by Sheridan for their mutual profit.

"This account is taken from the *Life of Garrick* by Mr. Davies, who is not likely to have over-rated Mr. Sheridan's abilities and success as an actor, while contrasting him with his hero Mr. Garrick.

It is also an indisputable fact, that to the character, talents, and exertions of Mr. Sheridan, the improved state of the Irish stage is entirely indebted.

I will now tell you what this "*lowest of the low*" was in his family, his education, and manners; what was his estimation with those whose esteem was valuable, and the public honours and testimonies of respect which followed him, as a man, a scholar, and a gentleman. His father Dr. Thomas Sheridan, was the intimate friend of Dean Swift, that Swift who was the associate of that Pope whom Mr. Cobbett professes so highly to revere. He was, as Lord Corke has observed, "deeply versed in the Greek and Roman Languages, and in their customs and antiquities." Mr. T. Sheridan, his son, was educated at Westminster school, and by pure merit elected a King's scholar. On his return to Dublin, he was sent to the University, and was chosen of the foundation, and soon after obtained an exhibition. His academic honours, and public distinctions were considerable. He was Master of Arts in three of the most learned Universities of Europe—Oxford, Cambridge and Dublin; in the latter of which, his Alma-Mater, he was regularly matriculated, and obtained the distinction in due course of gradation, where the qualifications are by no means trifling, and the examinations singularly severe. In the year 1758 he paid a visit in his literary capacity to Oxford, and immediately on his arrival in that renowned seat of eminent professors, he was distinguished with unusual attention;

and on Tuesday, November 28th, was admitted in congregation to the degree of Master of Arts. In a subsequent visit soon after to the sister university, Cambridge, he experienced the like honourable reception, and had the same degree conferred on him there also. At Edinburgh he was honoured with the freedom of the city, which was presented to him by the hands of Dr. Robertson, the celebrated professor of history, &c.

So much for his education and rank in society. As an author I need only mention his *Essay on British Education*; his course of *Oratorical Lectures*; and his *Dictionary*, as an encouragement to the prosecution of which, his present Majesty granted him, without solicitation, a pension of 200l. a year. Hear what Dr. Johnson says of him, (even when he was at variance with him) on the occasion of an exception made in his favour in an Irish act of Parliament, concerning Insolvent Debtors. "Thus to be singled," said the Doctor, "by a legislature, as an object of public consideration and kindness, is a proof of no common merit." That he had a noble mind, and was actuated by independent principles, his own declaration shall decide. "I would rather see my two sons at the head of respectable academies, as a situation the most beneficial to mankind, than one of them Prime Minister of Britain, and the other at the head of affairs in Ireland." That this was not the ebullition of mortified ambition, is evident, for at that time his eldest son Charles Francis was Secretary at War, and Member of the House of Commons in Ireland; and the present Treasurer of the Navy, Representative for Stafford in England. Again, when it was insinuated that he was an expectant upon Government for support, Mr. Sheridan thus contradicted the report. "Mr. Sheridan begs leave to observe that this was not his case; he had it in his power to provide for himself better than the Government could. He had set out in life upon certain principles, early imbibed from his great master Swift, which would not suffer him to think of such a course. Among these, one of the foremost was independence; without which there could be no liberty. By independence he means only a reliance upon a man's self, and his own talents and labours, for his support and advancement in life; for absolute independence belongs not to human beings."

I despair of *shaming the rogue* by printing these evidences; but I do hope, Gentlemen, that they will make some impression upon such electors, and to those only I address myself, who, like Mr. Thomas Sheridan, are of free and independent principles.

"Whence his (the Representative of Westminster's) mother sprang, it would be useless to ascertain." To Mr. Cobbett it would have been useless, because he knew that if he had described her origin and character, his infamous object had been defeated. Know then, Gentlemen, that Mrs. Frances Sheridan, the wife of the *lowest of the low*, whom we have just spoken of, was grand-daughter to Sir Oliver Chamberlaine. Her morals, her manners, her talents, are above our panegyric. While she lived, she was beloved, esteemed, and admired; and 'till this Gothic foe to merit and virtue, dared to treat her memory with contempt, her name has never been mentioned without an accompanying tribute of respect and admiration. Mrs. F. Sheridan was the author of the comedy of the *Discovery*; the romance of *Nourjahad*; and the novel of *Sidney Biddulph*, the powerful pathos of which drew

this very high compliment from Dr. Johnson. "I know not, Madam, that you have a right upon moral principles, to make your readers suffer so much." It will therefore be admitted that if virtue, accomplishments, and genius, are worthy of our regard and imitation, it will not be "useless" to enquire into the history of this exemplary Lady.

Mr. Cobbett then draws a comparison between himself and Mr. Sheridan, (*risum teneatis?*) and asks, whether "his habits contracted in tending of birds, and driving the plough." (He cautiously avoids any mention of the *Hulbert*, and his expulsion from America as an obnoxious character) "are more likely to engender or confirm a base disposition, than were his habits, when with a "walk in Ladies and Gentlemen," he stood at the door and received the sixpences at his father's recitations in Marlborough-street."

"These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable."

Mr. Sheridan was then at Harrow school. His father was respected and befriended by all the principal nobility and persons of distinction in the kingdom. To three courses of his lectures he had upwards of 1600 subscribers at a guinea each, and the publication of the lectures had a rapid sale at a price which was then considered very high, viz. half a guinea a copy.

From the mother of Mr. Sheridan, a Lady, as we have demonstrated, of extraordinary worth and transcendent genius, this ruffian, (does he merit a less offensive name?) gratifies "his nature and his habits" by characterizing his first wife as the daughter of a *Fiddler*, and "getting her living by singing for hire." To be a *fiddler*, and to *sing for hire*, are not at all discreditable; but vulgar men delight in giving their "worst of thoughts the worst of words." This *fiddler*, Gentlemen, was a musical composer, and instructor, of the first eminence in this country; and his daughter, during the short time she appeared before the public, received the most distinguished marks of attention from all quarters, and as a singer of sacred music, is still recollected and spoken of with enthusiasm by the best judges of vocal excellence. But it would not be in character if the votaries of science, and the triumphs of beauty and talent, were even by chance to be mentioned with respect by a man, whose system is to set the forms of decency, and of manhood, at defiance, and to endeavour to reduce all the principles of science, taste, honour, and good manners, to the standard of his own low, savage, filthy, and disgusting notions.

"Here, Gentlemen, I should dismiss the loathsome topic," but that Mr. Cobbett has described himself as a courageous hero, and talked of "belabouring Mr. T. Sheridan with a horse-whip." This, "supposing him to speak the truth," a supposition which, having detected so many of his falsehoods "is never to be hastily adopted," is very fine vapouring upon paper. But if I may credit what I have heard of the bravery of this man of war, and knowing as I do, the manly spirit, and the muscular strength of Mr. T. Sheridan, I will venture to predict that, whenever that Gentleman shall send in his name as a visitant to Mr. Cobbett, all the noble valour of *Serjeant Bobadil* will instantly ooze out;

His knotted and combined locks will part,
And each particular hair will stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful *Porcupine*.

With regard to the *Non nobis Domine*, which was sung after the dinner, Mr. Cobbett has wantonly misinterpreted both the motive and the application. I will not say that the words in question are always sung with the reverence which is due; but they were certainly introduced upon this occasion, only because in public companies, it has been usual to return thanks with this most noble and sublime composition, and by no means as alluding to the "triumph of the Sheridan's over us." (US !!) To make good, however, the old saying, that the *Devil can quote Scripture for his purpose*, he has cited the first verses of the 135th psalm, and this he *truly* tells you, (the only *truth* he has spoken) from the information of somebody who could translate the Latin language is the English version of what was sung at the *play-actors*, dinner.

The toast which is said to have followed the singing, is "a weak invention of the enemy," and of the falsehood of it I am so convinced, that, concluding, as I began, I shall just address these two words to Mr. Cobbett at parting, "and then to breakfast with what appetite he may," *Mentiris impudentissime*. His friend, the scholar, will interpret their meaning.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your obedient Servant,

AN ELECTOR OF WESTMINSTER.

And a Friend to Truth.

March 18, 1807.

MRS. JORDAN.

Some years ago, when this lady performed in Glasgow, the audience presented her with a gold medal, which they enclosed in the following letter:

"Madam,

"Accept this trifle from the Glasgow audience, who are as great admirers of genius, as the critics of Edinburgh."

On one side of the medal is the Glasgow arms, which is a tree, &c. on the other side a feather, with the following inscription:

"Bays from our tree you could not gather,

"No branch of it deserves that name;

"So take it all, call it a feather,

"And place it in your cap of fame."

Glasgow, 1807.

A. CITIZEN.

POETRY.

DIRGE

ON THE MUCH LAMENTED DEATH OF THE BEAUTIFUL

MARIA LINLEY.

Larded all with sweet flowers,
 She bewept to the grave did go
 With true-love showers. SHAKSPERE.

By the late Charles Leflley, Esq.

Underneath this ebon shade,
 Mark'd by a rudely sculptured stone,
 The lov'd Maria, low is laid;
 Soft be the turf she rests upon.

These flowers that grow around her tomb,
 All bear a paler hue,
 And die almost before they bloom;
 Their sympathy so true.

The pensive powers who haunt the grove,
 Shall here their vigils keep;
 Chaunt their wild requiems o'er my love,
 And soothe her lasting sleep.

Pity for her shall touch the string,
 And breathe her softest sigh;
 And here her holy strains shall sing
 Of heaven-taught melody.

For she was sweet as opening buds,
 Mild as the hours of May,
 Bright as the sun-beam on the floods,
 And constant as the day.

Friend of my youth ! for thee my tears
 Spontaneously shall flow,
 And memory through a length of years
 Shall nurse the sighs of woe.

CABINET.

For thee, when autumn glows around,
 An offering sad I'll pay,
 Deck with fresh wreathes thy hallow'd ground,
 And mourn the fatal day.

On thee, amid life's varied part,
 My tenderest thoughts shall rest,
 Bemoan'd, while love can warm my heart,
 Or friendship cheer my breast.

SIR ROWLAND.

 LINES,

*Upon seeing a beautiful Infant sleeping on the
bosom of its Mother.*

Upon its native pillow dear,
 The little slumb'rer finds repose,
 His fragrant breath eludes the ear,
 A zephyr passing o'er a rose.

Yet soon from that pure spot of rest,
 Love's little throne! shalt thou be torn;
 Time hovers o'er thy downy rest
 To crown thy baby brow with thorn.

Oh! thoughtless! couldst thou now but see
 On what a world thou soon must move,
 Or taste the cup prepared for thee
 Of grief, lost hopes, or widow'd love:

Ne'er from that breast thoud'st raise thine head,
 But thou would'st breathe to heav'n a pray'r
 To let thee in thy blossom fade,
 And in a kiss to perish there.

I. C.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.

1807.

- Jan. 1. Will.—Enchanters.
 2. Know your own Mind.—Ib.
 3. Child of Nature.—Tekeli.—Ib.
 5. Point of Honour.—Tekeli.—Ib.
 6. Douglas.—Tekeli.—Ib.
 7. Siege of Belgrade.—Ib.
 8. Point of Honour.—Tekeli.—Ib.
 9. Cabinet.—Ib.
 10. Provoked Husband.—Ib.
 12. False Alarms, or My Cousin, (first time).—Deaf Lover.
 13. Ib.—Spoiled Child.
 14. Ib.—Tekeli.
 15. Ib.—Enchanters.
 16. Ib.—Tekeli.
 17. Ib.—Anatomist.
 19. Ib.—Tekeli.
 20. Ib.—Children in the Wood.
 21. Ib.—Tekeli.
 22. Ib.—Who's the Dupe.
 23. Ib.—Tekeli.
 24. Ib.—Children in the Wood.
 26. Ib.—Tekeli.
 27. Ib.—Humourist.
 28. Assiguation (first time).—Lying Valet.
 29. Honeymoon.—Tekeli.
 31. Travellers.—Children in the Wood.
- Feb. 2. False Alarms.—Tekeli.
 3. Rivals.—Ib.
 4. False Alarms.—Emily, or Juvenile Indiscretion, (first time).—Deaf Lover.
 5. Pizarro.—Emily.
 6. Cabinet.—Ib.
 7. She stoops to Conquer.—Tekeli.
 9. False Alarms.—Emily.—Wedding Day.
 10. Castle Spectre.—Tekeli.
 12. Haunted Tower.—Emily.—Wedding Day.
 14. Jealous Wife.—Tekeli.
 16. Travellers.—Fortune's Frolic.
 17. Busy Body.—Emily.—Irishman in London.

Neither of the theatres has produced much novelty during the past month ; but as we wish to preserve a regular journal of the performances of both houses, we have included the month of January, that the year may not be incomplete. To bring the representations down to the period from whence we mean to date a more exact and detailed criticism, we shall offer a few slight observations upon such pieces in the above list, as have been produced this season.

The ENCHANTERS ; or *Harlequin Sultaun*, is a pantomime hastily patched together for the Christmas holidays. The performance bore all the marks of this haste. The actors had no knowledge of the business ; the tricks were stale, and the scenery was heavy and unmanageable. TEKELI is a *Melodrame*, altered from the French by Mr. Theodore Hook, and adapted to the English stage with ingenuity and success. The interest arises from the "hair-breadth 'scares" of a noble warrior, who endeavours to rescue his country from the cruel gripe of its oppressors. It has already been played forty nights. The music is by Mr. Hook senior, and is in his best style.

FALSE ALARMS is an Opera by Mr. Keuny, the author of that excellent Farce, *Raising the Wind*. In the present piece he has not been very successful ; but the music of Mr. Braham ; the novelty of his performing on the *piano forte*, which in truth he touches with a masterly finger ; and the attraction of his song, "*Says a Smile to a Tear* ;" have carried the Opera through many representations, much to the advantage of the theatre. On the music of this Opera we will make a few observations. It is the joint production of Mr. Braham, and M. P. King, and possesses much taste, fancy, and expression. The song we have already mentioned, and the duet between Mr. Braham and Signora Storace, most delightfully executed, are very pleasing and elegant compositions. The overture by Mr. King, is scientific, but not well calculated for the purpose for which it was intended. The song by Miss Duncan ; the air allotted to Mrs. Bland ; and Mrs. Mountain's Harp song, also possess much merit in point of composition ; but Mr. King's music in general is of too sombre a cast for an English theatre. He indulges too much in harmony to produce pleasant melodies. His accompaniments are overloaded, and prevent the performer from giving the proper effect to the songs. The comic part of the music is very indifferent. No composer will ever succeed eminently in this respect who does not make the style his peculiar study. The comedy of ASSIGNATION it is painful to us to mention, because we must say that it is the production of a Lady of distinguished worth and genius, the author of the *Recess* and the *Chapter of Accidents*, which was dismissed from the boards with contempt, and merited the disgraceful treatment it received. EMILY ; or *Juvenile Indiscretion*, is a Ballet by Mr. D'Egville, composed for the purpose, (which is fully accomplished) of exhibiting the graces and cleverness of Miss Gayton to the best advantage. The character she sustains, is a kind of *Little Pickle*, and the whole idea seems to have been suggested by the *Spoiled Child*.

• COVENT GARDEN.

- Jan. 1. Birth Day.—Arbitration, or Free and Easy.—Harlequin and Mother Goose, or the Golden Egg, (fourth time.)
2. Tempest.
 3. Merry Wives of Windsor.
 5. Wheel of Fortune.
 6. Deserts of Arabia.—Arbitration.
 7. Tempest.
 8. Every Man in his Humour.
 9. As you like it.

- Jan. 10. *Tempest.*
 12. *Revenge.*
 13. *Birth Day.—Arbitration.*
 14. *Tempest.*
 15. *Provoked Husband.*
 16. *Tempest.*
 17. *Cure for the Heart-Ache.*
 19. *Revenge.*
 20. *Much Ado about Nothing.*
 21. *Tempest.*
 22. *Man of the World.*
 23. *Tempest.*
 24. *School of Reform.*
 26. *Richard III.*
 27. *Tempest.*
 28. *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.*
 29. *Speed the Plough.*
- Feb. 2. *Revenge.*
 3. *Tempest.*
 4. *Man of the World.*
 5. *Way to Keep Him.*
 6. *Tempest.*
 7. *A New Way to Pay Old Debts.*
 9. *Mountaineers.*
 10. *Suspicious Husband.*
 12. *Tempest.*
 14. *Man of the World.*
 16. *Cymbeline.*
 17. *Jealous Wife.*
 19. *Tempest.*

. Harlequin and Mother Goose was performed on all of the above evenings.

HARLEQUIN, and **MOTHER GOOSE**, is the best pantomime we have had since *Harlequin Oberon*: its attraction still continues, and seems likely to run through the season. Mr. Dibdin and Mr. Farley, are the ingenious gentlemen to whom this piece, so excellent in its kind, is attributed. The music by Mr. Ware, is appropriate: the overture sprightly and effective. A Master Smalley sings a song with a power of voice that is surprizing; but this lad is too fond of imitating the great singers; this artifice catches the applause of the million, but it is really ridiculous, and the boy sings shockingly out of tune; a simple air should be given to him, and, with good instruction, he might do something.

The **TEMPEST** is a revival by Mr. Kemble, with additions from Dryden and Davenant, as tasteless as indecent, and totally subversive of the simplicity of *Shakspeare's* drama. Mr. Kemble's pronounciation of the word "*aches*" in this play, has confounded the ignorant, and made wiser folks smile.

"Fill all thy bones with *a-ches*: make thee roar."

We shall say a few, and but a few words, upon this much contested point. The word *aches*, has been generally used as a dissyllable by the poets, 'till within the last century. Examples

innumerable, might be produced, if necessary, to prove that Mr. Kemble is *right*, in dividing the word into two syllables, and giving a soft sound to the *ch*. *Right* certainly, with respect to Shakespeare's metre, and the usage of his time: but certainly *wrong*, as violating the practice of the present day, and indulging himself in a piece of foolish pedantry, without necessity, and without merit. Shakespeare employs the plural noun we believe only twice more throughout all his plays—his use of it is uniformly dissyllabical.

"A-ches contract and starve your supple joints" (*Timon*.)

"Their fears of hostile strokes, their a-ches, losses." (*ib.*)

But the necessity of a rigid adherence to the intention of Shakespeare, will be a poor plea from Mr. Kemble, who in this very play of the *TEMPEST*, has admitted the most barbarous innovations; who accents *Coriolanus* upon the second syllable, for no earthly reason that we can discover, but because Shakespeare invariably places it on the fourth; and who scruples not, whenever he thinks fit, to set up his own wrong readings against the undisputed and indisputable authority of the great bard himself. On these grounds we think Mr. Kemble might have omitted the passage altogether; have substituted a synonyme in the room of *a-ches*; have inserted the particle "*to*," between "*make thee*" and "*roar*;" or have covered the *hiatus* in the metre, by dwelling on, and giving the word double time, like a note in music; any of these methods would have been preferable to his tooth-breaking, ear-grating *aitches*. Shakespeare's text cannot be altered—*lex scripta manet*—but something must always be conceded to universal custom.

We have noticed that "for something or for nothing," when the *TEMPEST* has been acted, the bills have announced the *characters as before*; while the cast of the plays for a week onward, is particularized below. A play bill has always been considered as a guide to the audience present, at least it was so in Garrick's time; but now it merely refers them to a previous performance which they have not attended, or a future one which they have no desire to see. It is like inviting a man to an auction, and then putting into his hand a catalogue of the articles that have been sold.

ARBITRATION, is a **FREE AND EASY** farce, by Mr. Reynolds, supported with inimitable spirit by Lewis; and the **DESERTS OF ARABIA**, an operatic romance by the same lively and ingenious writer, decorated with all the pomp of the stage, and furnished with some pleasing music by Lanza.

*** Several novelties are preparing at both houses; particularly the *Curfew*, by the author of the *Honeymoon*; and a comedy from the elegant pen of Mr. Morton.

THE COUNTRY THEATRES, &c.

The **COUNTRY THEATRES** are justly entitled to our attention, from the importance they have acquired of late years; the respectability with which many of them are, and all ought to be conducted; the obvious justice of noticing merit wherever it may display itself; and the propriety of affording a channel for the animadversions of those who have a local right to offer their sentiments with respect to the regulations of the provincial managers.

We shall always be ready to *hear both sides*; and unless we find the parties indulging in wanton scurrillity, we shall allow them the privilege of expressing themselves freely. *Brevity* however is indispensable; and we must premise to our Correspondents, that the liberty of curtailment will be unreservedly assumed by us. We begin with the SCOTCH Stage; Dublin; Bath; Manchester; Liverpool; Norwich, &c. shall be attended to in their turns.

EDINBURGH.—The Company having gone to Glasgow to pass as usual a few weeks after Christmas I shall merely make a few observations upon it *generally*, no opportunity having offered for detailed remark, or particular criticism.

The inhabitants of Edinburgh gave all due encouragement to the Theatre the few weeks it was open; though I have not heard that those who had *once* gratified their curiosity by seeing the *best company out of London*, as our managers call it, are much in the habit of repeating their visits.

Some genuine talent has no doubt been gained, but it is equally true, that by the *defections* of last season, much has been lost to the Theatrical Stock. Of the very meritorious exertions, and the various excellencies of that most promising actor, *Mr. Megget*, I shall hereafter say a few words; of the merits of *Mrs. Young* no one is ignorant. *Archer* is I believe what is called a *fair* actor, and a person of the name of *Vining*, possesses some degree of cleverness, and even a little judgment. But the old women of *Mrs. Jones*, the countrymen of *Turpin* (in that department inferior to few) the usefulness of *Mrs. Turpin*, often respectable, sometimes excellent, never contemptible, in almost every department; the *outré* old men of *Hollingsworth*, the correct delineation, and very reputable execution of *Mrs. Mason*, who wanted only figure and face to entitle her to high professional rank—ALL these are either totally wanting, or most inadequately supplied. Hence it is the opinion of some not inimical to the *individual* talents of the new company, that as a *whole* it is less complete than the generally despised one of last season.

Of *Mrs. Young*, my opinion is this. In all she attempts her judgment is apparent; her mental accomplishments evidently preponderate over the gifts she has received from nature. Perfectly mistress of the scene, her eye is never fixed, nor is her attention directed, but to their proper object. She looks and walks precisely as she ought. Her voice naturally good, is under the most perfect discipline; her recitation is clear, distinct, and precise, her tones fill the house in all its parts; her manner is correct, and most impressive. No one can deliver the sense of an author with more propriety and effect than her; as in the more mechanical department of her profession, such as dressing, the accuracy of her judgment is peculiarly distinguished. Still the parsimony of Nature is perceptible. That delightful ease of deportment, that fascinating vivacity of action, and gaiety of manner; that versatility of character sliding insensibly from one of its features to another, those nameless graces which seize as it were by storm upon the heart, and captivate the reason in spite often of the judgment—These seem denied, in a degree at least, to this respectable Lady. On the contrary, a small share of *stiffness*, (pardon the phrase) of *preciseness*, or, if you will, *over correctness*, seems to me, in her comedy, pretty apparent. Much of her *Lady Teazle* exhibits

the excellencies, and some of the gayer scenes the imperfections I have ventured to elucidate. In a word I am disposed always to approve, frequently to esteem, and occasionally to *admire* this lady's exertions in comedy, in which only, in Scotland at least, I have seen her perform.

Both in tragedy and comedy Mrs. Johnson maintains a respectable rank. The lovely Miss Benson promises something; but to attain considerable eminence, her talents require culture and experience, as does her figure, years to be thoroughly formed. To Mrs. Bennet I can afford but a line, and she has already got it. (By the way she is a pretty tolerable singer). The performer of the old women whose voice appears to possess but two or three notes, is a poor substitute for that excellent and judicious actress, Mrs. Jones. Such are those of the new company whom I can recollect as entitled to notice. On the other performers I shall offer a few observations in your next.

VERUS.

THE ITALIAN OPERA.

We have scarcely room to notice Catalini, the new vocal wonder, who is now enrapturing all the world at the King's theatre. Wonderful indeed she is, but perfection she is not. Our opinion of this accomplished singer, is this. Her vocal abilities are unquestionably of the first order, and on *certain notes*, her powers are superior to almost any other predecessors—but that she bears away the palm we deny; her voice, though of prodigious extent, is not uniformly excellent; the upper notes are entirely the produce of art and incessant practice. Of such notes she can never be quite certain; and being liable to falter, they will occasionally be out of tune. The upper part of the admirable Billington's voice, was perfect: the utmost sweetness, flexibility, and accuracy, were observable "at the very top of her compass." Madame Catalini has the advantage of a fine person; her action is elegant and expressive, and her *recitative* given in a very superior style. All the *cadenzas* and *graces*, are executed with remarkable neatness and precision; her manner of ascending the chromatic scale by half tones, is truly surprising, and her skipping the double octave, if we may use the expression, is most adroitly managed; but in the *sostenuto*, one of the great *s'amina* of the vocal art, she seldom soars above mediocrity. In this style of singing, Madame Mara was impressive in the highest degree; her intonation was always just and perfect, and she never failed to reach the *heart*. Her manner of singing serious music can never be forgotten.

On the whole however Madame Catalini produces a most striking effect. Her attraction is immense; and the subscribers are much indebted for the spirit shewn by the proprietors in engaging, at an expence which we hear is vast, so celebrated and extraordinary a singer.

The other novelties of this theatre are Signor Seboni, a tenor singer, whose voice is pleasing, but not sufficiently powerful for so extensive a theatre; his figure is prepossessing, his deportment easy, and he is a good actor. Madame Perini has a voice of much sweetness; in the execution of the airs allotted to her, she shews considerable taste and neatness, and her person and manner are extremely interesting. She cannot fail to be a favourite.

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THE
CABINET;
OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF
POLITE LITERATURE.

APRIL 1807.

THOMAS MORTON, Esq.

AMONG our living Dramatic Writers Mr. MORTON ranks so deservedly high, that we have taken the earliest opportunity of giving his Portrait a place in our *Cabinet*, and of accompanying it with a few brief, but authentic, particulars respecting the original.

Thomas Morton, Esq. is a native of Durham: he lost his father in his infancy, but the parental duties were affectionately undertaken, and conscientiously fulfilled, by his uncle Mr. Maddison, the stock-broker. He was educated at Soho, under Dr. Barrow, and had for his school-fellow Mr. Holman, who, as well as himself, felt a strong attachment to the drama, encouraged and increased no doubt by the applause which attended their performance in the plays occasionally exhibited in that seminary. The partiality thus early acquired could not be shaken off, for though Mr. Holman went to college to prepare himself for the clerical habit, and Morton was entered of Lincoln's Inn, and placed under Mr. Hart of the Temple, to study Coke upon Littleton, both these gentlemen very soon relinquished all thoughts of the *mitre* and the *woolsack*, for honours more congenial with their inclinations, and no doubt considerably more within their reach. That they did not leave the *substance*, however, for the *shadow*, has been sufficiently proved; for as an actor, if not first, Mr. Holman stands in the very first rank; and, as a writer of plays, Mr. Morton may contest the palm with the proudest of his competitors.

His friend Reynolds, who, like himself, had turned his back upon the law, had succeeded eminently as a *Dramatist*. In one of the whimsical comedies of this gentleman, we believe *Notoriety*, Morton ventured a *Song*, which Johnstone, in an Irishman whose brogue was inoculated with French, sung with infinite humour and effect. This was his *trial of skill*. His next piece was *Columbus*, which proved extremely attractive. Mr. Thelwall, the Lecturer, had sent to Mr. Harris, some months before the representation of Mr. Morton's piece, an opera called the *Incas of Peru*, and taxed the author with having "copied from it, in many places, scene after scene, and incident after incident." This resemblance might well have happened, for *Marmontel* was the original from which both pieces were derived. Similar charges are frequently made, but seldom substantiated. Mr. Morton has as much and more reason to apply to Drury-lane for half the emoluments which accrued from the exhibition of *Pizarro*, because he had dramatized the *Loves of Alonzo and Cora* before Baron von Kotzebue.

The *Children in the Wood* appeared at the Haymarket. It is one of the most simple, pathetic, and interesting little dramas which our stage can boast, and will probably always be as popular as the ballad from which it is taken.

We think *Zorinski* followed next. He was now accused, not of robbing the living but the dead. It was said that he had borrowed a great portion of his play from *Gustavus Vasa*; but this charge was equally groundless with the former. The few points of resemblance are of a very general nature, and appear to have been merely accidental. We have seen a recent imitation of Mr. Brooke's tragedy, in the *Hero of the North*, by Mr. Dimond, which passed without reprehension and almost without notice.

Mr. Morton's other pieces have been produced in the following succession: *The Way to get married* was first acted on the 10th of Jan. 1795; the *Cure for the Heart Ache* on the 10th of Jan. 1797; *Secrets worth knowing* on the 11th of Jan. 1796; *Speed the Plough* on the 8th of Feb. 1800; and *The School of Reform* in Jan. 1805. The *Town and Country*, now in the height of its attraction, is noticed in a subsequent page of this number.

It has been Mr. Morton's good fortune to be almost uniformly successful in his dramatic attempts. The only piece which has not been favourably received, was produced at the Haymarket, under the title of *Beggar my Neighbour*.

The death of Mr. Maddison, which occurred a few years back, put Mr. Morton into possession of a handsome independence; and it has been hinted, that, in drawing the character of *Cosey*, in his new comedy, he had his respectable relation in remembrance, who was well known to possess a feeling heart, and to delight in benevolent actions.

MARGUERITE DE VALOIS.

FIRST WIFE TO HENRY THE FOURTH.

WHEN Charles the Ninth gave his sister in marriage to Henry the Fourth, he said, "*J' ai donné ma soeur en mariage à tous les Huguenots de mon Royaume.*" She soon began to live upon ill terms with her husband, and was confined in one of the fortresses of Navarre. She thus forcibly describes the effect of solitude upon her mind;

"I received these two advantages from my misfortunes and my confinement: I acquired a taste for reading, and I gave into devotion; two things for which I never should have had the least taste, had I remained amidst the pomps and the vanities of the world. For these advantages I am perhaps not so much indebted to fortune as to Providence, who had the goodness to engage for me two such powerful remedies against the evils which were to happen to me in future. Sorrow, contrary to gaiety, which carries our thoughts and our actions out of ourselves, makes the mind rally within itself, exert all its powers to reject the evil, and to seek after the good, in hope to find out that sovereign and supreme good, which is the readiest way to bring itself to the knowledge and love of the Deity."

The Memoirs of Marguerite are very entertaining. The translation of Plutarch's Lives by Amyot was a very favourite book with her in her confinement, and she appears to have transfused into her Memoirs that *naïveté & vieux Gaulois* which we admire so much in his style.

Marguerite, who understood Latin, on seeing a poor man lying upon a dunghill, exclaimed,

Pauper ubique jacet,

In any place, in any bed,
The poor man rests his weary head.

The man, to her astonishment, replied,

*In thalamis huc nocte tuis Regina, jacerem,
Si verum, hoc esset, pauper ubique jacet.*

Ah, beauteous Queen, were this but true,
This night I would repose with you.

Marguerite ill-humouredly retorted :

*Carceris in tenebris plorans huc nocte faceres,
Si verum hoc esset, pauper ubique jacet.*

If this were true, thou wretched wight,
A Gaol should be thy bed to night;
Where stripes and fetters, whips and pain,
Thy tongue's strange licence should restrain.

Marguerite was divorced from Henry on his accession to the throne of France, and led up Mary de Medicis, his second wife, to the altar at St. Denis to be crowned. She was extremely charitable to the poor, and liberal to scholars and men of talents. Her palace at Paris was the rendezvous of the *beaux esprits* of that Capital. She was beautiful in her person, very fascinating in her manners, and danced with such peculiar grace, that the celebrated Don John of Austria went *incognito* from Brussels to Paris to see her dance.

Beside Memoirs of her Life, which are imperfect, she wrote some Poems. In the former she thus describes what passed in her bedchamber on the morning of St. Bartholomew :

“My husband rose early in the morning to play at tennis, before he should see the King. He and his Gentleman left me. I, perceiving that it was day, and supposing that the danger which my sister had predicted to me was over, overcome by watchfulness, told my old nurse to shut the door of the room, that I might sleep more at my ease. About an hour afterwards, I was awakened out of a very profound sleep by hearing the door knocked at very loudly, and by hearing a man cry out, *Navarre ! Navarre !* My nurse, thinking that it was the King my husband, who wished to come in, ran to the door and opened it immediately, The person,

however, that knocked thus violently, was a Monsieur de Tejan, who was wounded in the elbow with a sword, and had likewise another wound in the arm with a halbert ; and who was closely pursued by three dragoons, who all of them together forced themselves into the room. Tejan, anxious to save his life, threw himself upon my bed. I, perceiving myself held down by him, threw myself upon the side of the bed, and he after me, taking hold of my waist. I had not the least acquaintance with him, and in my fright did not know whether the soldiers intended mischief to him or to myself. At last, however, it pleased God that Monsieur de Nancey, Captain of the King's Guards came in to us, who, finding me in this situation (although he was a man of great humanity), could not refrain from laughter ; and storming at the soldiers for their insolent intrusion, sent them away, and granted me the life of the poor man, who still held by me. I afterwards ordered his wounds to be dressed, and himself put to bed in my closet till he was recovered.

When I had changed my shift (which was covered with blood), M. de Nancey told me what had happened, and informed me that the King my husband was with the King my brother in his apartment, and that not a hair of his head would be touched. Then making me throw my night-gown over me, he conducted me to the room of my sister the Duchess of Lorraine, and which I entered more dead than alive. As I was passing through the anti-room (the doors of which were all open), I saw a Gentleman of the name of Bourse, in endeavouring to escape some soldiers that were pursuing him, fall down dead nearly at my feet, run through with a halbert. I fell down at no great distance from him on the other side, in a swoon, into the arms of Monsieur de Nancey, firmly persuaded that the same thrust of the halbert had run us both through. Recovering, however, I made the best of my way to my sister's bed-chamber, where I found M. de Meossius, first Gentleman of the Bedchamber to the King my husband, and Armagnac, his first Valet-de-chambre, who came running up to me, desiring me to save their lives. I then hastened to pay my respects to the King and Queen ; when, falling upon my knees, I requested them to spare the lives of these Gentlemen ; with which request at last they complied."

TIMELY INTERCESSION.

TWO instances are recorded, in which an effectual appeal was made; in one case to the fears, and in another to the religious prejudices of conquerors, who had never before shewn any propensity to feeling or humanity.

Yet on these occasions, their extravagant fury was arrested, by the cool expostulation, admirable presence of mind, and well-timed dexterity of individuals, neither exalted by rank, nor eminent for intellectual abilities; individuals, whom, in any other point of view, they would have crushed as worms beneath their feet.

The first was soon after the conquest of China, by Zingis, who, enraged by some real or imaginary opposition to his ferocious despotism, issued an order for exterminating, by an indiscriminate massacre, the whole of the miserable natives, men, women, and children.

The murder of millions was already on the threshold of perpetration, when Yelutchousay, an honest and intrepid Mandarin, who possessing (what honest men frequently despise, and will not always exert) the valuable art of adapting himself to the circumstances, and necessity of the times in which he lived, without forfeiting his integrity; this worthy, and what is of more importance, this *useful* man, rushed into the presence of the haughty and exasperated Khan.

Having acted as interpreter, and being a favourite; in an erect attitude, and elevated voice, he thus addressed the conqueror: "Is it thy intention to destroy thy faithful Tartars, as well as the Chinese?" "Should the hair of the head of a single Tartar be injured," replied Zingis, "I will desolate the face of the earth." "Then recall the order thou hast given," said the Mandarin; "for the utter destruction of both nations will be the inevitable consequence of its being carried into execution."

"Dost thou mean, by the resistance the Chinese will make?" said the Khan, with a mixture of indignation and contempt; "Know, rash man, that I condemn thy menace, as much as I despise their power: they *have* fled, and *will* fly before my hardy bands, as sheep from the tyger, or as dust dissipated by the northern blast." "I entertained no such thought," said the Chinese, "and after hearing what I have to say, thou wilt be at liberty to follow thy own inclinations; but of this thou

mayest rest assured, that if thy commands be literally executed, pestilence and famine will soon destroy thy troops.

“Who can, or who will inter so many millions of dead bodies, which if unburied, will infect the air you breathe?”

“Another object, is also worthy of thy consideration; the indiscriminate destruction proposed, will not leave a single artisan, or a single slave, to administer to the comforts, to sharpen the weapons, or to till the ground for their Tartar lords.

“But *should* a few of the miserable natives be spared from the general havoc, by policy or by interest, who can insure thee and the companions of thy conquest, from the secret conspiracies, the midnight dagger, and the poisoned bowl of the survivors?”

“I appeal to thy own sense and feelings, if it is possible for any human creature to serve with complacency or attachment, the assassin of a parent, a brother, or a child? It is contrary to nature, and to reason; whatever may be their professions, blood for blood, the erosions of cruelty, and revenge, the most fascinating and most inextinguishable of all our crimes, will lurk in the secret recesses of their hearts.

“I therefore pray,” concluded the excellent Yelut-chousay, conscious of the impression he had made, and the strong ground on which he stood, “I humbly pray, that the rebellious and guilty may be severely punished, but that the industrious citizen, the inoffensive rustic, the hardy labourer, their wives and their children, may continue to serve thee unmolested: *that Zingis and his faithful Tartars may live likewise.*” The conqueror listened, with attentive obedience, to his pacific counsel, and instantly recalled the savage mandate he had issued.

The second example of influence happily exerted, was during the predatory expedition of Nadir Sha, into Hindostan, in the middle of the eighteenth century. As soon as the merciless tyrant entered Delhi, he ordered every gate in the city to be shut, and closely guarded; and it was proclaimed by sound of trumpet, that no one should enter, or go forth, on pain of death.

The provisions within the walls being inadequate to daily consumption, famine was speedily the consequence of this severe decree; and the unfeeling monster saw thousands perishing from hunger, or devouring sub-

stances at which nature revolts, without pity or regret.

Surrounded by death, in its most hideous and agonizing forms, and with the shrieks and groans of starving wretches assailing his ears, he directed martial music to be constantly played, and indulged himself with apparent unconcern, in the pleasures of the table; aggravating injury by insult, he ordered the theatre to be magnificently illuminated, and a play to be performed for his amusement.

At this musical and dramatic exhibition, Tucki, an actor and a singer, pleased the barbarian so much, that he exclaimed in his transports, he would grant the player any favour he should ask, confirming his declaration with a solemn oath.

The hero of the piece, who amidst all the assumed gaiety and splendor of an oriental drama, strongly felt for, and warmly sympathized with the sorrows of his countrymen, instantly prostrated himself before Nadir, and taking a fair advantage of his voluntary offer, immediately said: "Command, O king, that the gates of the city may be opened."

The cruel invader, thus surprised into an act of humanity, paused for a moment, but recollecting his oath, and uniting superstition with enormity, he granted the prayer of Tucki, but retired frowning and disappointed to the palace.

A similar appeal was made in the reign of King Henry the eighth, King of England, by William Sommers, the court buffoon.

MOLÉ,

PRESIDENT OF THE PARLIAMENT OF PARIS.

DE RETZ says, that no ancient Roman ever possessed the virtues of courage and of public spirit in a degree superior to this great magistrate. In the time of the Froude at Paris, a man presented a dagger to his breast, threatening him with instant death if he would not consent to some decree proposed in the parliament, which M. Molé thought prejudicial to his country, "Know, my friend," said he, looking sternly at him, "that the distance is infinite from the dagger of an assassin to the heart of an honest man."

**SUGGESTIONS ON THE ART OF READING POETRY, AND
ESPECIALLY THE POETRY OF MILTON.**

(Resumed from Page 12.)

Beside the due regard to all the different forms of speech I have mentioned, it is essential to just elocution that we comprehend, previously, the full meaning and scope of every period; and the relative force and implication of the various sentences and words, of which it is composed; and clearly distinguish between the substance or trunk of the discourse, and the circumstances or branches of it: thus, in the opening of *Paradise Lost*, the first period is prolonged to the middle of the tenth line, but the substance is all contained within two lines and a half:

“ ——— Heavenly muse, sing
“ Of man’s first disobedience, and the fruit
“ Of the forbidden tree——with loss of Eden.”

The invocation, the injunction, and the subject are all comprised here; and the just and natural pronunciation of these words, as they stand, will furnish the key for delivering them in combination with the rest, which are to be uttered in a different manner; in somewhat a lower tone, and in time less slow and solemn:

“ Of man’s first disobedience,” &c.

The second period, which is partly vocative, and partly declarative, and ought to be read with suitable variation, goes into the seventh line:

“ Or if Sion hill
“ Delight thee more, or Siloa’s brook,” &c.

but, stripped of circumstances, it does not much exceed two lines:

“ If Sion hill,
“ And Siloa’s brook, delight thee more, I thence
“ Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song.”

The third period, which is highly animated and energetic, comprises ten whole lines:

“ And chiefly thou, O spirit,” &c.

The subject of this, which is, barely, invocation

and injunction, lies in a narrow compass, and the natural utterance of it, as before suggested, will give the key for pronouncing the whole passage :

“ And chiefly thou, O spirit,” &c.

The next period advances to the middle of the seventeenth line:

“ Say first, for heaven hides nothing from thy sight,” &c.

but all of it is compressible into about five lines, which must regulate the tone and manner of delivering the rest :

“ Say first,—what cause mov’d our grand parents—to fall off

“ From their allegiance, and transgress his will?—

“ Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?

“ Th’ infernal serpent, he it was whose guile—

“ Deceiv’d the mother of mankind.”

The lines next following rise to great animation, and so thoroughly maintain it, that no sentence can well be detached, or stand aloof, as not being a portion of the substance itself:

“ Him th’ Almighty power,” &c.

The sublime description that succeeds this, comprehending within one period nine lines, is, likewise, so unabatingly fervid, as to admit of no compression :

“ Nine times the space,” &c.

Nothing, perhaps, in the form of description, was ever equal to what follows, or approached so nearly, or possessed so largely, the virtue of what is called the Dramatic Style:

“ At once, as far as angels’ ken, he views

“ The dismal situation,” &c.

From the eleven lines of which this glowing period is formed, I do not perceive that any thing is separable, except a short parenthesis ; but the passage excites a different enquiry, respecting the construction and meaning of a part of it :

“ A dungeon horrible on all sides round

“ As one great furnace flam’d ; yet from those flames

“ No light, but rather, darkness visible

“ Serv’d only to discover sights of woe,” &c.

“ No light” is, I apprehend, elliptical ; no light issued or was apparent ; and “ darkness visible” the

nominative case to "serv'd only to discover." The next passage which is referential, or retrospective, is likewise so compact as not to admit of detachment :

"Such place eternal justice had prepared," &c.

The period succeeding this contains nine lines :

"O how unlike the place from whence they fell," &c.

The first verse, is removable, as an apostrophe, and the substance and key-tone of the rest, is this,

"There the companions of his fall——"

"He soon discerns and——one——nam'd Beelzebub

"——to whom th' arch enemy——thus began."

If I did not deprecate, with religious dread, the alteration of any word which Milton had inserted or suffered to stand in his work, I should wish to read in the second line, instead of "there" "here" which seems to accord better with the sense and spirit of the verb "discerns" and to denote, in a clearer manner, the opposition intended between the infernal and the heavenly scenes :

"O how unlike the place from whence they fell !

"Here the companions of his fall

"He soon discerns," &c.

Satan's speech to Beelzebub, extending to forty-one lines, abounds with transitions ; yet but little of it is circumstantial, or can be withdrawn :

"If thou be'st he——but O how fall'n," &c.

The substance, in this period, so much exceeds what is adventitious, that it may be more commodious, for distinction, to detach the latter than to repeat the former : these appear to be the only passages that can be withdrawn.

"——but O how fall'n ! how chang'd from him !

"Cloth'd with transcendent brightness——"

"Tho' chang'd in outward lustre——"

"——from sense of injured merit——"

"And what is else not to be overcome ? *

The next period comprehending seventeen lines, partly narrative and partly descriptive, besides the

* It will probably be deem'd fastidious or impertinent to point at the obsolete inaccuracy of using *be* instead of *am*, *is*, or *are* ; but

general difference already noted between the main substance and that which emanates from it, contains a simile, and an episodic digression, all requiring distinct modes of utterance:

“ Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,” &c.

The independent part of all this is contained in about five lines and a half:

“ Thus Satan ——
 “ With head uplift above the waves, and eyes
 “ That blaz’d: his other parts beside
 “ Prone on the flood——
 “ Lay floating many a rood; in bulk as huge
 “ As——Briareos or Typhon——or that sea beast
 “ Leviathan——

The twelve lines succeeding cannot be reduced:

“ So stretch’d out huge in length,” &c.

The next passage which is chiefly description of the most vivid sort, extends to sixteen lines and a half, comprising a long parenthesis, and a simile in that parenthesis.

“ Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
 “ His mighty stature,” &c.

The commencement of Satan’s speech, upon his al-

the particle *if*, is, even to this day, continually misleading our writers to confound the indicative with the subjunctive mood, as though the word were the peculiar sign of the latter, whereas, that is only the case when a doubt or condition is implied, and where *if* cannot be superseded by *since*, *as*, *it being that*, &c. “If thou be’st” is not, properly, either subjunctive or indicative, but a corruption of both moods. The sense, here, is, certainly, indicative. “If (i. e. since, or, or seeing that) thou art he.

But the construction, in the foregoing part of this speech is, perhaps, questionable:—I conceive it to be this elliptically

“ If thou be’st he——
 ——“ who in the happy realms of light
 ——“ did’st outshine
 “ Myriads though bright, if he whom mutual league
 “ United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
 “ And hazard, in the glorious enterprize,
 “ Join’d with me, once (and whom) now, misery hath join’d
 “ In equal ruin——

but it may be parenthetically, in the last words

“ Join’d with me, once (now misery hath join’d us)” &c.

tered condition, before the words which, in point of order, should lead to it, is highly animated; and those very words which, put introductorily, would be tame and prosaic, give exquisite grace and pathos to the passage :

“ Is this the region, this the soil, the clime ?

“ Said then the lost archangel——

What follows the speech of Beelzebub, until the call of Satan on his Host, is description of the noblest kind, with two luxuriant similes, which may perhaps be censured by such critics as are more prone to detect what they call irregularities, than to acknowledge or perceive true beauties :

“ He scarce had ceas'd when the superior fiend,” &c.

Speeches of the dramatic cast, are in their nature more free from extraneousness than any other, and the following address of Satan's cannot be compressed :

“ Princes, potentates,” &c.

The effect of this speech upon the legions, is expressed in the most lively manner; though of twenty-five lines only twelve are essential, all the rest being simile three times varied with the boldest yet most appropriate images :

“ They heard and were abashed,” &c.

Should the rules which I have ventured to propose for just recitation be deemed explicit, it will be needless to urge them any further, and therefore for the present I shall conclude.

EDWARD HICKEY SEYMOUR.

A SIMPLE STORY.

OF the following little history, the only fictitious and consequently untrue circumstance, is the name of its misguided heroine; the rest is “ A Tale, alas ! too true.”

Jane Smith being left an orphan at an early age, was tenderly brought up, and decently educated, by an uncle and aunt in the town of C....., who being childless, adopted her as their own; every domestic virtue was

taught her by their precept and example. They were intimate, and much respected friends of mine; I feel a tear trembling in my eye as I write; for when Jane reached her seventeenth year, these worthy people, within a few weeks of each other, sunk into the grave, leaving her, and a small property they bequeathed her, to the guardianship of a friend. Previous to this, Jane had been placed with a respectable mantua-maker in the town where she resided, for instruction; with whom she continued till she was eighteen, and then by her own wish, and in compliance with the desire of some of her friends, she was placed with a *fashionable dress-maker*, &c. in St. Street, London, there to remain two years *for improvement*; her guardian giving with her a premium of fifty guineas: very unfortunately, the house she was placed in, was one of the *first order* in that line; yet, alas! her *improvement* was retrograde, even as to her business; for at the expiration of the two years, I have great reason to believe she knew less of it than when she arrived in town; whilst her *morals* were — but this my narrative will best explain.

In about a twelvemonth after her coming to London, she had formed several acquaintances, both male and female, whose contaminating principles sapped the weak mind of Jane, whilst the *dashing lady* to whose care she was confided, took no pains at all to prevent whatever might be the result of her forming such connections.

Jane was possessed of a good figure, and a tolerably pretty face; of course from the male sex she met with flattering attentions, and by them was she conducted to the worst of every frivolous amusement; where vice, gilding her fiend-like form with the flowery robe of pleasure, lost half of her horrors. Thus was the unsuspecting Jane led, by almost imperceptible steps, from the path of rectitude, till, at the end of the two years, instead of returning to her guardian, she went off with a young man, whom she had for some time been acquainted with, but whom *she actually knew* to have been married only *five weeks* to an amiable young woman. My readers will without doubt be astonished at the excessive depravity of this wretch, and the strange infatuation of poor Jane; their astonishment will be natural, but the circumstance is nevertheless true.

In a secluded lodging at Islington, she remained, passing as the wife of this man under a feigned name,

for several months ; till he became tired of Jane, whom he then most cruelly deserted, and left to her fate. This was a trying situation for so young a woman to be placed in ; she was almost on the verge of madness ; many, I fear, would have fled to prostitution for support, rather than have sought the protection of a guardian, whom they could not in such a case meet, but with the burning blush of shame : too many, alas ! have done so, under similar circumstances, but fortunately for Jane, virtue predominated, and in the bitter language of repentance she wrote to her guardian, who received her again with the tenderness of a parent ; screened her crime from the malicious ear of envy, and brought back her distracted mind to gentleness and peace. When she became of age, she received her small property ; and soon after an opportunity offered of her accompanying a family to America ; whither she went, and where she is now comfortably married.

My intention being merely to relate the truth, I have not studied my language, nor endeavoured to make this a long story, but rather " a plain unvarnished tale." Should it fall under the eye of a country parent, who is about to send a beloved daughter to London for *improvement*, let it make him cautious *with whom* he places her ; and if it meets the enquiring gaze of any fair female, who is already placed out ; let it be to her a caution to be wary in forming connections in so immense a metropolis as London : for although,

" Vice to be hated, needs but to be seen,"

still it too often happens, that she wears to an inexperienced eye, the graceful garb of virtue ; the more surely to plunge her victim into deep and irremediable destruction. Should this Simple Story be perused by any *careless mistress*, who has the charge of female virtue given to her ; I hope and trust it may awaken her to a better discharge of her duty : but of its having any effect on the libertine's soul, I much despair ; he is generally too deeply immersed in vice, to attend to the whisperings of remorse, or virtue, till the power to sin is no more ; then will he, perhaps when it is too late, hope to extenuate by repentance the heinousness of his crimes. Awful must be the conflict of mind in such a moment ; the very reflection is peculiarly solemn, and reads a " Tale of Terror " to the Soul !

March 5, 1807.

J. M. L.

HANDEL'S MESSIAH.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

THE Works of Handel have been always held in such universal and deserved estimation, that nothing new can be said in their commendation. The style of his oratorios, in particular, is so suited to the taste of the English nation, that they continue to be performed year after year with, if possible, increased admiration, and heard with fresh delight. They are so perfect, so complete, and contain so excellent an adaptation of sound to sense, and each part and portion, exquisite in itself, at the same time combines so well to add to, and heighten, the grand and sublime effect of the whole, that for a long time after their author's death, it would have been considered a kind of sacrilege to have attempted any alteration in them. I am sorry that the reverence which the name of Handel ought to inspire, has not operated to prevent the introduction and partial adoption of a new method of performing the sublimest of his productions. I need hardly to add that I mean THE MESSIAH. On the judicious selection of the words of this Oratorio, and on the unrivalled excellence of the music, it is needless here to say any thing. THE MESSIAH is confessedly the first production of the first of musicians, and in fact almost the only oratorio now performed entire. On the modern patch-work method of selection-making I could say much, but it is foreign from my present design, which is to censure the adoption of those instrumental parts which Mozart had the want of taste and judgment to adapt to the *Messiah*. That Mozart should fail in his attempt is not strange, since it is not very likely that any one would succeed; besides, it is a well known fact that foreigners in general do not understand or enjoy Handel's style of composition, and that Mozart did not, is evident from an overture of his, written, as he says, but as nobody else would say, in the style of Handel.

THE MESSIAH is, more than any other, a *singing* Oratorio. Handel has made, throughout, the vocal parts the leading features of the piece. The attention of the hearer is not divided between the singer and the accompaniment, but is fixed solely and entirely on the

voice. That this is not always the case, is apparent from a slight inspection of his other productions. In Judas Maccabeus for instance, one song has an obligato accompaniment for the violoncello, another for the oboe, a third for the trumpet, a fourth for the flute, and so on; but in the MESSIAH, one air only has an obligato accompaniment, and the reason there is sufficiently obvious. It cannot for a moment be supposed that Handel was incapable of varying the instrumental parts of his songs; his other works abundantly prove his excellent and universal knowledge of instrumental effect. Or is the Messiah in its original form tedious and monotonous? I think no one who has ever heard it even decently performed, will answer in the affirmative. Handel felt the solemnity and the grandeur of his subject, and it was doubtless this feeling which suggested to him the impropriety of tricking out the impressive words of the Scriptures, with light and frivolous accompaniments. His whole attention throughout the piece, is directed to give such an adaptation of sound to the words, as shall convey in the most striking and forcible manner their full sense and meaning. How far he has succeeded let those judge who have heard *Mara* in "I know that my Redeemer," or "He shall feed his flock," *Harrison* in "Comfort ye," and *Meredith* or *Bartleman* in "But who may abide," or "The trumpet shall sound." Whether Handel has adapted his instrumental parts to his chorusses judiciously, let those determine who remember the effect produced by the drums and trumpets in the Hallelujah chorus at the Abbey, in the year 1784, an effect which can be conceived only by those who heard and felt it, but which is entirely lost by the absurd introduction of those instruments into "For unto us," which is rather a pleasing than a grand chorus. With respect to Mozart's accompaniments to the songs, I shall only say of them in general, that they are calculated to bewilder rather than assist the singer, and to distract, rather than to fix the attention of the audience. Really, Sir, I have not common patience, when I hear a parcel of fellows flourishing and figuring away in the midst of Handel's sublime and devotional airs, upon their flutes, their clarionets, their bassoons and their oboes, or stunning the ears of an audience with the tremendous and discordant noise of their trombones and double bassoons, which they introduce in open defiance of musical taste or even common

sense. I could add much more on this subject, but lest you should think the garrulity of an old man, one who confesses himself to be "Laudator temporis acti," too tiresome, I shall conclude with signing myself

Your most obedient servant,

AN ADMIRER OF HANDEL.

THE ARTS.

No. II.

THE PROCESSION OF CHAUCER'S PILGRIMS TO CANTERBURY.

Painted by Thomas Stothard, Esq. R. A. and to be Engraved by Bremley.

He made the boke of *Canterbury Tales*
Whan the pylgryms rode on pylgrymage
Throughout *Kent*, by hylles and by dales,
And all the stories told in their passage
Endited them full well in our langage.

LIDGATE:

THE father of English poetry has received considerable attention from the present age. TYRWHITT has restored the text of his *Canterbury Tales* to its original purity, and accompanied it with "a glossary, notes, and illustrations, executed with method, acumen, and perspicuity, no where exceeded among all the Commentators on books." WARTON's observations are highly valuable. GODWIN has lately employed himself upon a *Life* of the illustrious poet, in which, if very little is added to the facts before recorded, much new and interesting information is afforded, and some ingenious conjectures are offered, respecting the manners, opinions, arts and literature of his age. Mr. STOTHARD, an artist whose talents have long withstood the ordeal of criticism, has now transferred all the characters of the *Canterbury Tales* to the canvas, and with so much justness, force and discrimination, that "we see all the pilgrims, their humours, their features, and their very dress, as distinctly as if we had supped with them at the Tabard, in Southwark."* It is the *ut pictura poesis* of Horace, in its most emphatic signification.

* Dryden's Preface to his Fables.

This exquisite painting combines more variety of costume and character, than usually occurs in the productions of an individual: few minds possessing a fancy sufficiently creative to compose a subject so multifarious in its expression as the one before us. We know not, in an assemblage of so many personages of different designations, which most to admire, the appropriate grouping of the objects, the acute discrimination of multiplied characters, or the critical acumen observed in the decoration; forming together a climax of excellence, that must for ever establish the artist's reputation in this walk of art; and we are happy to say that the decisions of WEST, OPIE, HOPFNER, BEZCHY, and other distinguished members of the Royal Academy, are in strong confirmation of this opinion.

"The *general prologue*," as Mr. Neve has remarked, "is justly the most celebrated part of *Chaucer's* works. The acuteness of his observation, his judgment and discrimination of character are there alike conspicuous. Nor is it wonderful, that a mind, possessing much native humour, and enriched by long experience, and extensive information, should exhibit characters, such as are there found, with striking resemblance to nature and living manners." From this *prologue*, Mr. STOTHARD has taken his picture; but to afford a more complete idea of the whole, we shall quote the words of Mr. TYRWHITT. "Chaucer pretends, that intending to pay his devotions at the shrine of Thomas à Becket, he set up his horse at the Tabard inn, in Southwark; that he found in the inn a number of pilgrims, who severally proposed the same journey; and that they all agreed to sup together, and to set out the next morning on the same party. The supper being finished, the landlord, a fellow of sense and drollery, conformable to his character and calling, makes them no disagreeable proposal, that, to divert them on their journey, each of them should be obliged to tell two stories, one going, the other coming back; and that whoever in the judgment of the company, should succeed best in this art of tale-telling, by way of recompence, at their return to his inn, should be entitled to a good supper at the common cost; which proposal assented to, he promises to be their governor and guide. At the entrance of the poem, the characters of all the pilgrims are distinctly drawn,

and a plan of the comedy, in which they stand for the *dramatis personæ*; and, to the honour of our author be it spoken, every part of his plan is performed with equal justice and spirit; and above all, the character of the host is most admirably kept up, and the same wit, spirit, and humour is preserved through the whole journey, that strikes and astonishes the reader so much at the very beginning, where the original character of this incomparable person is drawn at full length."

Introductory discourse.

The scene of the picture is laid in that part of the road to Canterbury, which commands a view of the Dulwich hills—the time, a beautiful and serene April morning. The interest of the procession is considerably heightened by the cheerfulness of the accompanying landscape. The pilgrims are grouped with a decorum suited to their respective characters, and in the order in which we may suppose Chaucer himself to have seen them, headed by the Miller, playing upon his pipe (*a*), under the guidance of Harry Baillie, the host; who, as master of the ceremonies, is represented on horseback, standing in his stirrups, in the act of commanding attention to the proposal he is about to make of drawing lots to determine which of the company shall tell the first tale (*b*). Near to him is a line of five characters—the Knight (*c*); his Son, the young Squire (*d*); the

(*a*) A baggepipe wel coude he blowe and sounne,
And therwithall he brought us out of tounne.

(*b*) And ther our hoste began his hors arest,
And saide; lordes, herkeneth if you lest.
Ye wete your forword, [*promise*] and I it record.
If even song and morwe song accord,
Let se now who shal telle the firste tale.
As ever mote I drinken win or ale,
Who so is rebel to my judgement,
Shal pay for alle that by the way is spent.
Now draweth cutte, or that ye further twinne [*proceed*],
He which that hath the shortest shal beginne.

(*c*) His hors was good, but he ne was not gaie.
Of fustian he wered a gipon, [*short cassock*]
Alle bearmotred [*smutted*] with his habergeon, [*coat of mail*]

(*d*) With lockes crull as they were laide in presse,
Of twenty yere of age he was I gesse.

Franklin (e), or Country Gentleman; the Serjeant at Law (f), the Merchant (g), and the Doctor of Physic (h). The Squire is mounted on a white horse near the Knight, and betwixt these two figures is seen the Reve (i). Close behind the Squire, his Yeoman advances (k).

Of his stature he was of even lengthe,
And wonderly deliver [*nimble*], and grete of strengthe.
Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
Alle ful of freshe floures, white and rede.
Short was his gowne, with sleeves long and wide.
Wel coude he sitte on hors, and fayre ride.

(e) White was his berd, as is the dayesie.
Of his complexion he was sanguin.
Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in win.
An anelace [*a dagger at the girdle*] and a gipciere [*pouch*] all
of silk,
Heng at his girdel, white as morwe milk.

(f) He rode but homely in a medlee [*of a mixed colour*] cote,
Girt with a seint [*girdle*] of silk, with barres [*stripes*] swale;
Of his array tell I no lenger tale.

(g) A MARCHANT was ther with a forked berd,
In mottelee, and highe on hors he sat,
And on his hed a Flaundrish bever hat.
His bootes clapsed [*clasped*] fayre and fetisly. [*neatly*]

(h) In sanguin [*blood-red colour*] and in perse [*a bluish gray*]
he clad was alle
Lined with taffata, and with sendalle. [*thin silk*]

(i) The REVE was a slendre colerike man,
His berd was shave as neighe as ever he can.
His here was by his eres round yshorne.
His top was docked like a preest beforne.
Ful longe were his legges, and ful lene,
Ylike a staff, ther was no calf ysene.
This reve sate upon a right good stot,
That was all pomelee [*dappled*] grey, and highte Scot.
A long surcote of perse upon he hade,
And by his side he bare a rusty blade.

(k) And he was cladde in cote and hode of grene.
A shefe of peacock arwes [*arrows*] bright and kene
Under his belt he bare ful thriftily.
Wel coude he dresse his takel yemanly:
His arwes drouped not with fetheres lowe.
And in his hond he bare a mighty bowe.
A not-hed [*head like a nut*] hadde he, with a broune visage,
Of wood-craft coude he wel alle the usage.

habited in green. The front of the next groupe is also composed of five characters—*The Lady Abbess (l)*; *her Nun (m)*; *the Nun's Priest (n)*; *the Good Parson (o)*; and his Brother, *the Ploughman (p)*. The figures immediately behind the Lady Abbess are, *the Shipman (q)*; *the Oxford Scholar (r)*; *the Manciple (r)*; and

Upon his arme he bare a gaie bracer,
And by his side a swerd and a bokeler.
And on that other side a gaie daggere,
Harneised wel, and sharpe as point of spere:
A Cristofre on his brest of silver shene.
An horne he bare, the baudrik was of grene.
A forster was he sothely as I gesse.

- (l) Ful semely hire wimple [*neck covering*] ypinched was;
Hire nose tretis [*well-shaped*]; hire eyen grey as glas;
Hire mouth ful smale, and therto soft and red;
But sikerly [*surely*] she hadde a fayre forehed.
It was almost a spanne brode I trowe;
For hardily she was not undergrowe.

Ful fetise was hire cloke, as I was ware.
Of smale corall aboute hire arm she bare
A pair of bedes, gauded all with grenē;
And therou heng a broche of gold ful shene,
On whiche was first ywriten a crowned A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.

- (m) Another NONNE also with hire hadde she,
That was hire chapelleine, and PREESTES thre.

- (n) A good man ther was of religioun,
That was a poure PERSONE of a toun:
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.

- (o) A trewe swinker, and a good was he,
Living in pees, and parfite charitee.
In a tabard he rode upon a mere.

- (p) He rode upon a rouncie, [*a hack*] as he couthe,
All in a gowne of falding to the knee.
A dagger hanging by a las [*lace*] hadde hee
About his nekke under his arm adoun.
The hote sommer hadde made his hewe al broun.

- (q) As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake;
But loked holwe, and therto soberly.
Ful thredbare was his overest courtpey, [*short coarse cloak*]
For he hadde geten him yet no benefice.

Chaucer (*s*). Next, mounted upon an ambling nag, approaches *the Wife of Bath* (*t*), heading a groupe of four figures:—she is represented in brisk conversation with *the Monk* (*u*), and *the Friar* (*v*); behind them are the *Pardoner* (*w*), dressed in blue, and his friend

(*r*) A gentil Manciple was ther of a temple,
Of which achatours [*caterers*] mighten take ensemple
For to ben wise in bying of vitaille.

(*s*) —What man art thou? quod he: [*the Host*]
Thou lokest as thou woldest find an hare,
For ever upon the ground I see thee stare.

Prologue to Sire Thopas.

(*t*) Hire hosen weren of fine scarlet rede,
Ful streite yteyed, and shoon ful moist and newe.
Bold was hire face, and fayre and rede of hew.
Upon an ambler esily she sat,
Ywimpled wel, and on hire hede an hat,
As brode as is a bokeler, or a targe.
A fote mantel about hire hippes large,
And on hire fete a pair of sporres sharpe.

(*u*) I saw his sleeves purfild [*worked at the edge*] at the hond
With gris, [*fur*] and that the finest of the lond.
And for to fasten his hood under his chinne,
He hadde of gold ywrought a curious pinne:
A love-knotte in the greter ende ther was.
His hed was balled, and shone as any glas,
And eke his face, as it hadde ben anoint.
He was a lord ful fat and in good point.
His eyen stepe, and rolling in his hed,
That stemed as a forneis of a led.
His bootes souple, his hors in gret estat,
Now certainly he was a fayre prelat.
His palfrey was as broune as is a bery.

(*v*) Of double worsted was his semicope, [*short cloak*]
That round was as a belle out of the presse.

(*w*) This Pardoner had here as yelwe as wax,
But smoth it heng, as doth a strike of flax:
By unces heng his lokkes that he hadde,
And therwith he his shulders overspradde.
Ful thinne it lay, by culpons [*shreds*] on and on,
But hode for jolite, ne wered he non,
For it was trussed up in his wallet.
Him thought he rode al of the newe get,

the Sompnour (x), in white. The last groupe of this motley cavalcade, is composed of *the Goldsmith, the Weaver, the Dyer, and the Tapestry Merchant (y)*, all Citizens of London, *attended by their Cook (z)*; with these jolly pilgrims the procession closes.

We have quoted the characters below (with some *abridgement*) as they are delineated by Chaucer, as affording the means by which the best judgment of Mr. Stothard's merit may be formed. It is hardly too much praise to say that the Poet and the Painter stand almost on equal ground. We cannot sufficiently admire the accuracy with which Chaucer's description is exhibited to the eye, and the congenial spirit with which the features and distinctions of each individual character are preserved amid the several groupings and combinations which, to form one striking picture of the whole, it was the artist's most difficult, but most successful labour to compose. The horses are

Dishevele, sauf his cappe, he rode all bare.

Swiche glaring eyen hadde he as an hare.

A vernicle [*a miniature of our Saviour*] hadde he sewed upon his cappe.

His wallet lay beforne him in his lappe,
Bret-ful of pardon come from Rome al hote.

A vois he hadde, as smale as hath a gote.

No berd hadde he, ne never non shulde have,

As smothe it was as it were newe shave;

I trowe he were a gelding or a mare.

(*x*) That hadde a fire-red cherubiunes face.

With-scaled [*scurfy*] browes blake, and pilled [*bald*] berd :

Of his visage children were sore aferd.

A gerlond hadde he sette upon his hede,

As gret as it were for an alestake :

A bokeler hadde he made him of a cake.

(*y*) An HABERDASHER, and a CARPENTER,

A WEBBE, a DEYER, and a TAPISER,

Were alle yclothed in o livere,

Of a solempne and grete fraternite.

Ful freshe and newe hir gere ypiked [*spruce*] was.

Hir knives were ychaped not with bras,

But all with silver, wrought ful clene and wel,

Hir girdeles and hir pouches every del.

(*z*) A COKE they hadden with hem for the nones,

To boile the chikenes and the marie bones,

And poudre marchant, tart and galingale [*sweet cypress*].

Wel coude he knowe a draught of London ale.

thirty in number. Chaucer particularizes only a few. Mr. Stothard has contrived to discriminate those of all the Pilgrims according to "th' estat, th' araie" and circumstances of their riders. The Miller's *Horse* is as much in character as the Miller himself.

The dresses have been adopted with the nicest fidelity from the best authorities; from the British Museum, and other public depositories of rare MSS; from monumental remains; from the authority of Chaucer himself; and from ancient illuminated manuscripts, painted in his time. The portrait of Chaucer is painted from that in the British Museum, done by Thomas Occleve, who was his scholar.

This admirable performance was suggested by a private person * who knew the peculiar qualification of the artist for this subject, and who is now the proprietor of the picture. So feebly do the rich and the noble patronize the ingenious HISTORICAL PAINTERS of this country.

The picture has a merit also beyond its excellence as a work of art. It will probably excite the public towards a perusal, and instil into their minds a relish, of the works of Chaucer, who is known only by *name* to many who pique themselves "and that highly" on their acquaintance with the English Poets.

FOREIGN MASTERS.

Mr. Christie commenced the Sale of Pictures for the season on the 7th February with a very choice and valuable collection of the Italian, French, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, in the highest preservation. The leading picture of the collection was by RUBENS, viz.

The Return of Peace to the City of Antwerp. The latter is allegorically represented as a beautiful female embraced by Pallas, who has put sedition under her feet; in the distance a storm dispersing with young genius above. This picture is one of Rubens' happiest efforts, and replete with spirit and elegance, and must be considered as a chef d'œuvre of his powers in colouring. It was sold for 950 guineas.

* Mr. Cromeck, at whose house, No. 64, Newman Street, the Picture is to be seen, with Tickets.

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N

C. DU JARDIN.—A Cavalier watering his Horse at a Brook, during a halt from the chase; a youth with a brace of hounds; a goat attacked by a dog; and sheep brousing. Of all the small pictures in the same line, this bore away the palm; the distance a mountainous morning scene, remarkably clear and brilliant, and in the best preservation. (250 guineas.)

RUYSDAEL.—View of a river flowing through a hilly broken landscape; a groupe of figures in the foreground which are painted by Vernet of the French School. A sober, chaste, and grand performance. The water and the reflection of a fortress in it on the opposite hill, are equal to any attempt ever made in the art; a fine tone of colouring pervades the whole. (240 guineas.)

SCHALKEN.—*Le Concert de Famille.* A picture well known among the Cognoscenti, which has been engraved by Wille. (230 guineas.)

MURILLO.—*The Flagellation.* An upright picture of a most charming tone of colouring, finely drawn, with exquisite sensibility in the countenance of the persecuted saint; the figure in the act of tormenting, an admirable contrast to the sufferer; it is certainly in the grandest manner of this master (115 guineas.)

G. VASARI.—The Descent from the Cross, a picture that would do credit to the easel of Parmegiano. (17 guineas)

ADRIAN OSTADE.—*An Interior,* with boors, drinking and listening to a man with a hardy-gurdy, and a boy playing on the fiddle; if this picture is not the very best performance of the master, it will ever rank as among the foremost of his works; the whole very spirited, and painted with great warmth. (105 guineas.)

A. CUYP.—*A Cattle Piece.* Cows on the brink of a pond, peasants and children watching them; the time represented is a warm evening, the glow diffused over the whole picture is happily managed, and the animals are finely drawn. (80 guineas.)

DE HEUSCH.—*A Mountainous Landscape* on the borders of a lake, with figures by Polemberg; a vast deal of freedom is shewn in the handling, the foliage loose and spirited, the figures truly classical. (80 guineas)

NETCHER.—*A Morning Conversazione,* a cavalier playing on the guitar, and a lady holding fruit to a dog dancing. The finishing of the draperies in the finest style of the master; this picture is well known, and has a print engraved from it. (39 guineas)

GUERCINO.—*Samson and Dalilah,* an elegant composition, and possesses all the knowledge of this master, the effect bold, strong, and natural. (120 guineas)

BACKHUYSEN.—*A Brisk Gale.* While viewing this picture the spectator may almost imagine he feels the sharpness of the breeze; it is certainly a first rate picture of the master; the delicacy of pencilling, and clearness throughout the whole, cannot be surpassed. (80 guineas)

DOMINICHINO.—*Diana and Calista,* a cabinet picture (135 guineas)

DE HOOGE.—Two pictures in this collection. First, *The Mistress of a Family* descending a winding staircase and overhearing the intrigue of her domestics in a cellar; no master has combined the force of *chiaro scuro*, with the richness of De Hooge; this picture is esteemed one of his best productions. (80 guineas)

Second, *Cradle Scene.* (35 guineas)

ADRIAN OSTADE.—*An Exterior, with Boors smoking ; a small cabinet picture. (30 guineas)*

INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Prince Hoare published on the 14th of March, the first number of a work to be continued weekly, under the Title of the **ARTIST**, to consist of a Series of Essays on Science and Art, written by men of eminent professional abilities, on topics relative to their respective studies, and by other persons peculiarly conversant with those subjects. In this number Mr. Hoare develops his plan. It is the design of *The Artist* to seek professional information on the subject of the liberal arts in the most distinguished sources of his country, and to present their recondite stores in a familiar garb to his readers. With these offerings he proposes to connect accounts of the modern improvements in science, and such observations on them as experience and equally appropriate study can best supply.

We announce this publication with the greatest pleasure. Authentic information on the points to be discussed is much wanted; and it would be difficult to find any where, an editor so perfectly competent to this useful undertaking as the ingenious and indefatigable Secretary for *Foreign Correspondence to the Royal Academy*.

The second number will contain Essays on Originality in Painting; on Imitators; and Collectors.

The **ROYAL ACADEMY** will receive the performances of artists and honorary exhibitors on the 3d and 4th of April only. The Rooms will be opened early in May.

The **SOCIETY of ARTISTS** exhibiting *Water-coloured Drawings*, have announced a further Exhibition.

The **BRITISH INSTITUTION**, has also re-opened its Gallery. Of the leading Pictures in this and in the British Gallery, we shall hereafter give some account.

FOOLS AND JESTERS.

FOOLS by profession, or (as they have sometimes been called) jesters, were formerly of great account. Cardinal Wolsey, in 1529, presented his to Henry VIII. as a token of grateful and affectionate regard; as did, Sir Thomas More his, upon resigning the seals in 1532, to the Lord Mayor of London and his successors in office*.

* Herbert's Hist. of Henry.—Angeli was a fool of this sort in France. He had been a follower of the great Condé, and was given by him to the king; yet was far from wanting wit. He was once some time in company, before he began to play the fool: when, M. de Bautru (who was the wit of the court) entering, "I am glad,"

I have sometimes thought, that these objects of mirth, however strangely and unnaturally they became so, might yet be made subservient to good purposes among the *great*; among kings, ministers, and all who govern and bear influence with men. In the first place I would propose, that the term of *fool* be discarded, and that of *jester* only retained. *Fool* implies a person deficient in understanding; but natural deficiencies and imperfections must never be made objects of mirth. Again, these *fools* in reality have not been such natural fools, as some have imagined: on the contrary, if they were not the wisest persons at court, which yet might sometimes admit a doubt, they have often been wiser, and known better what they were doing, than many who have laughed at them. The appellation of fools therefore is improperly applied to such.

Let me now set forth, what ideas I would include under the term *jester*; by whom, then, I do not mean a person, who is merely to raise a laugh, by doing absurd and ridiculous things: none of our kings have been so poorly attended, but who have abounded with servants qualified for this. By a *jester*, I mean one, who should mix *utile dulci*, the useful with the pleasant; who should instruct, at the same time that he diverts; and, if the freedom may be allowed me, who should make the king *wise* as well as *merry*.

For this purpose I would have him endowed with strong original powers, cultivated with letters, and thoroughly practised in the ways of men. Nor should his letters consist in a simple knowledge of languages, or in critical and philological matters; for these of themselves, though they excite admiration among the ignorant, yet leave the understanding as poor as they find it: but I would have them to consist of history, philosophy, and other branches of science and literature, which tend to

says he, "you are come; I was afraid I should have been alone." *Menagiana*.—By his address in pleasing some, and in awing others, he made them all tributaries; and amassed so much money, that M. de Marigni said, "Of all the fools who had followed Monsieur the prince, Angeli was the only one who had made his fortune." *Ibid*.—Boileau's starved poet complains, that Angeli in preferment outstripped all competitors, of what merit soever:

*Et l'Esprit le plus beau, l'auteur le plus poli,
N'y parviendra jamais au sort de l'Angeli.*

SAT. 1.

make men knowing in human nature and human life. Thus accomplished, a jester may not only be diverting, according to the original institution of his place, but useful also and instructing in a very superlative degree.

By profession, he is a manufacturer and dealer in apophthegms, proverbs, aphorisms, maxims, and *bons mots* of every kind: all which are not only highly calculated for wit and amusement, but (in the opinion of the wisest men) the most efficacious means of conveying knowledge. Seneca says, that "even rude and uncultivated minds are struck, as it were, with these short but weighty sentences, which anticipate all reasoning, by flashing truths upon them at once;" and he relates, that Agrippa, the minister of Augustus Cæsar, used to own himself much indebted to that of Sallust, *concordiâ parvæ res crescunt, discordiâ maximæ dilabuntur**: a pithy sentence indeed, and which the good people of old England would, at all times, do well to ponder. Plutarch drew up and digested a collection of apophthegms for Trajan, and Erasmus did the same for a German prince; in the dedication to whom, after observing how finely fitted these close and pointed sentences are for instruction, he adds, that they are "singularly accommodated to the situation and exigencies of a prince, who has not time to read Plato, Aristotle, and other voluminous writers upon government, laws, manners, &c."

Now with such instruments as these managed judiciously and with address, a jester may produce surprising effects: nay, Bayle has not scrupled to say, that "a sentence, taken from Livy or Tacitus, is capable of saving a nation, and perhaps has saved more than one†." It is very well known, that war, peace, and other important national events, have often originated in secret from very minute and (as would be thought) inadequate causes; while the reasons, publicly given out, have been merely ostensible. But a jester, such a one as I mean, is or may be often within the cabinet. He may therefore *instruct* his master, as I have said; but he may do more: he may also in some measure regulate and direct his passions, and greatly influence his political conduct,

* Epist. 94.

† Project for a Dictionary.

while his apparent object shall be only to divert him. There was a jester among the household of Charles I. who was brought before the council, and with much solemnity discarded from court, for pointing his raillery at archbishop Laud ; but many knowing ones have thought, that, if the king had discarded the archbishop instead of the jester, his affairs might have ended better than they did.

Dioclesian, a Roman emperor, made the difficulty of reigning well to consist chiefly in the difficulty of arriving at the real knowledge of affairs. " Four or five courtiers," said he, " form themselves into a cabal, and unite in their councils to deceive the emperor. They say what will please their master ; who, being shut up in his palace, is a stranger to the truth, and forced to know only what they think fit to tell him*." Now the jester will be sure to prevent or dissipate all this darkness and obscurity : he will be a perpetual intelligencer to his master : he will daily and hourly laugh him into true ideas of persons and things, and lead him gradually to see them as they are†. Thus royalty will be guarded against many evils : it will not be misled by either flattery or abuse ; but taught to lay the due stress, and no more, upon whatever shall be said for or against itself. These and innumerable other benefits will be obtained, and all in the way of mirth and pleasantry.

Upon the whole then, agreeably to my idea of a jester, many might be glad to see this personage re-established at court, and a proper stipend assigned to his office§. If he produce the effects I have specified, well

* Vopiscus in Aureliano.

† This was what the famous *Carvalho* so much dreaded from the lively and witty Count d' *Obidos* : *Il craignoit, says the historian, que ses bons mots ne fissent à la fin quelque impression sur l'esprit du Monarque, & ne parvinssent peut-être à lui ouvrir les yeux.* *Memoires de Carvalho, Marquis de Pombal.* Tom. II. p. 35.

§ Yet a certain writer seems to think this in no wise necessary : " the last jester we had at court," says he, " was in the licentious reign of Charles II. Since that time our manners have been so gradually refining, that our court at present is full of patriots, who wish for nothing but the honours and wealth of their country ; and our ladies are all so chaste, so spotless, so good, so devout, that there is nothing for a jester to make a jest of." *Yorick's Sentimental Journey.*

and good: and, let the worst happen that can, it will be only adding one more to those many places and pensions, which, being of no great use or ornament to the kingdom, must unavoidably create disaffection and complaint; unless we could suppose the English of the same humour with the subjects of a duke of Savoy, who being asked "how they could bear their heavy "taxations?" replied, *We are not so much offended with the duke for what he takes from us, as thankful to him for what he leaves us**.

THE CHANGE IN THE CABINET.

DO not start, Mr. CONDUCTOR, I allude to the change in the Political Cabinet; for in your's no alteration seems necessary, and I hope your administration will prove as lasting as its commencement is favourable. What is to become of us? All parties have been tried, and all have been found wanting. Since the French revolution, we have had a Pitt and Grenville Cabinet—A Pitt, Grenville and Burke Cabinet—An Addington Cabinet—A Pitt Cabinet again—Then the Pitts and the Addingtons, without the house of Temple, and the followers of Burke; and last the Grenvillites; the Foxites; the Addingtonians; and the Burkites; the *Tories*, the *New Whigs*, the *Old Whigs*—the *Doctors* and the *Alarmists*; all the parties and 'all the talents' in the Country jumbled together. Now "ALL THE TALENTS" are suddenly sent adrift, and the nation is to be governed by a *thing of shreds and patches*, which was all the illustrious Pitt could bequeath to his country, except the memory of his great abilities, and spotless integrity. I tremble for the result.

On reading an account of the changes in the Cabinet in the year 1770, I lately met with the following particulars relative to the *sudden* death of Mr. YORKE, which as they have every appearance of authenticity, and present a specimen of the importunities, intrigues and family dissensions which have attended the party struggles for power in this country, I have transcribed for your use, should you think proper to insert them.

The Premier [the Duke of Grafton] had for some time been importuning Mr. Yorke to accept the seals, which he,

* Lord Herbert's *Life*, p. 110. 1770. 4to.

fired with the principles of his noble family, had, with a spirit becoming his character, often disdainfully refused. But as no one was thought more adequate to the purposes of ministerial intrigues, no step was left unturned to bring him over. What could not be brought to bear with him, was effected through his wife; the Premier applied to her; she, the true sister of *arbitrary measures*, swelled with the thought of being the lady of almost the first subject in the kingdom, and anxious to have a peerage for her own son, as well as her son-in-law, (for that was to be the price of his accepting them,) took him in the soft hours of dalliance, the *mollia tempora fandi*, and turned him to her purpose. She went immediately to the Duke of Grafton, made him acquainted with it, and told him she was convinced if his Majesty would send for him, and ask it as a favour, he would no longer withstand. The thing was done, and he was sent for and closetted; the favour was asked, and the seals accepted.

On his return home, he called on his friend the Marquis of Rockingham, with whom he found Mr. Burke, and one or two of his old associates, who seemed pleased with the unexpected visit, but when he said "I have accepted the seals," it struck them with astonishment. They could not believe what they heard; but when they found it was too true, his friend, the Marquis, could hold no longer, and instantly addressed him thus; "Mr. Yorke, for I still hope to call you so, I once looked upon you as an *honest* man, inflexible to any mean thing, and as one who had no ambition but that of being instrumental to the good of society. Now I despise you. As Mr. Yorke, I was always happy to see you; as Chancellor never put your feet within my doors again." This spirited address was echoed by the whole company, and the Chancellor retired in disgrace. The Marquis immediately flew to Lord Hardwicke, the Chancellor's brother, told him the story, and urged him to go and insist on his immediate resignation, (for Mr. Yorke had great expectations from his brother;) Lord Hardwicke lost no time, but went to his house, and began with, "brother, what's this I hear? they tell me you have accepted the seals?"—"I have." "Have? and are you not ashamed to own it? you have turned your back on those friends that have been the making of our family. What could induce you to honour? a place refused is

more honourable than one *accepted*. Peerage? you wanted none; *mine* will fall into *your* family. And as to money you have enough; if not, you should have shared with *me*." Mr. Yorke in his defence urged his Majesty's great importunity, but Lord Hardwicke interrupted him with "I'll have no replies—I come not to argue with the Chancellor, but to lay my injunctions on my brother. If you have any future expectations from either me or mine, go instantly resign." Mr. Yorke would fain have been excused, alleging he knew not what plea to make. "If you have no plea of your *own*," continued he, "go tell the King your *friends* will not let you keep them." In short he hurried him away, saying, he would wait his return.

The Chancellor went, talked the matter over with his Majesty, but could not bring himself to give them up. On his entering his house again, Lord Hardwicke eagerly called out: "tell me, may I now embrace you as my brother?" "I hope so," replied Mr. Yorke, "but the King would not accept my resignation." Then said Lord Hardwicke leaving him, "adieu for ever, thou meanest of men. I was once your sincerest *friend*, for the future consider me as your greatest *enemy*."

Loaded with reproach and shame, the upbraiding of his friends, and the aggravation of his wife, he could support himself no longer, but flung out of the room where they were together, with a cast of wildness in his eye, and ran immediately up stairs; his lady suspecting something that might not be right, instantly followed him, and was in his chamber almost as soon as he, but not time enough to prevent his cutting his throat with a knife, which he took out of his pocket as he was going up; he made an attempt also at cutting his wrists, but she interposed and prevented him. As soon as she saw him bleeding she rung the bell, and ordered her servant to fetch the first surgeon he could find; Mr. Langley of Gloucester-street was brought, and he sewed up the wound, which at that time did not appear mortal. But so determined was he on his own death, that some time after, he threw back his head and burst the stitches, which were again repaired. It was not long before several of the faculty were called in; he then seemed to have some little remorse for what he had done, and asked whether they thought he was out of danger; they replied he was, provided he kept himself quiet and did not

cough ; however he could not avoid coughing, hurt himself some how or other, and on saturday evening * *died* in great agonies internally.

I fear I am encroaching upon the plan of your work, which I am aware is *anti-political*, but I cannot help lamenting that the administration of our public affairs should undergo these frequent changes. It is true that, guarded as our constitution is, a moderate share of talent, with honest intentions, is sufficient for the exercise of the functions of government ; but when it is considered that ministers, before they go out of office, must provide for themselves and their dependents ; that when they came in, many extravagant arrangements of their predecessors were set aside for others perhaps equally expensive, which will again be abandoned for new schemes and undertakings of an extensive nature ; that the present ministers have but just acquired the necessary information to enable them to fulfil their official duties ; and that a considerable time must elapse before their successors can see their way with sufficient clearness ; that conditions will be demanded by those who may be invited to support the *new men* and the *new measures*, and that, weak as they are in numbers, rank and talent, those conditions must be complied with, at almost any rate ;—That to these is likely to be added, from the strong opposition in parliament, the tumult, excesses, corruption and EXPENCE of another *General Election*, though some of the members returned at the last are scarcely seated. I say all these things considered, Mr. CONDUCTOR, we have no cause to rejoice, much to lament, and every thing to dread from a *change in the Cabinet*, at *this crisis*, in favour of *such successors*, and upon so AWFULLY-SERIOUS A QUESTION !

I am,

Sir, &c.

March 23.

A BRITON.

* He received the Seals on the previous Wednesday Evening, and died before his patent of Peerage was completed.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

 PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

Anecdotes of Literature and Scarce Books. By the Rev. William Beloe, translator of *Herodotus*, &c. 8vo. 16s. Rivingtons, 1807.

Mr. Beloe's name ranks very high in the literary world. His acquaintance with books is very extensive, and his late situation at the British Museum, afforded the opportunity to a gentleman of his learning and diligence, of collecting the most ample and valuable materials for a work of this nature. We lament to call it his *late* situation; for no man was qualified to fill it more honourably; but a circumstance of a singular nature required his dismissal, and in his preface to these volumes, Mr. Beloe adverts to it in a manner that shews how deeply his feelings have been affected by the measure, though the *mens conscia recti* has sustained and consoled him under the heavy mortification he has endured.

"If ever there were a time when I might wish for the unclouded use of my faculties, and to be divested of all prejudice and passion, it would surely be the present. I am about to give an account of a work which was commenced under the most auspicious prospects, with the most favourable hopes of its successful and protracted continuation, with the best possible means to give it every aid of variety, with the opportunity of choice among almost infinite materials; and finally, with every thing I could possibly desire to cheer the present, and to animate me to future exertion.

"My situation at the conclusion of these two volumes is very different. But I hasten to give the following concise account of the matter."

Mr. Beloe then states the particulars of his appointment to the office of under librarian in the British Museum:

"How I conducted myself in this situation I may fairly challenge the most rigid investigation to determine. I appeal to my brother officers; I appeal to every one connected with that institution to decide; I appeal to that part of the public who knew and observed me in the execution of my office. I conceived it my duty,

and I felt it my delight, to assist and facilitate the researches of the learned, to gratify the ingenuous curiosity of strangers, and to exhibit, where the recommendation justified confidence, the sources of instruction and amusement which were committed to my care. But this I did not conceive to be sufficient; I thought that the public might not unreasonably expect more.

"As my office, therefore, confined me to the care and examination of printed books, I formed the determination of selecting such as were more extraordinary for their intrinsic value, or sought after for their rarity, and I undertook, from time to time, to give such a description of them and their contents, as might be interesting and useful both to the student and collector. I thought I should perform no unimportant office in communicating to the student the place where he might find what he wanted, and in representing to the collector the genuine marks by which he might ascertain the object of his curious pursuit.

"The Museum contains great treasures of this kind, and most particularly in old English literature, which had ever been a favourite branch of my occasional investigation, and which I knew, at this particular time, to be an object of very earnest research. Such was the foundation, and such the motive of my commencing the present undertaking. But on announcing my plan and design among my literary friends, I had the satisfaction of discovering that my ideas were generally approved, and I almost immediately received such countenance and assistance, that I was not only confirmed in my determination, but induced to believe that I should be able to produce a miscellaneous volume once in every year. I had the grateful opportunity of reversing the exclamation of Teucer in Sophocles.

Πολλοὶ μὲν ἰχθῆσσι παῦσα δ' ὠφελήσονται.

"I had no discouragement, but every thing to stimulate me in persevering in my purpose."

Mr. Beloe here enumerates his obligations to the Marquis of Stafford; Mr. Todd; the Bishop of Rochester; Mr. Barnard, the King's librarian; Mr. Douce; the late Mr. Isaac Reed; Mr. Kemble; Mr. Malone; Mr. Chalmers; Mr. Watts, the librarian of Sion College; and Mr. Nares.

"Thus was I engaged, and with these resources and these aids, in an occupation, of all others, the most grateful to my taste, and most in conformity with my habits, when a dark and sudden tempest arose, which menaced my little bark with inevitable destruction. While I was basking in the sunshine of a fair fame, with the fond hope, and strong expectation, that I had only to draw my vessel on shore and suspend my votive tablet in the Muse's Temple, a whirlwind swept me to a gulph, where all but integrity must have foundered.

"Animus meminisse horret!"

A man was introduced at the Museum, with the sanction of the most respectable recommendation. I mention not his name—the wounds of his own conscience must be so severe a punishment, that I shall not increase his sufferings.

Satisfied with the credentials which he brought with him, and imposed upon by his frank, and seemingly honest manner, I received him in the progress of many attendances with unsuspecting confidence. I believed, for why was I to distrust, the artful tale of what he had in view, and thought that I did no more than discharge my duty by promoting and facilitating its accomplishment.

He proved to be dishonest; he purloined valuable property which was in my custody, and it was thought that the good government of the institution required my dismissal.

I acquiesced in the decision, and retired with no murmurs of resentment, with no querulous expostulation; but with what anguish of mind, I leave those to determine who have experienced, or who can imagine what it is to have all their literary and domestic plans, in one unexpected moment, overthrown, and to exchange peace, competence, and a situation most congenial to their feelings and pursuits, for loss, anxiety, uncertainty; and above all, the dread of unmerited obloquy.

Such were, undoubtedly, my first sensations, but they have been since alleviated. Indeed, it was soon apparent, that not only my former friends and protectors still adhered to me, but that some of the most exalted, both in rank and character, among the trustees themselves, demonstrated the kindest sympathy, and expressed a willingness to confirm their professions of regard by substantial acts of friendship.

While, therefore, I am able to enumerate among those who have stood forth as my protectors, individuals of the most exalted rank; and not only exalted by their rank, but by their virtues; while I can reckon among my familiar friends, some of the first scholars of the country, with a long list of the most excellent and amiable characters in private life, I may, and indeed I do, with many a pang, regret what I have lost, yet I cannot be considered as one who has no worldly consolation. The cup which was administered to me had gall, indeed, at the top—I found hope, serenity, and peace of mind at the bottom.

This account of a transaction of which every body has heard a little, but very few any thing accurately, will be perused with interest not unmixed with emotion. It is no doubt right that those who are entrusted with the care of any department in an institution like the British Museum, should be accountable for injuries or losses sustained through a want of sufficient vigilance; and we know not that the trustees could have avoided adopting the unpleasant course they have taken. But it is impossible for any librarian to prevent evil-disposed persons from effecting their object, even if he had as many eyes as *Argus*, and the hundred hands of *Briareus*: and

his office must be exceedingly irksome to a delicate mind, if it is incumbent on him to exercise a constant inquisition over visitors whose characters are known to be respectable, and who bring in their hands a satisfactory recommendation.

But to return to the *anecdotes of literature*. From the word *anecdotes* some persons may be led to expect more amusement than these volumes will furnish. Mr. Beloe is aware of this, and begs that it may be remembered that he only pledged himself to give a description of such rare and curious books as might happen to fall in his way; with such occasional anecdotes of literature interspersed, as might occur to his recollection or reading. He pretends not to give elaborate observations of critical disquisitions, but merely to point out to collectors and curious students, books known to be rare, and, as such valuable. He has however so diversified the position, and the quality of his materials, that while the scholar need not turn away in disgust, the miscellaneous reader may find various sources of amusement.

To the *Black Letter* men, and the *collectors*, the work will afford a treat of the highest order. The information it contains is very extensive, and the contents abound with scarce and curious miscellanies. A few of the *anecdotes* shall be selected and given in a future number of the *Cabinet*.

The Christian Officer's complete Armour: containing Arguments in favour of a Divine Revelation. By Colonel A. Burn, of the Royal Marines; 2d. ed. 12mo. 4s. Mathews and Leigh, 1806.

All the great, and we need scarcely add the irrefragable arguments in support of christianity, are here collected and enforced, in a dialogue between two officers; one of them very seriously impressed with the importance of religion, the other a man of the world, who has paid but little attention to the subject, yet is not unwilling to satisfy some doubts which dwell upon his mind respecting the authenticity of the scriptures. The publication being intended for the use of the officers in the army and navy, the author has assumed a style and manner familiar to their profession; and provided those who have just sentiments of religion, and wish to retain them, with sufficient weapons to defend themselves against the

daily attacks of military deists and infidels, who are but too numerous in that line, and too succesful in gaining proselytes to their party.

We cordially recommend this little volume to persons of every degree and profession who have any scruples upon so important a subject. The dialogue is easy and natural, the style perspicuous, and the arguments conclusive and convincing.

The Poetical Register, and Repository of Fugitive Poetry, for 1805, 12mo. Rivingtons, 1806, 10s. 6d. 1807.

This is the fifth volume of a work which, besides its recommendation as an elegant Repository for the numerous Lyric Effusions that, in the course of a twelve-month, find their way into the daily prints and other perishable publications, presents a variety of articles, not before published, of extraordinary merit. This will be readily believed, when we mention the names of Miss Seward, Mr. Park, Dr. Drennan, Rev. Mr. Boyd, Rev. J. Whitehouse, Rev. Dr. Stevens, Professor Richardson, Dr. Leyden, Mr. Bridges, Mr. Preston, Rev. Mr. Maurice, Mr. Montgomery, Mr. Davenport, and others, as among the contributors. The *Original Poetry* of the present volume occupies upwards of 200 pages. We shall take the liberty of extracting the following article, of which, in addition to its poetical merit, the thought is original, and the point exceedingly happy.

THE COMPLAINT OF CORSICA.

Indignant Corsica, the world's disdain,
And hardly notic'd amid Europe's train,
Scorn'd early by a poet and a sage
Whose name * immortaliz'd the injurious page
Harshly dictated by an exile's * rage;
She who in modern times long groan'd the slave
Of Genoa, mistress of the ambient wave;
And from her hands, all impotent to hold,
Pass'd to a monarch's, for the dross of gold;
Rous'd by a series of successive wrongs,
Thus claim'd the justice, that to *states* belongs;
And at the foot of Jove's etherial throne,
Sued not in vain, in this undaunted tone.

* Seneca.

" Look'st thou not down with equal eyes on all,
 " Both men and states ; and see'st them rise and fall,
 " Not by rude chance, nor left to fortune's hand,
 " But by thy just and merciful command ?
 " What then is Corsica, immortal Jove,
 " That she partakes not thy paternal love ?
 " Is there in all the dark decrees of fate
 " No glory destined for so mean a state ?
 " Sprung from *my* loins, is never man design'd
 " To lord it universal o'er his kind ;
 " To wash in Europe's blood my servile stains,
 " And rivet France and Genoa with my chains ?
 " O, from thy throne, amid the starry skies,
 " Look down with juster and minuter eyes.
 " Scorn'd, as I was, and as I am, oppressed,
 " Let me find favour in my maker's breast :
 " And bid thy thunder teach the unthinking states,
 " Justice retributive on *kingdoms* waits."
 She spoke : and Jove with eye reluctant saw
 Her pray'r was good ; and that it must be law.
 Then for the Book he call'd, in which are told
 Things past, and things the future shall behold :
 His firm hand traced a long career of fame
 And o'er the page inscribed Napoleon's name.

Sc.

The Editor appears to possess the proper requisites for this useful undertaking : diligence, judgment, and taste. Collections of verses are easily formed, but to select good poetry it is almost necessary to be a good poet, an appellation, if we are not misinformed, which very justly belongs to the Editor of the *Poetical Register*.

The Pleasures of Human Life ; investigated cheerfully, elucidated satirically, promulgated explicitly, and discussed philosophically, in a dozen dissertations on Male, Female, and Neuter Pleasures. Interspersed with various Anecdotes, and expounded by numerous Annotations. By Hilaris Benevolus, and Co. Fellows of the London Literary Society of Lusorists. Embellished with five illustrative Etchings, and two Head-pieces. 12mo. 8s. Longman, &c. 1807.

One fool they say makes many. It may be said, likewise, that in these times, one book makes many. Mr. Beresford's very ingenious and original publication bearing the title of the *Miseries of Human Life*, soon produced *More Miseries*, a little volume not inferior to its predecessor in point and vivacity : The *Comforts of*

Human Life followed next; its *Pleasures* are now exhibited, and a second volume of *Miseries*, by the author of the first, is said to be in the press. *Ohe! jam satis!* many will exclaim; but this is a fine *book-making* age, and what is better for the trade, though not very fortunate for literature, there is no lack of purchasers.

The author of the present volume has assumed the firm of *Hilaris Benevolus*, and Co. but he deals more in satire than good humour, and notwithstanding his title-page, and the *merry face* he exhibits, furnishes little food for laughter. His aim has been to be witty, and he is often successful. But we grow somewhat tired, as we proceed, with the continual *effort* to be sprightly. It is the production, however, of no common pen. The writer (for the assertion that it is written by *several*, we consider to me merely *lusory*, or rather *illusory*.) is familiar with the several pursuits of literature, law, fashion, and politics; and their *Pleasures*, that is, the eccentricities, follies, and absurdities which they engender, are smartly and ludicrously touched upon as they pass before our "*folly flogging Satyr*ist."

Indeed, to 'shoot folly as it flies,' forms his principal sport: and, among other *game* which he starts as he courses over "the manors of ignorance, impudence and vice," he levels his fowling piece at Mr. Kemble's vicious pronunciation; and in this instance the marksman has certainly brought down his *bird*.

"Barber: We have ventured to revive this word lest our readers should be put to any difficulty, by the late disputes concerning the true pronunciation of the more common word *beard*; which that great master of elocution, Mr. J. P. Kemble, has lately confounded with the word *bird*. A wit, it is said, upon hearing him talk of his beard in the new style of pronunciation asked him whether his *bird* was not a *black-bird*."

"We cannot omit here to justify the great actor for his very correct and classical delivery of the phrase, "I'll fill thy bones with *aches*," which last word he pronounces *atches*. It is clear that *Prospero* intended some dreadful punishment to *Caliban*; and how could he punish him more severely, than by filling his bones with *atches* i. e. making all the bones in his body *atch-bones*?"

The *etchings* are by Rowlandson, but they are scarcely worthy of him.

An Historical Account of Corsham House in Wiltshire ; the Seat of Paul Cobb Methuen, Esq. with a catalogue of his celebrated Collection of Pictures ; by John Britton ; embellished with a View and Plan of the House, 12mo. 5s. Longman and Co. 1806.

This is a most noble collection, and Mr. Britton deserves much praise for the pains he has taken in arranging the catalogue, and obtaining every interesting particular respecting each picture. The dedication to the BRITISH INSTITUTION manifests his affection for the Arts. His *Historical Essay* on Painting; and a brief account of the different schools: and a review of the progressive and present state of the arts in England, is well drawn up, and contains much useful information in a small compass. The *Catalogue* is followed by BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES of the painters whose works constitute the Corsham house collection.

The Peasant's Death ; and other Poems ; by John Struthers, author of the " Poor man's Sabbath," &c. Glasgow, M. Ogle. London, R. Ogle, 12mo. pp. 112. 1806.

The *Poor Man's Sabbath* has given to Mr. Struthers a considerable degree of reputation as a poet, and in the publication now before us, that reputation is not ill supported. On the contrary, the performance is highly creditable to his muse. In confirmation of this opinion, however, we shall offer a few extracts. The subject of the poem is proposed in these lines :

" I who ere while in artless numbers sung,
The Sabbath service of the simple swain,
Whence Peace, Content, Delight, for ever young,
And heavenly Hope, rose smiling in his train :
Now to the trem'lous sorrow-breathing strain,
With faltering hand attune the rustic lyre :
How sick Dejection, Poverty, and Pain,
And weeping Sympathy, in death, conspire
To dash his high-formed hopes, and quench his heavenly fire."

The poet then presents us with a beautiful description of a storm, presaging "winter's eve." The hall of wealth and merriment, in such a night, is contrasted with the humble dwelling of the peasant, the victim of sickness and poverty. His former happy state is adverted to, and the cause of his melancholy situation, painted in glowing language.—The evening meal is next described. The father beholds his disconsolate family from the bed of anguish :

"To hide the grief that in his bosom burns,
The melting magic of their looks to shun,
Round from the light his faded face he turns,
And o'er his cheeks the tears in silence run."

The industry of the mother till the usual hour of rest; and her tender care of her children, are also depicted.

"Then, solitary, all the long night o'er,
She counts the lagging minutes one by one,
Listening, at times, the wild wind's stormy roar,
At times, her husband's feeble, weary groan,
Which, as it rises slow, she mingles with her own."

The night becomes more tempestuous—the rattling hail, the echoing winds, the "unwonted" crowing of the cock, &c. circumstances generally accounted ominous among the Scottish peasantry, affect her mind to such a degree, that

"Her task unable longer to pursue
She rises up to go—she knows not where,
Walks round the floor, as something she would do,
Which yet she cannot for the blinding tear.
Out to the night she looks; there all is drear,
No silver moon nor starry clusters rise,
Terrific Winter rides the groaning air,
With somb'rous wing he, sullen, shades the skies,
While thick the shapeless drift tempestuous flies."

Her wandering thoughts are recalled by the awaking of her husband, who seems anxious to perform the accustomed duty of family worship, which is particularly described;—The exertion overpowers him, and he falls back on his couch; his mind greatly agitated with those fears and hopes that may reasonably be supposed to exercise even a good man in the prospect of speedy dissolution.

For the sake of brevity, we must pass over many affecting circumstances, which the poet has related with great simplicity and feeling. The poor man dies, he

—"hath pass'd that portal drear,
Whence never back shall traveller return,
Till on the clouds of heaven the throne appear—
The great white throne, with ensigns angel-borne,
Whose streamy blaze shall meet yon bright sun's golden urn."

"His widowed wife" hangs over him in speechless agony. By the kind attention of her friend, her grief

becomes at length in some degree capable of expression, and the poem concludes (one stanza excepted) with the following lines——

“ Long, long, alas ! her wounded heart shall grieve—
 Oft shall her babes behold, with secret fear,
 As to the fields she looks at dewy eve,
 Rush sudden o'er her cheek the silent tear.
 And still as spring re-animates the year,
 She, with her little flock, shall duly come,
 On sabbath noons, between the hours of pray'r,
 To weep anew upon his simple tomb,
 Where green the long grass waves, and white the gawens
 bloom.”

It will be perceived from this sketch, that the design of the poem possesses originality, and that the execution is above mediocrity. The practice of virtue is strongly recommended; a strain of piety, and the spirit of genuine philanthropy pervade the whole performance; yet still the work is not without defects: several lines are affectedly stiff, and others not sufficiently explicit: The author discovers a strong poetical genius, but it wants cultivation. Some of the expressions in the quotations we have made, are liable to much censure; the notes which are added are sensible and well written: The smaller pieces consist chiefly of *odes* and *tales*, several of which are not destitute of merit.

The Union Gazetteer for Great Britain and Ireland, by Thomas Brown, 2 vols. Maps. Vernor & Co. London, and W. M.Feat, and Co. Glasgow, 8vo. 1807.

In these volumes Mr. Brown professes to give a “ concise, yet correct and authentic account of the topography, agriculture, manufactures, trade, population, remarkable ancient and modern buildings, natural and artificial curiosities, animal, vegetable, and mineral productions, local customs, police, literary institutions, &c. of every district of Great Britain.” So arduous an undertaking must have required much labour, and statistical research; yet to those articles which we have examined the author has done justice. He rates the population of England at 8,331,434 exclusive of the army and navy, &c. that of Ireland at near 4,000,000, and that of Scotland at 1,605,000. On the whole we believe we may say, with the author, that these volumes

“ contain a more valuable, and more varied mass of useful and entertaining information descriptive of, and relative to the present state of the different places, towns and districts that compose the *British Islands*, than is to be found in any other work of the kind.”

The Poetical Works of William Julius Mickle; including several original pieces, with a New Life of the Author. By the Rev. John Sim, A. B. late of St. Alban Hall, Oxford; small 12mo. 5s. Symonds, 1806.

From the dedication we learn that the *life* prefixed to these poems is the result of a promise repeatedly made to Mickle, that the author would write it, if he survived the poet, and is chiefly composed from his private correspondence, and from the information which he received from himself during an unreserved intimacy of more than sixteen years. As a poet, Mickle has not yet attained the celebrity to which he has a fair claim :

Mickle, who bade the strong poetic tide
Roll o'er Britannia's shores in Lusitanian pride.

His *Lusiad* is one of the noblest translations in the language; and his smaller poems possess elegance, vigour, feeling and imagination. The pieces contained in this volume, which have never before been published, consist of *Liberty*; an elegy to the memory of his Royal Highness Frederic Prince of Wales; two odes entitled ‘*May Day*,’ and ‘*Vicissitude*’; a *Fragment*; and a *Translation of the 68th psalm*. *May Day* is among his best performances, and the others will not discredit his name. Mr. Sim has also introduced into this little volume many other pieces which have been published in periodical works, but have never found their way into a regular collection of his poems.

The *Life* is full, satisfactory, and highly interesting. The biographer has made many numerous additions to the accounts by Dr. Anderson, Mr. Reed, and others. He has also noticed a coincidence in the lives of Mickle and Lord Nelson.

“ It is rather singular that the immortal Hero of Trafalgar should be born in the parsonage house of his father upon the same month with the subject of this memoir; that each should be the fourth son of a clergyman; that both should die in the same month; and that the number of letters composing their first and last names should be the same.”

We must confess we do not see any thing in this very remarkable.

Catholic Vindication. Substance of a Speech delivered by Mr. Edward Quin, in the Court of Common Council, at the Guildhall of the City of London, on Thursday, March 5th, 1807, against the Motion proposed by Mr. Deputy Birch for opposing the Catholic Bill. 8vo. 1s. Keating, Brown, and Co. 1807.

We will not say that we have been convinced by Mr. Quin's argument, that a bill to enable Papists to fill certain commissions in the army and navy, ought to pass the British Parliament; or that such a concession would "infuse new vigour into the Protestant establishment;" but it would be unjust to deny that he has made a most eloquent and animated speech on the side of the Catholics, and that he has proved himself well acquainted with the different bearings of this very intricate and important question, both with respect to our civil and religious establishment.

Mr. Quin contends, that "the withholding or deprivation of political rights, on account of the exercise of religion, is religious persecution, and that the only difference is, that while positive persecution inflicts tortures, and sheds blood, negative persecution depresses the noblest energies of the mind, consigns to disgrace and obscurity both natural and acquired talents, and stigmatizes its victims by recording their unfitness to serve their King and country, in employments which are filled by their fellow subjects, their neighbours, and frequently by their own relations." He concludes with imploring the enemies of the bill not to place themselves, at this enlightened period, in a descending, but in an ascending scale; not to be instrumental in reviving the prejudices and bigotries of former times. "Let me conjure them," he continues, "not to sit in inquisition on the consciences of their fellow-creatures and countrymen; not to carry the spirit of religious and political persuasion into the temple of that God, whose service is perfect freedom."

These specimens will suffice to shew that Mr. Quin, whose talents as an orator we have frequently admired, possesses also the pen of a ready and elegant writer. The motion of Mr. Deputy Birch, against which this able speech was delivered, was not carried; but the ministerial changes which have since occurred will of course render the repetition of any such motion quite unnecessary for the present.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

"A Broken Cake,"

Glee for Three Voices, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte; the Poetry translated from Anacreon, by Thomas Moore, Esq. The Music composed by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc.

This son of Apollo has so many formidable titles, that we cannot approach him without some degree of awe. From a knight and a doctor we naturally enough look for something more than commonly clever, more than usually striking, we expect to trace those marks of genius, and proofs of study, which obtained for their possessor such a pre-eminent distinction of rank and title. The present composition certainly displays no striking bursts of genius, or laboured efforts of science, but it possesses what will satisfy the world in general much better—the power of pleasing. The passages and the structure of the Glee are common enough, and the modulation is very confined; there is nevertheless something in it which with the multitude will infallibly render it popular. We do not approve the fashion of adding piano forte accompaniments to glees; it bespeaks a paucity of invention in the vocal parts, which the composer is glad to supply by something less substantial. Sir John Stevenson would establish a more permanent reputation by producing glees of more study and originality than the "Broken Cake." Perhaps he is content to write merely *ad captandum vulgus*, if not, he must produce something which shall display more true genius, before we can give him a place among our first glee writers.

"To Julia weeping."

A Canzonet, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte or Harp. The Poetry by Thomas Moore, Esq. The Music by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc.

This canzonet is quite in the style of Sir John Stevenson's other productions, simple and elegant. Some of the turns are new, and the whole composition, though certainly not very novel in its structure, is pleasing, and we have no doubt will become popular.

"If I swear by that Eye."

A Canzonet, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte or Harp. The Poetry by Thomas Moore, Esq. The Music by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc.

Sir John Stevenson is exactly the composer we should have chosen for Mr. Moore's words. There is a degree of prettiness in the poetry of this author, which never expands into any thing sublime or striking—this is precisely the case with Sir John Stevenson's music. It is always pretty, frequently elegant, never majestic or sublime. He is indeed so much of a mannerist, that what we have said of one of his compositions will apply with very little variation to all. The canzonet before us possesses no new or striking beauties—it is a col-

lection of pretty passages strung together, and supported by a well-arranged accompaniment. There is less originality in it, than in the last mentioned composition.

No. 1, The Vocal Magazine, consisting of Canzonets, Madrigals, Songs, Duets, Trios, Quartets, Glees, &c. composed by Joseph Kemp. To be continued Monthly.

Mr. Kemp has here undertaken an arduous task, if he means to trust entirely to his own invention, for the support of this work. He proposes to furnish a monthly number:—now to supply a constant succession of good compositions, requires a fertility of invention, and a versatility of talent, which it rarely falls to the lot of one man to possess. Every composer is more or less of a mannerist; in a miscellaneous publication; therefore, which is to be the sole production of one man, we must expect to find similar ideas, and similar passages, frequently recurring. However different in the titles, however divided into songs, glees, and duets, still the same style will prevail throughout. If then the task be difficult, no mean praise ought to be awarded to him who performs it well.—The first composition of this number, is a song, of which the melody is simple and plaintive, some of the passages are novel, and the accompaniment is judiciously arranged. The next, which Mr. Kemp, we don't know why, calls a madrigal, we must regard as merely inserted to fill up a certain quantity of paper; fortunately it occupies only one page. The duett which follows is easy and flowing, the parts in general sing well together, and the modulation is neatly managed. Mr. Kemp has supposed both his singers to possess a compass of nearly two octaves, which of course will prevent his duett from becoming a general favourite; by a little alteration he might have easily obviated this objection. The well known ballad of Barbara Allen which concludes the first number, is set in G minor. Mr. Kemp has here very successfully imitated the old ballad style; he has expressed the sentiment of the words in a very correct and appropriate melody, supported by a simple and judicious accompaniment.—On the whole we are inclined to think well of Mr. Kemp: as a composer he is correct, and frequently original,—how he will be able to support this undertaking his future numbers must discover: he has our wishes for its success.

A new Overture for the Piano Forte, in which is introduced, the favourite Air of Mounseer Nong-tong-paw, Dedicated to the Honourable Miss Georgina Lygon. Composed by Mr. Latour.

We really have played this overture twice through, in order to find something in it to praise, but alas "t'is all in vain." It is a very meagre composition indeed, not even the elegant air of Mounseer Nong-tong-paw has been able to give us a favourable opinion of it.

Petite Fantaisie, et la Contrariante, pour le Piano Forte. Dedié a Lady Emily Percy, par Louis Von Esch.

This is by no means one of M. Von Esch's best productions; to say the truth it is not worthy of him; it possesses neither the

elegance nor the originality of many of his compositions. If his aim be merely profit, he may do well to publish every thing that he writes, but if he desire also to acquire fame, he had much better publish such only of his compositions as are really good.

The Damask Rose,

A Favorite Ballad, written by J. B. Orme, Esq. Composed and respectfully dedicated to Mr. Braham, by T. Purday.

If this song be a fair specimen of Mr. Purday's abilities as a composer, we can assure him that he has completely mistaken his talent. As far as we can judge from the composition before us, he has not a single requisite for the task he has undertaken. That which he designs for the melody of his song, is in fact no melody at all, it is a collection of unmeaning passages strung together without taste or judgment. His bass is very ill arranged, and in the second part of the song we have two staring fifths between the bass and treble. We would sincerely advise Mr. Purday to give up all thoughts of appearing again in print, at least till he has gained a few more correct ideas of composition.

Poor Stolen Mary,

By Mr. E. Button; set to Music by F. H. Barthelemon, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano Forte.

Mr. Barthelemon is not a voluminous composer, but his productions are not on that account the less estimable. He is always correct, and generally rises far above mediocrity. The ballad before us, although simple, is highly expressive, and the accompaniment is managed in a scientific and masterly manner. We have no doubt of its becoming popular.

"Lucinda and Henry."

Written by Mr. E. Button, set to Music by J. Birch.

The principal fault of this song is want of connection. Instead of changing the time and character of his melody every few bars, Mr. Birch would have succeeded much better, if he had kept throughout to one style, and left it to the discretion of the singer to make such slight and occasional variations in the time and expression, as the sentiment of the words dictated. Throughout the song there is a fresh direction to the singer every two or three bars: we don't admire such perpetual prompting; it bespeaks a barrenness in the composition to need such constant artificial support. Some passages in the song are good, and we doubt not, with a little more experience, that Mr. Birch may become a respectable composer.

The Passions, in a series of Ten Songs, for the Voice and Piano Forte, written and composed by Mr. Dibdin.

Perhaps no man at present living has contributed so long and so much to the entertainment of the public as Mr. Dibdin. He is a rare instance of a man uniting in himself no mean degree of talent both as a poet and a musician. His compositions as a poet have a degree of point and originality peculiarly his own, and his musical productions display abundant marks of genius and correct taste. Indeed, considering the number and variety of his

songs, it is surprising how many good ones he has written. We hail his re-appearance in public with sincere pleasure, and rejoice that although he has laid aside the character of a public performer, he is still disposed to contribute his share to our amusement.—The songs before us profess to delineate some of the passions. In several of them Mr. Dibdin has succeeded, in some we think he has failed. Those on *Love*, *Friendship*, and *Cheerfulness*, we think decidedly the best; they possess more originality, and more care has been bestowed upon them than some of the others. The second song on *Mirth* is certainly very poor; we should guess it to have taken exactly as much time in composing as it would in copying. The words of all the songs are easy, spirited, and like all Mr. Dibdin's former productions—strictly moral. A few trifling inaccuracies of composition appear, in some of the songs, which Mr. Dibdin would do right to correct.

Dr. Haydn's Symphonies, arranged as Quintettos, for a Flute, two Violins, Tenor and Violoncello, with an adaptation or thorough Bass for the Piano Forte, by Dr. Hague, Professor of Music, in the University of Cambridge.

This is the second number of this work; it contains three of the most admired Symphonies of Haydn; all the effect that could be given in a work of this nature is here collected into five parts which, with the addition of the Piano Forte part, printed separately, seem complete; since Dr. Hague has considered the latter a substitute for horns, oboes, drum, double bass, &c. while the other instruments are employed in maintaining some essential subject or point. The piano-forte gives an orchestral effect, and sums up the harmony and contrivance of the whole.

The fingering, which is marked to some of the most difficult passages in the violins and violoncello part, shews Dr. Hague's knowledge of the instruments, and must prove acceptable to those who may be in need of such assistance.

We understand that this publication will consist of twelve of Haydn's symphonies, all different to those published by Mr. Salomon—which with Mr. Salomon's, must make a valuable chamber collection of that great Composer's instrumental works.

††† We are happy to learn that a new edition of Morley's madrigals and canzonets, is about to be published by a gentleman at Oxford, from manuscripts in the Bodleian library. No complete edition of this excellent Composer's works has appeared since their original publication in 1593. To all admirers of this kind of music, therefore, the present work will be a valuable acquisition.

Dr. Clarke, of Cambridge, is preparing for publication a collection of twelve manuscript glees. From the present productions of this author, and especially from some MS. glees which have fallen under our notice, we are inclined to expect a valuable addition to our vocal harmony.

Dr. Callcott's Musical Essays will appear in the course of this year.

(Notices of musical publications will be thankfully received, and inserted in this department of our work.)

THE DRAMA.

 ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.—*Shakspeare.*

THE CURFEW,

BY THE LATE JOHN TOBIN, ESQ.

Author of the Honeymoon.

THE *Honeymoon* was quite a novelty in the modern drama; a comedy in blank verse, written in the style of our elder bards, and possessing sufficient bustle, humour, and interest, to please every description of auditors. The present play is built upon the same model; but it is of a *tragic* cast, and has much less merit, as a drama, than the *Honeymoon*, though in point of language it is equal, if not superior to that production.

The title it bears of the *Curfew*, has little to do with the incidents: it merely marks the time and scene of action, and any other time and scene might have been selected, without materially affecting the interest of the piece. As the play is printed, the author shall tell some of his story in his own language, which, since it is its best recommendation, we shall not grudge the space it will occupy:

Baron. I am not native of this isle,
 But born in Normandy.
 I wedded there, long since, an English lady
 Most rare in her endowments.
 Possess'd of such a woman, for no cause,
 But the excess of her perfections,
 Compared with my weak merits to deserve them—
 From love's extremest dotage I fell off
 To sudden jealousy; in which dark mood,
 A letter reach'd me in an unknown hand;
 Containing nought but this—"Look to your wife."
 This letter was soon follow'd by another,
 Which circumstantially disclos'd my shame,
 And made surmise conviction—pointed out
 The time, when I might find, in mine own chamber,
 My wife in guilty converse with a lover.
 Think with what pangs I waited for that hour—

When, as advis'd, I did surprise my wife
 In secret with a man.
 I stabb'd the woman : her companion fled,
 And in the darkness of the night escap'd me.
 Returning quickly back, I found my wife too,
 Whose wound tho' deep was nothing dangerous,
 Had, with our only son, a tender infant,
 Fled in most wild amazement—soon in safety
 She reach'd the nearest sea-port—thence embarking
 For this her native land, they were both wreck'd ;
 And with the rest of that devoted crew
 In the wide bosom of the ocean perish'd.
 My wife was spotless—that same precious villain—
 For that he was a villain soon was palpable,—
 In a last letter, closed this scene of horror
 With these emphatic words, which, as I read them,
 Were graven on my heart:—"Your wife was innocent,
 Yet I'm but half reveng'd."

Many may be inclined to think, with us, that the husband is but a silly sort of a gentleman, and that the wife was tolerably lucky in getting on board a vessel, considering that she had received a *deep wound*, and that the effusion of blood was probably pretty abundant ; but she is in truth a very extraordinary lady, as *you shall see anon*. The vessel was wrecked, and all on board perished, *except* herself and son, who floated together on "the *guardian waves* which bore their *trembling burden*" to the English coast. She had before been dagger-proof, and now appears to have been one of those who are *not born to be drowned*, though some time afterwards she was very near being hanged for a sorceress. She has been fortunate enough to save a little money from the wreck, and with this buys a cottage. Here, with her son, she has lived for a number of years. The villagers look upon her as a witch (what would they have said if they had seen her riding on the *guardian waves*?) and the boy, when he is grown up, joins a band of robbers, who had taken up their abode in a neighbouring forest.

Their captain, *Fitzharding*, is the villain who had excited the Baron's groundless jealousy, and who not having quite done with him, follows him from Normandy to England, and there lies in wait to execute upon him some signal vengeance, in requital for his having been branded on the shoulder, by the Baron's orders, for shewing some symptoms of insubordination and mutiny, while serving under him as a soldier. Such is the con-

dition of the characters when the play commences. The Baron, whose conscience is heavy-laden, sends to a priest, whom he has never seen, but of whose skill in restoring peace to the afflicted mind he has heard much, to receive his confession. Dunstan, "this reverend holy friar," is intercepted by Fitzharding on his way to the Baron, and compelled, after resigning his hood and cloak, to return back to his convent. In this disguise, he repairs to the castle, and having listened to the Baron's remorse and contrition, appoints a meeting in a retired spot, where a monument has been erected to the supposed drowned lady, for the performance of some pious ceremony which is to make the poor Norman *his own man again*. In the mean time, however, Matilda has been brought before him under a charge of witchcraft, and availing herself of the prejudice against her, offers to restore the Baron's wife in *propria persona* to his view. She suspects the friar to have *two faces under his hood*, and resolves to attend at the *more removed ground* where he and the Baron are to be engaged in their pious duties. Here at the appointed time they meet, and Fitzharding concluding that he has now worked his foe into the toils, discovers himself, recites his injuries at length, which the Baron listens to with much *sang froid*, and when the ruffian produces the dagger to dispatch him, very naturally runs away bawling *murder and thieves*, something like *Scrub*, and Fitzharding, who thinks that after a lapse of twenty years, and encountering so much peril to get him into his clutches, he ought not so easily to escape, as naturally runs after him. At this moment the *sham Witch*, who is lying *en ambuscade* behind the monument, stalks between them, and the Baron's vassals then making their appearance, the branded Captain of the robbers is taken into custody, and though the injured noble kindly offers to shake hands with him and make it up, he prefers the solitude of a dungeon "in which he may curse him privately," and struts off the stage with a full determination of *dying game*.

There is a sort of underplot which is not much less absurd. Florence, the Baron's daughter, is beloved by his vassal Bertrand, who urges her to elope with him. The lady observes that they must "part to meet no more," for that her father will never consent to their union, but the very next moment offers him her hand,

and engages at night to meet him at the place of appointment. *Bertrand* advises her to come dress'd like a "cap'ring knight," to avoid suspicion; but as *Florence* had made up her mind to marry him, she might as well have gone off with him at once, since the same way by which *Bertrand* retreated unobserved from the castle, was open to her, and the difficulty as well as danger of a solitary escape might thus have been avoided. *Bertrand* now takes his leave, and before his mistress retires to consult the tailor about her male attire, the Baron enters, and suspecting that the lovers are about to play him a trick, commands her to give up all thoughts of *Bertrand*, on pain of his bitter persecution while he lives, and at his death his *curse as her portion*. The enamour'd daughter, glad of any excuse for doing what she wishes, misinterprets this into a formal renunciation of her, and is consequently more determined to disobey him. "Bertrand," she exclaims, "I am all thine," though she has some notion that he may prove like many other husbands, and now and then give her a few *sharp words* and *frowning looks*, which, however, she thinks she can bear better than his *cold civility*.

As might naturally be expected, our "cap'ring knight," falls into the hands of the robbers, and *Bertrand* comes to her rescue, only to have the mortification of seeing her carried off by the banditti, and of being himself surrounded by the Baron's vassals, who hurry him away to the castle to give some account of his conduct. The Baron taxes him with the obscurity of his birth, which gives the young man an opportunity of talking very sensibly, but rather boisterously, on the superior merit of individual exertions over mere hereditary rank. His arguments, however, are not admitted, and he is handed back a prisoner to the Baron's vassals. *Florence* in the mean time has been conveyed to the robbers' cave, and because she seems to have listened to the discourse of the thieves, it is settled that she must be murdered. Robert (the *Witch's* son) is selected to perform this pleasant office—but Herman, another of the banditti, does not like Robert's hesitating consent to do the deed; and when his comrades depart "to skirt the wood," he says he will stay and see it done; and then retires to watch the butcher and the lamb. The scene that follows is a transcript from one in King John. *Florence* entreats like *Arthur*, Robert insists

like *Hubert*. The artless pleadings of the boy at length prevail, and the intended murderer melts into the kind preserver. From *King John* we are conveyed to the *Children in the Wood*. The sanguinary Herman who has been peeping at all this ceremony, now makes his appearance to do the job that his companion had declined. Robert (*Walter*) appeals to Herman's (*Oliver's*) feelings, but he has none. Supplication therefore is succeeded by force, and the blood-thirsty Herman is *dead and buried* in a twinkling.

Robert conducts his charge to his mother's hovel, from whence, a general *search-warrant* having been issued for the witch's apprehension, and all her inmates, she is conveyed to the Baron's castle, unrecognized of course both by her father and his vassals, because it is one of the *canons* in dramatic composition that a suit of boy's cloaths shall always, by a sort of talismanic operation: alter the *features of the face*. In the fourth act, the best in the play, the principal characters are all together: the Baron, with his confessor and enemy *in disguise*; his daughter *in disguise*, and his wife *in disguise*, vindicating herself from the accusation preferred against her by the villagers. We have already said that the Baron is a very *silly gentleman*, and there is certainly consistency in his folly. The conduct of the sham friar is equivocal throughout; *Florence* assures him that an immediate attack upon his castle is intended; three robbers are detected under his roof in the habit of minstrels; and yet he does nothing but draw the conclusion that "there must be something in it:" truly a very shrewd and subtle inference. The remaining incidents we have already narrated, except what is almost too obvious to need mention, that the Baron finds his wife, his son, his daughter, and his son-in-law, all at the same moment, and then tells us that he will go *in* (though he is *in* his castle already,)

"———To shake amazement from his senses
[And] "Discourse more fully on these prodigies."

We have seldom been present at a play which exhibits so much artifice in its plot, with such improbability and impossibility in the incidents. No one circumstance seems to flow from any necessary cause. We have shewn, in our sketch of the fable, some of its monstrosities. A woman deeply wounded, snatching up her son, and without seeking an explanation from her husband, or cast-

ing a thought on her infant daughter, reaching a vessel in safety ; afterwards carried by the waves to her native coast ; living there for a length of time in poverty and contempt, close to her husband's castle, without seeking for an explanation of his conduct, or explaining, herself, the object of the man's visit who was detected in her apartment, although the Baron's penitence might easily have been learnt, and the restoration of her son to his family rights, and her daughter's unprotected situation, seemed so forcibly to demand an effort towards a reconciliation : all this is incredible. As an English lady, too, it is strange that she should prefer to live so long in her native land, thus miserable and despised, without an application to her own family.

The *Baron* is a being also of whose conduct, upon common principles, we know not how to judge. He desires his daughter to "learn to love" *Bertrand*. When she has learnt her lesson, and tells him she is perfect, he says, he was "only *dreaming*" when he imposed the task upon her, and gives her the choice of marrying *Bertrand* or of resigning *him*. As he might now be in another *dream*, she exercises the freedom he offers her, and makes up her mind to a husband. He behaves to *Bertrand* in a similar way, encourages him to pay his addresses, and when he has done so, expresses his wonder that his vassal should presume to seek an alliance with his noble house. *Bertrand* had, besides, saved his life in battle. Thus, at the time he is groaning beneath the weight of a crime which, under the circumstances of its commission, might be excused as unpremeditated, and almost justifiable, and is seeking his peace with heaven, he is intentionally guilty of gross injustice and cruelty ; and to *lighten* his tender conscience of the load which the death of his *wife* and *son* have left upon it, coolly parts with his *remaining child*, just as a master in modern days would with one of his servants—not, however, without having first given her a *regular warning*.

Fitzharding, the hero of the piece, is a more inexplicable fellow still. He suffers the Baron to live for a number of years, that he may be the victim of a tormented conscience, and afterwards puts himself to a world of trouble, and his life to the most imminent hazard, to release him from his misery by killing him. That a man of his high spirit should link with a gang of cut-throats at all, is not much in character ; but that he should do this to accomplish an object which he could

have effected without so many *honourable* associates, is still more extraordinary. He wanted only to kill the man he hates, and the assistance of the robbers is unnecessary for his purpose.

The same want of "dependency of thing on thing," is apparent throughout the play. The Author wished to produce a few strong effects, and whether they resulted from natural causes formed no part of his consideration. To make a *murder-scene*, and keep the spectator palpitating a few minutes between the uplifted dagger of the executioner and the imploring anxiety of the terrified victim, *Florence* must die: though it was easy to prevent her discovering the robbers' plot, by merely confining her; and Herman must be distinguished as a most ferociously bloody villain, because a *little fighting* always pleases the gallery.

The plagiarisms are numerous. Some of them have been pointed out. The *Battle of Hexham*, *Much ado*, *King John*, the *Winter's Tale*, *Children in the Wood*, &c. &c. have furnished the Author both with incident and language. *Walter*, the Curfew-toller, is a mixture of *Dogbery* and *Crazy*. *Fitzharding* is a Zanga, clumsily pursuing a lower species of revenge for an indignity which he brought upon himself. Margaret's description of the Outlaw's life is taken from *Gondibert's* speech to *Adeline*. The Robbers are also the same as those in the *Battle of Hexham*, and we wanted nothing but our favourite catch, "*When Arthur first at Court began*," to make the resemblance complete. The Dialogue is an avowed imitation; but imitation must have its bounds. We will allow the Author to have his "commandement" in four syllables:

"When lovers cheat the stern command-e-ment;"

but when we hear such parallels as these, we must beg to cry, *hold*.

"In the wide bosom of the ocean perish'd"

Curfew.

"In the deep bosom of the ocean buried"

Shakespeare.

"Plant wrinkles on the blooming cheek of youth"

Curfew.

"Stamp wrinkles on the brow of youth"

K. Lear.

"I almost trust thee, for thou dost not swear"

Curfew.

"But if he swears he'll certainly deceive thee"

Orphan.

It may, perhaps, be thought that we look at this play

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with an eye too little indulgent ; but we are by no means insensible of Mr. Tobin's great merit, and our observations can be admissible no further than they shall be just. We allow that Mr. Tobin had an extensive acquaintance with the old writers ; with the structure of their versification, and their peculiar modes of expression ; that his mind was strongly impregnated with a true poetical taste, and that he had language at command, smooth, elegant, bold, and impassioned, to clothe his thoughts in the very garb of his favourite authors, without any appearance of labour or stiffness. But it does not appear that he possessed any creative faculty. Originality he has shewn none. Every thing is borrowed, though certainly with a grace and dexterity which seldom in a degree so remarkable attend the process of imitation.

Yet we cannot applaud the practice of going two hundred years back for our dramatic dialogue. Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger and Shakspeare, adopted the phraseology of their own time. We admire and must ever feel its force and beauty in their original works, but distilled through the limbeck of imitation, much of its spirit must inevitably evaporate. The diction of a poet is inheritable, but not his mind. Of what service, then, are imitators to the stage ?

The PROLOGUE is much superior to Prologues in general, and the Epilogue by Mrs. Opie does her very great credit.

We shall next month give some specimens of the composition ; and offer a few remarks on the acting.

A COMPARISON BETWEEN MILTON AND SHAKSPEARE,

By Dr. Symonds.

Among the compositions of our own country, *COMUS* certainly stands unrivaled for its affluence in poetic imagery and diction ; and, as an effort of the creative power, it can be paralleled only by the *MUSE OF SHAKSPEARE*, by whom, in this respect, it is possibly exceeded.

With Shakspeare the whole, with exception to some rude outlines or suggestions of the story, is the immediate emanation of his own mind : but Milton's erudi-

tion prohibited him from this extreme originality, and was perpetually supplying him with thoughts, which would sometimes obtain the preference from his judgment, and would sometimes be mistaken for her own property by his invention. Original, however, he is; and of all the sons of song inferior in this requisite of genius only to Shakspeare. Neither of these wonderful men was so far privileged above his species as to possess other means of acquiring knowledge than through the inlets of the senses, and the subsequent operations of the mind on this first mass of ideas. The most exalted of human intelligences cannot form one mental phantasm uncompounded of this visible world. Neither Shakspeare nor Milton could conceive a sixth corporal sense, or a creature absolutely distinct from the inhabitants of this world. A Caliban, or an Ariel; a devil, or an angel, are only several compositions and modifications of our animal creation; and heaven and hell can be built with nothing more than our terrestrial elements newly arranged and variously combined. The distinction, therefore, between one human intelligence and another must be occasioned solely by the different degrees of clearness, force, and quickness, with which it perceives, retains, and combines. On the superiority in these mental faculties it would be difficult to decide between those extraordinary men, who are the immediate subjects of our remark: for, if we are astonished at that power, which, from a single spot, as it were, could collect sufficient materials for the construction of a world of its own, we cannot gaze without wonder at that proud magnificence of intellect, which rushing, like some mighty river, through extended lakes, and receiving into its bosom the contributory waters of a thousand regions, preserves its course, its name, and its character, entire. With Milton, from whatever mine the ore may originally be derived, the coin issues from his own mint with his own image and superscription, and passes into currency with a value peculiar to itself. To speak accurately, the mind of Shakspeare could not create; and that of Milton invented with equal, or nearly equal, power and effect. If we admit, in the *Tempest*, or the *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, a higher flight of the inventive faculty, we must allow a less interrupted stretch of it in the *Comus*: in this poem there may be something, which might have been corrected by the revising

judgment of its author; but its errors in thought and language, are so few and trivial that they must be regarded as the inequality of the plumage, and not as the depression or the unsteadiness of the wing. The most splendid results of Shakspeare's poetry are still urged, and separated by some interposing defect: but the poetry of the Comus may be contemplated as a series of gems strung on golden wire, where the sparkle shoots along the line with scarcely the intervention of one opake spot.

ORATORIOS.

To the Bishop of London,

My Lord,

IT is now near twelve years since I publicly addressed your Lordship, through the medium of a popular periodical work, on the disgraceful and impious *melange* which is suffered to be exhibited in the theatre on the Wednesdays and Fridays throughout Lent. My appeal was ineffectual, and this repetition may, perhaps, be equally successful. But as the practice which I then reprobated still continues, and my sentiments respecting it remain unaltered, I shall once more discharge my duty by directing your Lordship's attention to a subject which is so well worthy of it, in the hope that some remedy may be applied to an evil which no pious man can observe without shuddering, and which, as it amounts to little short of *blasphemy*, must be grievously offensive in the eyes of God.

My Lord, I presume that the prohibiting the performance of *plays* on those nights, arose from the consideration that the solemnity of the Lent Festival ought not to be disturbed by any amusements calculated to divert the mind from those serious and devout reflections which, at such a season, it is incumbent on every sincere Christian to indulge. But if I prove to your Lordship, as I trust I shall, that the "Lenten Entertainment" offered to the public with the avowed and admitted design of celebrating the passion of OUR SAVIOUR, and of exciting our devotions and gratitude by means of "*sacred music*," is polluted by a mixture of words and subjects which, so far from being allied to any thing *sacred*, are, in the

strictest and most legitimate sense of the word, *profane*, often an *incitement to mirth*, and sometimes *obscene*; I shall then be entitled, I think, to demand of your Lordship that this abominable offence against morality and religion be prohibited for the future, unless some sufficient reason can be assigned why it has been permitted to continue so long.

Of SACRED MUSIC I am a fervent admirer, and my soul has often yielded to the 'divine enchanting ravishment' of Handel's *Messiah*. The composer has caught the sublimity of his subject, and I have felt myself agitated, during the performance, with alternate emotions of grief, awe, gratitude, delight, and adoration. But how have I been shocked with the intrusions which, not unfrequently, break in upon the sensations so appropriately excited. I speak now of the evenings when there are given what they call *Grand Selections*. When transitions are made from *Holy, holy, Lord*, to the *Soldier tir'd; I know that my Redeemer liveth*, to Sir John Stuart and the *Battle of Maida; Glory to God in the highest*, to *England's King and England's Glory;—Pious orgies*, to *O the pleasure;..Endless, mighty God*, to *Mad Bess*. These transitions, my Lord, you must admit, are as abrupt to the imagination, and as grossly sacrilegious, as if your Lordship were to dance a *hornpipe* in the middle of a charity sermon, or the organist to strike up a *jig tune* after the first verse of an anthem. Let us see how well such a selection of *sacred* music accords:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men."

"I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand in the latter days upon the earth."

Again

"He shall feed his flocks like a shepherd, and shall gently lead those that are with young."

"O the pleasures of the plains.
Happy nymphs and happy swains,
(Harmless, merry, free, and gay,)
Dance and sport the hours away."

"O ruddier than the cherry!
O sweeter than the berry!
O nymph more bright
Than moon-shine night,
Like kidlings blithe and merry."

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring
with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton
wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed
smiles;
Sport that wrinkled care derides;
And laughter holding both his
sides."

"O God when thou appear'st, &c."	"Bacchus' blessings are a treasure, Drinking is the soldier's pleasure."
"Tears such as angels weep"	"The prince unable to conceal his pain,
"The Lord is a man of war"	Gaz'd on the fair, Who caus'd his care,
"He was eyes unto the blind"	And sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd and look'd,
"Lord what is man"	Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
"He gave them hailstones"	At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
"Where is this stupendous stranger"	The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Here we have in this *musical masquerade* the most affecting and awful passages of Scripture combined with the fables of the heathen mythology, and the mirthful rhapsodies of our own poets: *The Lord is a man of war*, and a British army defeating the French in Sicily; the King of Kings, and George the Third; The mighty God, and *Mad Bess*; *Tears such as angels weep*, and *Laughter* holding both his sides; Christ feeding his flocks like a shepherd, and Dancing nymphs and merry kiddings; soldiers and drinking; Bacchus and Polyphemus; Our Saviour expiring on the cross, and a drunken hero sinking on the breast of a Grecian courtesan!!

And this, my Lord, is *sacred music*! This is the blasphemous *hodge-podge* at which your Lordship (not without serious and repeated notice) has connived; which the Legislature sanctions; and which the Lord Chamberlain, who seems to be satisfied with holding his office without discharging its duties, has not thought proper to interrupt. Such is the celebration of that great event in which all the Christian world is interested, and to make way for which the actors are driven from their own boards; as if a moral drama, inculcating virtuous sentiments, were not infinitely preferable to an *Oratorio*, which, while it affects to praise and to adore, treats the Divine Majesty with a species of mockery and insult, worse a thousand times, in my opinion, as coming from *believing* CHRISTIANS, than that which the *disbelieving* JEWS offered to the MESSIAH, when they 'spit upon

him, and bowing their knees in derision, worshipped him, and gave him gall and vinegar to drink.'

I am more particularly induced at the present moment to address your Lordship upon this subject, because a kind of *half-measure* has been adopted, this *Lent*, to prevent its being violated by public exhibitions. Mr. Palmer, who last season was allowed to give Readings at the Lyceum, has been forbidden to repeat them. Other places of evening amusement, heretofore open, have also been closed. The public are debarred from enjoying a recreation in itself allowable and innocent, but they may go without impediment to the theatre; because *that place*, though shut against its rightful tenants is fully *authorized* to *burlesque* the Christian religion, its followers, its ministers, and its adorable Founder.

I shall expect next year to see the Bishop of London, and the Lord Chamberlain of the Household, standing at the Two Box Doors with the Crozier and White Staff, publicly inviting the people to assist at this *solemn mockery*.

I am, my Lord,

Good Friday, Your Lordship's very humble servant,
March 27, 1807. CLERICUS.

THE FIRST AND SECOND FOLIO EDITIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.

From Mr. Beloe's Literary Anecdotes.

PERHAPS there is no book in the English language which has risen so rapidly in value as the first edition of the works of our great natural poet.

I can remember a very fine copy to have been sold for five guineas. I could once have purchased a superb one for nine guineas. At the sale of Dr. Monro's books it was purchased for thirteen guineas; and two years since, I was present when thirty-six guineas were demanded for a copy.

I take this opportunity of correcting a mistake of Mr. Steevens, relative to the second folio edition of Shakspeare.

Dr. Askew had a fine copy of this book, with the autograph of Charles the First. Mr. Steevens purchased it at Dr. Askew's sale for 5l. 10s. In this book, Charles the First had written these words: *DUM SPIRO SPERO*, C. R.. And Sir Henry Herbert, to whom the King presented it the night before his execution, had also written, "Ex dono serenissimi Regis Car. Servo suo Humiliss. T. Herberts."

Mr. Steevens has been guilty of an error concerning this Sir Thomas Herbert, which could hardly have been expected from so very accurate a pen. He affirms that this Sir Thomas Herbert was Master of the Revels, the following words being copied from his own handwriting: "Sir Thomas Herbert was Master of the Revels to King Charles the First." Whereas it was a Sir Henry Herbert who had that office. This mistake was immediately detected and rectified by his present Majesty, in his own hand, by which circumstance this book possesses the autographs of two sovereigns of England. Beneath the above words of Mr. Steevens, his present Majesty has written thus:

"This is a mistake, he (Sir Thomas Herbert) having been Groom of the Bed Chamber to King Charles I. but Sir Henry Herbert was Master of the Revels."

Dr. Askew purchased this identical copy at Dr. Mead's sale for two guineas and a half. For this book, says Steevens, I gave the *enormous* sum of 5l. 10s. It was purchased for the King's Library for eighteen guineas. I wonder what, under its present circumstances, it would produce at this time.

TOWN AND COUNTRY,

A Comedy by Thomas Morton, Esq.

TO this gentleman the public are infinitely indebted. His former comedies rank with the best which the age has produced, and will be selected by posterity from the perishable trash of the day, as the fairest specimens of our dramatic composition. The present is not his happiest performance, but its merits are nevertheless very striking, and in popularity and attraction it is likely to vie with the most favourite productions of his pen.

The plot is full of business and intricacy; perhaps it is rather too much involved. To follow it would be difficult, and as we find we have not the room to render it justice, we shall merely state the leading circumstances.

The strong interest consists in the supposed voluntary elopement of *Rosalie Somers* from her guardian in Wales, with a man of fashion, whom accident has brought into the family. *Reuben*, a man of strong feelings and the most honourable character, is ardently attached to her, and had reason to think his affection returned. The sudden departure of *Rosalie*, and her apparent preference of another, acts like a death-blow to his hopes. He sinks immediately into despondency, and almost into distraction; but tidings arrive that his brother, an officer in the army, the victim of London dissipation and vice, is on the verge of ruin; his virtuous feelings are again excited, and to save this unfortunate youth he hastens to London.

He finds his brother at the gaming table, having just lost the whole of his property, and on the point of self-destruction. The man who had by a villainous artifice seduced *Rosalie* from her friends, has, like another *Stukeley*, prevailed on *Captain Glenroy* to stake his last shilling on the dice, in order to accomplish his base views on the wife, who is virtuous, but indiscreet, and too fond of fashionable connections. *Reuben* has the satisfaction of rescuing her brother from impending ruin, of recalling *Mrs. Glenroy* to the duties of domestic life, of exposing and punishing the fashionable destroyer of private repose, and of recovering, still faithful and unpolluted, his beloved *Rosalie Somers*.

The character of *Reuben* has occupied the author's particular attention. All his scenes are most interesting and important, but particularly that in which he is apprised of *Rosalie's* flight, and the interview with her brother and *Plastic*. The warm and active interest he takes in the welfare of others, while he has himself so strong a claim on our sympathy, renders his character doubly engaging. The comic characters are powerfully drawn, and have as much originality as can reasonably be expected, considering that the track is so beaten and hacknied. *Cosey*, an honest stock-broker, prefers the comforts, or what others would perhaps call the miseries of London, to all the charms of a country life, but carries wherever he goes a feeling-heart and a charitable

hand. *Trot*, on the contrary, who is hurried by his wife, a *would-be* woman of fashion, to town, to squander in its multifarious diversions, some of the wealth he has amassed as a cotton-spinner, sighs to hear once more the clack of his mill, and rejoices at the loss of a considerable part of his fortune, because it makes it necessary for him to return to Staffordshire and rural felicity. Both these characters are pourtrayed with infinite humour.

The Language in the serious scenes is vigorous, elegant, and impressive. The lighter dialogue is easy and vivacious, and gleams occasionally with wit, particularly in the scenes in which *Mrs. Glenroy* is concerned. The sentiments are not interspersed merely to catch applause, they flow naturally from the incidents, and strike home to the heart. The vice and misery of *gaming* are exhibited in the strongest colours, and the wickedness and unnatural cruelty of tearing a child from its maternal pillow, to derive its nourishment from a stranger's breast, are marked with just and pointed reprehension. The foibles and depravities of high life, so often traced and censured, are lashed with an unsparing hand. They are a dramatic writer's fair game, and we know nobody who is better *qualified* to hunt them down, or is a more unerring marksman, than Mr. Morton.

Of the Acting we cannot speak too highly. Kemble played admirably, and treated us into the bargain with another specimen of his vicious orthoëpy, by pronouncing *legislature*, *leegizlitchure*: ("a plague of these antic, affected fantasticos, these *new tuners of accents*.") He dressed the character also with ridiculous and affected singularity. A man like *Reuben*, the son of a Welsh clergyman, and who delights to catch the breeze among his native mountains, would hardly wear a pair of fashionable Hessian boots, and fill his hair with powder. Fawcett, in *Cosey*, was, to use his own phrase, *what we call comfortable*. He brings out the part very boldly, and displays in it all his characteristic humour and spirit. Blanchard had the disadvantage of acting a part written expressly for Munden, and of studying it at a short notice; but he performed it in a very able manner, and was greatly applauded. The Author is particularly indebted to Mr. Charles Kemble for the judgment with which he supported so obnoxious a character as *Plastic*, which, in less respectable hands,

might have proved fatal to the piece. The Ladies, upon whom the Author has not made a very strong call, did every justice to their respective characters. A Song is introduced by Miss Tyrer, with a harp accompaniment. It is pretty enough, and was very sweetly sung, but both the *air* and the *accompaniment* should have been in the style of the Welsh music.

Upon the whole, the new comedy possesses every recommendation to render it attractive, both in *Town and Country*.

LULLI,

THE CELEBRATED FRENCH MUSICIAN.

THIS great Musician was one day reproached with setting nothing to music but the languid verses of Quinault. He ran immediately to his harpsichord, and with great violence of gesture, sang from Racine's tragedy of "Iphigenie" the following terrific lines:

Un pretre environné, d'une foule cruelle
Portera sur ma fille, une main criminelle
Dechirera son sein, et d'un œil curieux
Dans son cœur palpitant consultera les Dieux.

Lulli, thinking himself dying, sent for his confessor, who would not give him absolution unless he burnt the last opera he had composed, and which was in manuscript. Lulli disputed for some time, but all in vain; at last he threw it into the fire before the priest's face, and received absolution. On his getting better, the Prince of Condé came to see him, and told him what a simpleton he had been to destroy one of his finest compositions. "Do not condemn me, Sir, unheard," replied the musician to the Prince, "I knew very well what I was about: I have another copy." Lulli died at last of a wound which he had given himself in his foot, by beating time with too much violence with his cane. Agitated by the extreme remorse for the free life which he had led, he ordered himself to be placed upon ashes, and a rope to be put about his neck, and with tears in his eyes expired, chanting from the "*Prosa Ecclesiastica*" of the Romish church, "Oh wretched sinner, you must die!"

When Cardinal d'Estrées was at Rome, he praised Corelli's Sonatas very much before that exquisite Author. "Sir," replied Corelli, "if they have any merit, it is because I have studied Lulli." Handel himself has imitated Lulli in many of his Overtures.

POETRY.

CRIMORA AND CONNAL.

The Subject from Ossian.

CRIMORA mourn'd for Connal slain,
 Slain by her erring dart ;
 He bleeds—her Connal dies in pain !
 It bursts Crimora's heart.

With grief the pensive maiden died ;
 Together now they sleep ;
 Their tomb is yonder mountain's pride,
 Where rushing whirlwinds sweep.

Between its stones wild grass peeps forth.
 To catch the wind's rude sigh,
 From wildest regions of the North,
 It spreads its bitter cry.

Whilst autumn gives her darkest hue,
 Loud doth the storm-fiend rave ;
 Cold falls the sad and silvery dew,
 Upon their gloomy grave.

Feb. 3, 1807.

J. M. L.

LINES.

UPON A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY APPEARING AT THE
EXHIBITION.

WHEN lovely Delphine sought the crowded scene,
 The painter's mimic power no longer mov'd,
 All turn'd to gaze upon her beauteous mien ;
 None envied her, for as they look'd, they lov'd ;
 Amid the proud display of forms so fair,
 Of each fine tint the pencil can impart,
 Nature with rapture seem'd to lead her there,
 To prove how she could triumph over Art.

I. C.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.

1807.

- | | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| Feb. 19.—Curfew (first time] | March 3. Ib.—Tekeli. |
| Anatomist. | 5. Ib.—Weathercock. |
| 21. Ib.—Devil to pay. | 7. Ib.—Tekeli. |
| 23. Ib.—Tekeli. | 9. Ib.—Weathercock. |
| 24. Ib.—Emily — Virgin | 10. Ib.—Tekeli. |
| unmas'kd. | 12. Ib.—Young Hussar |
| 26. Ib.—My Grandmo- | (first time) |
| ther. | 14. 16. 17. Ib. |
| 28. Ib.—Tekeli. | 19. False Alarms—Ib. |
| March 2. Ib.—Weathercock. | 21. Travellers—Citizen. |

With the exception of the *Curfew*, of which we have given a full account in a preceding page, the only New Piece produced at this theatre is the *Hussar*, an operatic entertainment, by Mr. Dimond. It is evidently from a French original, and is so far unfortunate, that, besides its being unskillfully adapted to our stage, it follows, though at an immeasurable distance, incidents of a similar nature, already more forcibly, and more interestingly represented in the *Escapes* and *Tekeli*. The dialogue is tedious and trite. The musick by Kelly, like his other compositions, is simple and pleasing, and the duet between Mrs. Mountain and Mrs. Bland extremely spirited; but in general the airs were rather heavy, and what is remarkable on a first night, not one of them was *encored*. The *Hussar* was performed by Mr. Elliston, who plays too incessantly for his fame. Mrs. Mountain looked, sung, and acted charmingly.

A Melo-Drame by Mr. Monk Lewis, called *The Wood Dæmon*; or, *The Clock has Struck*; and a Comedy by Mr. Cherry, are expected very shortly.

COVENT GARDEN.

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|----------------------------|-------------------------|
| Feb. 21. Wheel of Fortune. | March 5. Tempest |
| 23. Richard III. | 7. Hamlet. |
| 24. Jealous Wife. | 9. Richard III. |
| 26. Tempest. | 10. Town and Country |
| 28. Every Man in his | (first time) Quaker. |
| humour. | 12. 14. 16. 17. 19. 21. |
| March 2. Oroonoko. | Town and Country. |
| 3. Man of the World. | |

. Except on the first night of the new Comedy, *Mother Goose*, was acted on all the above nights.

The comedy of the *Town and Country*, of which some slight mention is made in another department, and the popular pantomime of *Mother Goose*, have brought crowded houses to every night's performance. The *golden eggs* are gathering into the treasury in prodigious quantities.

A grand Ballet or Melo-drame (we know not which) is in preparation against Whitsuntide. The subject is from the *Fairy Tales*. Mr. Cherry has an opera at this theatre; Mr. Allingham, a farce; and the Honourable Mr. Lamb, an operatic drama, called *Whistle for't*, which has been acted once or twice at Lord Abercorn's private theatre.

THE COUNTRY THEATRES, &c.

Theatre Royal EDINBURGH.—The beautiful Mrs. Orger continues to delight us as an actress in lively singing characters, she, like many of the old company, having contrived to make up matters with the manager, after their quarrel. Notwithstanding her great merit, which I feel happy in declaring, I cannot help remarking deficiencies which I trust she will endeavour to remedy. Her enunciation is quick, snappish, and consequently indistinct; hence in ballad singing, notwithstanding the sweetness of her tones, a defective articulation too often renders her unintelligible. Her action and deportment, in consequence of repeated tossings of the head, and sudden jerkings of the body, are often girlish and ungraceful; and hence she appears at times even awkward, notwithstanding the captivating vivacity, and fascinating gaiety she can so well exhibit, and these joined to one of the loveliest figures and faces in the universe. When she has attained a more dignified, or a more respectable deportment, an articulation less varied and rapid, and action more graceful, more impressive and more varied, she will be an excellent actress. The gifts of nature, however lavishly bestowed, are not alone sufficient to the theatrical candidate.—The wild rose wastes, its sweetness unnoticed or disregarded; cultivated by art it becomes the ornament of the garden, nature's proudest boast, and the object of universal admiration and desire.

In dignified tho' elegant deportment, spiritedness and sprightliness of action and manner, *Dwyer* (at the head of our comedians) yields to few in Britain. In certain characters—Belcour, Charles, Wilding, &c. I really think him, (when in the humour to do them justice) almost equal to any on the British boards.—He is not however at all times equal, or rather, will he always attempt to be so.

Evatt, a sound actor, always perfect, unremitting in his attention to professional duties, and filling respectably an almost universal range of characters, continues more and more to gain ground in the public estimation. Knox is turning out a tolerable actor, and a more than tolerable singer: Shaw's uncommon accuracy and judgment as a singer would entitle him to the attention of any audience in Britain.

Notwithstanding a short, squab, dumpling like figure, a face broad, round, and capacious as that of a full fed jolly son of the whip, with, a coarse loud voice, Berry possesses such flexibility of features and powers of imitation as frequently to procure the applause of the galleries, and even at times to extort a smile from the boxes. He seems to have a pretty acute perception of the ridiculous, and in dress and appearance and in manner (indeed the judgment he shews in these augur very favourably of his understanding) can depict to admiration, the broad grin of idiotism, and the most marked distortions of vulgarity. He copies the comic grimaces of Munden, and the laughable whimsicalities of Fawcett so well, as to appear original to those who are unacquainted with those eminent performers: to the *pathos*, however, which they can so well assume, he is totally a stranger. Hence he *burlesques* many characters, by substituting or mistaking for real feeling his own distortions: hence in Job Thornberry, particularly in the great scene, he appears as a mimic taking off some favourite actor, in the broadest style of caricature. His seamen, however, feeling excepted, are from his judgment in dressing, and looking the character, pretty respectable. Indeed on seeing him perform these and similar characters with effect (no matter whether he imitates or not) we are apt to think that some *management* has been used to induce him to *mount* others, in which he is necessarily ridiculous. On seeing such a round squab figure with such a face and voice, decked out as a fop, with ribbons and nosegays, frisking and capering, or rather rolling about the stage, we are irresistibly led to think of the awkward gambols of the jackass imitating the spaniel, by jumping upon and caressing his master. But he is an acquisition to a country company, being an excellent buffoon, a good mimic, and of course well adapted for a number of *low* comic parts, which he makes in *his* way a treat to the galleries. But as I consider, with Churchill, the whole merit of mimics to consist in *distortion*; as I view a low comedian who either has not, or never displays original powers, and who is incapable of feeling, as only a respectable *jack pudding*, it cannot be expected that the merits of Berry should find in me a warm admirer. (It is but fair to state, however, that there are others whose opinions differ much from mine respecting this little son of the comic muse.) I confess, indeed, I would almost in every case dispense with gallery courtiers in legitimate comedy, and consign them to farce, or farcical plays, without much regret. While they, though in the most paltry character of the piece, are as usual capering about the stage, thrusting themselves prominently forward, making mouths to their gallery friends, and to make themselves noticed by them, using all the tricks of a scaramouch; this too in the most interesting pieces,—the unity of the scene is totally broken, the grouping of characters spoiled, stage effect destroyed, and the progress of passion wholly interrupted. I cannot close my letter without testifying my approbation *generally* of Rock's Sir Peter Teazle, and my admiration, not unmingled with surprise, of the *pathos* displayed by him in the scene (the screen one) with Joseph Surface.

VERUS.

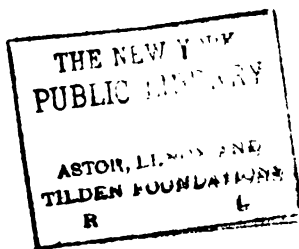
GLASGOW.—On the 24th of December last, this theatre opened for the winter season, and I regret to say with a company but very *mediocre*, indeed the greater part of the new *levies* possess fewer stage requisites than their predecessors, and for several characters, such as *Dan*, *Tyke*, &c. we have no representative at all. Neither (with the exception of Mr. Dwyer. whose negligence and defects are great) have we a *genteel* comedian. No doubt Messrs. Megget and Archer are a valuable acquisition to the company, but then both their abilities appear to most advantage in what is called the heavy line of business, and of course neither of them are fit to represent the *accomplished* gentleman. In consequence of Mr. Hollingsworth possessing a little round figure, similar to Mr. Rock's, he has been, it is said, dismissed, because the stupid multitude, frequently mistaking one of these gentlemen for the other, *foolishly* bestowed their applause! In the characters of low comedy, Berry continues to be the darling of the public; but Mr. Rock has usurped *Nipperkin* and some other parts of his. In justice no manager ought to be an *active* performer. On all occasions when company is expected at the theatre, we uniformly found Mr. Rock assuming the principal character in both play and farce. Some of these he performs with much credit to himself, and to the satisfaction of the public; others he entirely burlesques. His low Irishmen are in general good, but then he is so greedy of applause—to him it is like meat and drink—he must have it. Let the character be what it may, his usual tricks must be played off, viz. turning up his eyes to the *Gods*, pulling up his small cloaths—turning himself from the audience and twirling his fingers behind his back *ad captandum vulgus*. These he finds never fail to produce, from *above*, a thunder of applause.

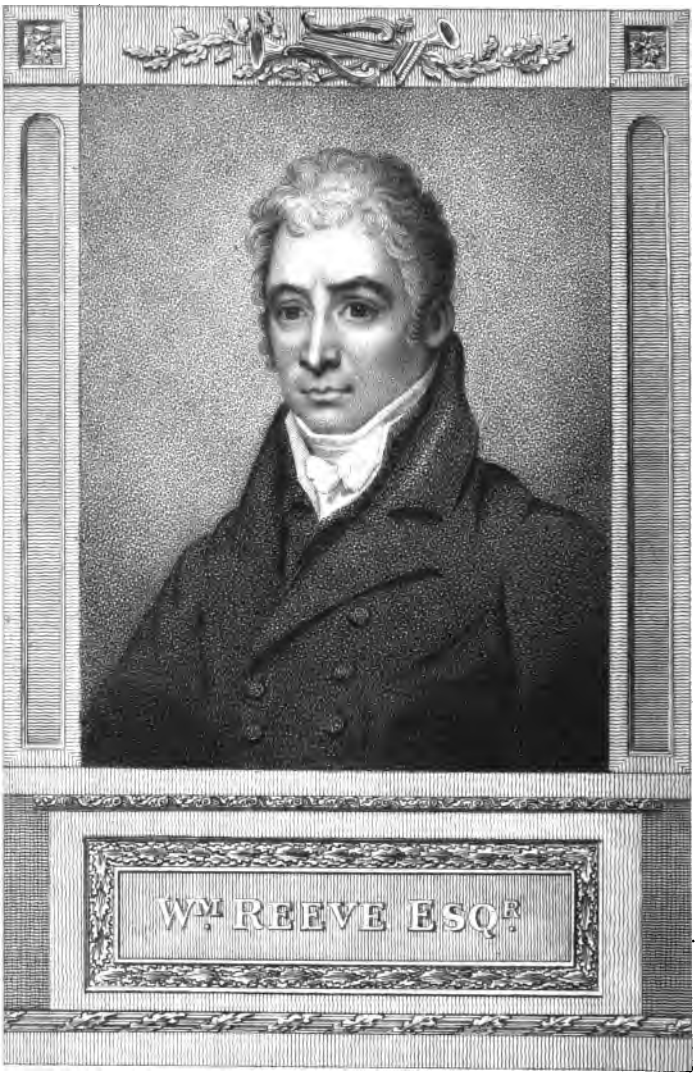
The female department is also, still very defective. The accomplishments of Mrs. Young (late of Drury Lane) as an actress are too well known to require any eulogium from me, LYNX.
GLASGOW, Feb. 1807.

ITALIAN OPERA.

In the new Opera of *Il Ritorno di Serse* Madame Catalani has much increased her reputation, deservedly high as it was before. The part she performs, is admirably calculated for the display of her transcendent, we may say unrivalled talents as a Vocal Actress. In the songs, and in the accompanying Action and Expression she produces the most powerful dramatic Effect. Her first Song is a most beautiful composition, and her Execution of it is beyond all praise. She enters fully into the spirit of her Character; but in the second Act, when her despair is wrought to the greatest height, she exerts her voice so much beyond its natural power, that we can scarcely distinguish the sound she produces from a scream. Her manner here is highly characteristic, but it exceeds all the musical bounds which should be preserved in an Opera. It is certainly surprising, but it does not please, and the natural compass of her voice is fully competent, without "straining harsh discords and displeasing sharps," to the most violent expression of the passions.

On the whole our admiration of her talents is carried to a much higher pitch, from her performance in this Opera, which we sincerely think has never been equalled, and will never be excelled.





Emma Smith del.

Hopwood sculp.

Published 1 May 1807. by Mathews & Leigh.

THE
CABINET;
OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF
POLITE LITERATURE.

MAY 1807.

WILLIAM REEVE, Esq.

MR. REEVE is a native of London. His father was an auctioneer of much reputation in his time, and the son was destined for the same occupation; but having discovered at an early age a taste for music, and expressing a strong desire to study that science, he was placed under the late Mr. Richardson, Organist of St. James's Church, and one of the pupils of the celebrated Dr. Pepusch. At the expiration of his articles he commenced a teacher of the piano forte, but becoming particularly attached to theatrical pursuits, he undertook, in the year 1781, the management and tuition of the chorus singers at the King's Theatre, at the time when Giordani was composer of the comic opera. Giordani was to have been the conductor of this concern, but owing to party cabal, he was obliged to relinquish his claims in favour of M. Le Texier; and Mr. Reeve, after wasting much time and labour in preparing pupils for the business of the Italian Opera, felt himself under the necessity of retiring with his principal.

In consequence of this disappointment, he accepted the situation of organist at Totnes in Devonshire, where as a teacher he had full employment, and was greatly respected in the county. But his ambition was not to be satisfied with provincial fame; and in this remote situation, he could have no opportunity of trying the

talents which he had cultivated as a composer. At the end of about two years, therefore, he returned to London, and produced some comic burlettas at Mr. Astley's Amphitheatre, during the first season of its stage exhibitions. He succeeded so well, that the late Mr. Palmer engaged him as Composer of the Royalty on his opening that unfortunate theatre.

Here Mr. Reeve had the advantage of composing for some eminent vocal performers, and soon acquired considerable celebrity. He composed and selected the music of *Don Juan*, *Hero and Leander*, *Harlequin Mungo*, &c. which completely established his reputation; and when Mr. Shield, two or three years after the close of the theatre in Goodman's Fields, quitted Covent Garden, Mr. Reeve was engaged by Mr. Harris, as composer and conductor of the musical department. *Oscar and Malvina* was produced in the first season of his engagement. Mr. Shield, previously to his resignation, had selected the greater part of the Scots airs for the action of the piece, and Mr. Reeve furnished the overture, and all the vocal music that was new. The great merit of this overture is evinced by its popularity; and the sale of it has been almost unexampled. His subsequent compositions for this theatre are uncommonly numerous: *Raymond and Agnes*; *Harlequin and Oberon*; *The Round Tower*; *Joan of Arc*; *Harlequin Quixote*, and many other pieces of a similar description. In conjunction with Mr. Mazzinghi, he supplied the music of *Ramah Droog*; *Paul and Virginia*; *The Blind Girl*; *Turnpike Gate*, and *Chains of the Heart*: he also joined Mr. Braham in the composition of the *Cabinet*; *Family Quarrels*; *Thirty Thousand*; and *Lake of Lausanne*; and is the author of the whole of the music of the popular after-piece of the *Caravan*, produced at Drury Lane.

All these operas having been eminently successful, the sale of the music has, of course, been highly profitable to Mr. Reeve, and as he has constantly been mindful of those prudential maxims, without a proper attention to which the best talents merely serve to reduce their possessors to poverty and contempt, he has now the satisfaction of finding himself in possession of a respectable independence, the fair acquisition, and honourable reward, of his own genius and exertions.

Though the talents of Mr. Reeve, as a composer, are not limited to any particular style of performance, there is certainly one department of operatic music in which he is successful almost without a rival: we mean, in the adapting comic songs and duetts for the stage. He is perfectly aware of the wants and wishes of an English audience, and knowing where the airs may be fitly introduced, as well as the peculiar capabilities of the performers who are to sing them, his compositions are always full of character, and produce a very pleasing *theatrical effect*; a knowledge in which our composers, in general, are exceedingly deficient.

Four years ago, Mr. Reeve purchased a share of the Theatre at Sadler's Wells, which has also proved a lucrative speculation.

JOHN OPIE, Esq.

[We had made some arrangements for obtaining a memoir of this eminent and lamented Painter for our next *Cabinet*; but as Mr. Hoare has devoted the seventh Number of his *ARTIST*, (which appeared just as we were preparing this sheet for the press,) to the memory of MR. OPIE, and given some biographical anecdotes of him, on the authenticity of which we can rely, with an eulogium on his character, as just as it is ingenious and elegant; we have taken the liberty of making the following extract from that valuable publication; and in our ensuing number we propose to carry on the Biography from the period where Mr. Hoare has dropped it.]

JOHN OPIE was born in May, 1761, in the parish of St. Agnes, about seven miles from the town of Truro. His father and grandfather were reputable master carpenters in that neighbourhood. His mother was descended from the ancient and respectable family of Tonkin, of Trevannance in Cornwall, and amongst his ancestors in that line, is mentioned the author of a valuable history of Cornwall, which was left nearly finished; and is at present in the possession of Lord De Dunstanville.

He was very early remarkable for the strength of his understanding, and for the rapidity with which he acquired all the learning that a village school could afford him. When ten years old, he was not only able to solve

many difficult problems of Euclid, but was thought capable of instructing others; and such was his increasing confidence in his own superior powers, that he had scarcely reached his twelfth year, when he set up an evening school in St. Agnes, and taught arithmetic and writing, for the latter of which he was excellently qualified, as he wrote many various hands with admirable ease and accuracy; and he reckoned among his pupils some who were nearly twice his own age.

His father was very solicitous to bring him up in his own business, and to this end bound him apprentice to himself, but the soaring mind of the boy could not submit itself to drudge in the employment of a common man. The love of drawing and painting seems to have given a very early bias to his inclinations; and the manner in which it disclosed itself cannot be considered as uninteresting.

Emulation appears to have first lighted up the ready flame. About the tenth year of his age, seeing one of his companions, whose name was Mark Oates, (now a captain in the Marine Service) engaged in drawing a butterfly, he looked eagerly, in silence, at the performance; on being asked what he was thinking of, he replied, "he was thinking that he could draw a butterfly, if he was to try, as well as Mark Oates." He accordingly made the experiment, and triumphed; and he returned home to his father's house in high spirits, on account of the victory he had obtained.

From this moment the bent of his talents was determined. It happened soon afterwards that his father being employed in the repairs of a gentleman's house in Truro, young Opie attended him: in the parlour hung a picture of a *Farm-yard*, probably of humble execution, but of sufficient merit to attract his notice; and he took every opportunity of stealing from his father's side to contemplate the beauties of this performance, which, in his eye, were of the highest class. His father, catching him in one of these secret visits, corrected him; but this had little effect; he was soon again at the door of the parlour, where being seen by the mistress of the house, he was, by her interference, permitted to view the picture without interruption. On his return home in the evening, his first care was to procure canvases and colours, and he immediately began to paint a

resemblance of the *Farm-yard*. The next day he returned to the house, and again in the evening resumed his task at home. In this manner, in the course of a few days, by the force of memory only, he transmitted to his own canvas a very tolerable copy of the picture.

Nearly by the same methods, he copied a picture of several figures hunting, which he saw in the window of a house-painter. In his copy, however, he had, in compliance with the *costume* of his neighbourhood, placed a *huntress* upon a pad instead of a side-saddle, and being laughed at for this mistake, he some time afterwards destroyed his copy.

The love of Painting had thus so thoroughly established its dominion over his whole mind, that nothing could now divert him from engaging in it as a profession: his father, however, still treated his attempts with great severity, and used his utmost endeavours to check a pursuit, which he considered as likely to prove injurious to his son's future prosperity; but the aspiring views of the young artist met with a zealous supporter in another part of his family; his father's brother, a man of strong understanding, and moreover an excellent arithmetician, continued to view his progress with pleasure, and encouraged him in his desire of learning, by jocularly complimenting him with the name of *the little Sir Isaac*, in consideration of the knowledge he displayed in mathematics.

He therefore followed his new studies with ardour, and had already attained a competent skill in portrait painting, and had hung his father's house with the pictures of his family, and of his youthful companions, when he became accidentally known to Dr. Walcot, then residing at Truro, (and since so celebrated under the title of *Peter Pindar*) who having himself some skill in painting, a sound judgment, and a few tolerable pictures, was well fitted to afford instruction, and various advantages, to the young scholar.

Thus assisted and recommended, his fame found its way through the country, and so rapid was his progress, that he now commenced professed portrait-painter, and went to many of the neighbouring towns, with letters of introduction to all the considerable families resident in them,

One of these expeditions was to Padstow, whither he set forward, dressed, as usual, in a boy's plain short jacket, and carrying with him all proper apparatus for portrait-painting. Here, amongst others, he painted the whole household of the ancient and respectable family of *Prideaux*, even to the dogs and cats of the family. He remained so long absent from home, that some uneasiness began to arise on his account, but it was dissipated by his returning dressed in a handsome coat, with very long skirts, laced ruffles, and silk stockings. On seeing his mother, he ran to her, and, taking out of his pocket twenty guineas, which he had earned by his pencil, he desired her to keep them; adding, that, in future, he should maintain himself.

The first efforts of his pencil, though void of that grace which can only be derived from an intimate knowledge of the art, were true to nature, and in a style far superior to any thing in general produced by country artists. He painted at that time with smaller pencils, and finished more highly than he afterwards did when his hand had attained a broader and more masterly execution: but several of his early portraits would not have disgraced even the high name he has since attained. Towards the end of the year 1777, when he was sixteen years of age, he brought to Penryn a head he had painted of himself for the late Lord Bateman, who was then at that place with his regiment (the Hereford Militia), and who was an early patron of Mr. Opie, employing him to paint pictures of old men, beggars, &c. in subjects of which kind he was principally engaged, and which he treated with surprising force, and truth of representation.

At length, still under the auspices of Dr. Walcot, he came to London, where his reception, and his continued progress, are the fit objects of the biographer. It is the purpose of this paper to delineate solely his *character*, as a man, a scholar, and an Artist.

Mr. Opie's ruling passion was ambition, but ambition tending to the use and delight of mankind. It impelled him to eminence in his art, and it displayed itself in a resolution always decided, sometimes impetuous, to obtain every distinction which his path in life laid open to him. Accustomed in childhood to prove himself superior to his companions, the desire of com-

petition became unextinguishable. Wherever eminence appeared, he felt and eagerly shewed himself its rival. He was forward to claim the honours which he was still more diligent to deserve. He regarded every honourable acquisition as a victory, and expressed with openness the delight he experienced in success. On the professorship of painting in the Royal Academy becoming vacant by Mr. Barry's dismissal, he offered himself a candidate: and being told that he had a competitor, whose learning and talents pre-eminently entitled him to that office, he replied, that he abstained from further interference, but that the person who had been proposed was the only one in whose favour he would willingly resign his pretensions: consistently with his declaration, on Mr. Fuzeli's appointment to the office of keeper, he renewed his claim, and was elected.

Examples of a mind more open to the reception of knowledge, more undaunted by difficulty, more unwearied in attainment, are rarely to be found. Conducted to London, by the hand of one who discerned his yet unveiled merit, he approached the centre of an exalted country with the liveliest hopes: he met its flatteries with trembling; and he viewed its unfeeling caprice with the sensitive emotions of genius, but with the unconquerable force of sense and judgment. An intellect, naturally philosophic, soon discovered to him that he was not born to depend on the frivolous conceit of crowds, but command the respect of the great and wise. He bent his powers to the formation of his own mind: he applied himself to reading: he sought the society of the learned: ardent in his researches, boldly investigating truth, pertinacious (though not overbearing) in argument, while he elicited light from his opponent, and steady to principles which he found could not be shaken by controversy: in this manner, while an unremitting perseverance, superior to the neglect of the multitude, maintained the cunning of his hand, he became a scholar and a *painter*.

The Life of Reynolds, published in Dr. Walcot's Edition of Pilkington's Dictionary, was the first specimen of his literary ability. In this he displayed a profound knowledge of the subject, a quick and powerful perception of distinctive character, and a mastery of lan-

guage little to be expected from a youth, who was supposed to have been destitute of learning.

He next published a letter in the *Morning Chronicle*, (since republished in "An Inquiry into the requisite cultivation of the Arts of Design in England,") in which he proposed a distinct plan for the formation of a *National Gallery*, tending at once to exalt the arts of his country, and immortalize its glories.

His lectures at the Royal Institution followed ;— These were a spirited attempt to display the depths of his professional knowledge, amidst a circle assembled for entertainment and fashionable delight. His lectures impressed respect on his audience: they were full of instructive materials; they taught the principles of painting, and presented an accumulation of maxims founded on history and observation. But to whatever praise they might vindicate a claim, they never satisfied their author; and he declined the continuance of them. His election to the professorship of painting at the Royal Academy happening nearly at this time, he resolved to perfect what he had perceived defective; and he read at Somerset House four lectures, which, avoiding any collision with the brilliant specimens of erudition and imagination which had immediately preceded him in that place, appeared to have been unequalled in their kind.

In his former lectures at the Royal Institution, he was abrupt, crowded, and frequently unmethodical; rather rushing forward himself, than leading his auditors, to the subject. In the latter lectures, he was more regular, progressive, distinct, instructive; and delivered a mixture of humorous and impassioned sentiment in a strain of clear, natural and flowing eloquence. Here he found his genius roused, and his whole faculties adequately excited; and he shone more as professor at the Academy, than as lecturer at the Institution, because he was more formed by nature and application to address the studious and philosophic, than the light and gay. He possessed no superficial graces, either in his conversation or professional practice. Every thing in him was manly, resolute, energetic; yielding little to fashion, nothing to caprice; less addressed even to fancy than to judgment; in no measure adapted to catch a careless glance, but fitted to awaken thought, and gratify reflection. P. H.

THE PLEASURES OF A NEWSPAPER.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

EVERY man, when he awakes in the morning, finds that the reflections suggested by the preceding day have been, if not wholly obliterated, at least suspended by sleep; that new topics of conversation are wanting, and that surprise is on tip-toe for new calls; he is unwilling to recur to the business of the preceding day, because it has been exhausted; or ashamed to recollect it, because it has disappointed him. A family thus met together, would drink the tea of *Lethe*, and eat the toast of taciturnity, were they not happily relieved from torpor of thought, and immobility of tongue, by the entrance of a *Newspaper*.

It is possible, indeed, that the weather might furnish a brief subject of debate, but the wind must blow a hurricane, and the rain descend in torrents, to be worth more than a moment's conversation. When the Newspaper appears, however, all Europe is united to refresh the languid memory, to quicken the dull thoughts, and give expedition to the communicative tongue—even the breakfast-table is indebted to the presence of this lively guest. The tea acquires a more odoriferous flavour, the toast is handed about with a quicker velocity, and the sugar and butter, though less white and sweet than could be wished, escape without censure, in the multiplicity of reflections which the Newspaper suggests.

No publication surely was ever so fertile in sources of reflection to those who chose to think, or of conversation to those who prefer the humbler, though more noisy, business of talking. First, a long list of extensive amusements presents itself, fraught with every tempting inducement. Here it is important to observe how a play is *cast*, what great performers are concerned, and what farce or entertainment is to follow; if a concert, what pieces are to be performed, and by whom; if an opera, whether the divine Signora —— bears a part. From amusements there is a transition to works of charity, to subscription of names and sums of money for benevolent purposes: whether the arrangement here be judicious, or whether these ought not to precede amusements, I shall not stop to inquire. Perhaps the Editor

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■

trusts to the good sense of his readers, that what he mixes heterogeneously, they will separate and arrange judiciously. Otherwise, there would be a *designed* confusion in the advertisement part, which would not be easily reconciled to common sense and would serve rather to perplex our reflections than to employ them to any purpose. Attentively observed, Newspapers will be found very correct pictures of the times, and very faithful records of the transfer of property, whether by sale or fraud.

I hinted, that the arrangement was apparently confused. We see books and pills, estates and lap-dogs, perfumery and charity sermons, crowded together by one of those accidents by which we may suppose *chaos* would be produced. Here a disconsolate widow advertises that she carries on business as usual, for the benefit of her orphan family, and there a lady of quality offers five guineas for the recovery of her lap-dog, which answers to the name of Chloe. A person wants to borrow 5,000*l.* on undeniable security, and a stable keeper offers to sell a horse for 100 guineas upon his bare word. Servants want places, in which "wages are *no* object," and a place under government may be heard of, where wages are the *only* object. Humphry Jenkins lost his pocket-book in coming out of the play-house, and Sarah Howson has eloped from her husband, who will pay no debts of her contracting, "as witness his mark." In one place we have notice of a main of cocks, and just by it, the candidates for a vacant chaplainship are desired to apply. But of all persons "that on earth do dwell," the sick find the greatest relief in Newspapers. Why it is that disease should prevail in spite of the infallible medicines that are, in a manner, *thrust* down the throats of the sick, is astonishing. It would appear that the only disorder patients are troubled with, is an incurable obstinacy, which prevents them from taking medicines that have "cured thousands who have been dismissed from the hospitals in a most deplorable state." Do we not find that, in some cases, a single box of pills will effect a cure; and, in others, that the patient will be relieved by the smell only? Will not these medicines "keep good in all climates?" Is it not notorious that they perform their cures "without loss of time, or hindrance to business?" Why then do we hear of the sick and the

dying? Why are not our hospitals turned into almshouses for decayed physicians, and apothecaries who have no business?

Nor is the information respecting the preservation of health less important than the cure of disease. If we turn our eyes to the sales of houses and estates, we shall find that they are all situated in counties remarkable for the salubrity of the air, the fertility of the soil, and the purity of the water, charmingly sheltered, richly wooded, hill and dale, meadow and grove, where the east wind is not permitted to chill, nor the thunder to roll. These, it is true, are chiefly calculated for persons who can afford to pay rather extravagantly for the preservation of health; but this can be no object with those who know that health is the greatest of all blessings, and that in this way, it may be handed down to the latest posterity. The clergy, I must observe, are particularly interested in these advertisements. The rectories are all "situated in remarkably healthy spots," and the present "incumbent is nearly eighty years old." What greater encouragement to a man who wishes to do good, and to do it long, especially when it lies "in the vicinity of a pack of hounds"—a circumstance of which we are frequently reminded, although the connexion between the business of the pulpit, and the sports of the field, is not quite so obvious as might be expected from the eloquence of our fashionable auctioneers—a race of men to whose inventive genius we owe the conversion of horse ponds into beautiful sheets of water, ditches into canals, and gibbets into hanging woods; but the ablest men cannot do every thing. There are bounds, even in these times, to human genius.

Now, when all these subjects are introduced at the breakfast-table, what a copious source of conversation for the rest of the day, especially if any of those should create a desire to be a bidder or a purchaser! What hopes, what fears, what consultations! But this is not necessary to the pleasure a Newspaper affords. A man may give a very able account of an estate without the least desire of purchasing it; and the whole family may dispute on the merit of an entertainment, which not one of the party means to partake of. It is possible to compassionate the distresses of an orphan family, without contributing sixpence to their relief, and even to read of the

cures performed by a "famous syrup," without desiring to taste a drop of it. Conversation and action are different things, and if a Newspaper furnishes the former, it is doing much.

Before quitting the advertisements, it may be necessary to mention two descriptions of persons who never appear to meet, and yet who never ought to separate, namely, those who "are equally desirous to lend money," and those who "are equally desirous to borrow it."—Why people that might be so mutually serviceable, should stand in opposite columns in a Newspaper is very extraordinary. There must be some secret in this, which we, who know not the parties, are unacquainted with. That the party wishing to borrow should conceal his name is easily accounted for. Prudential reasons require that a man's temporary embarrassment should be concealed as much as possible; but that he who "would be happy to lend," or, as it is sometimes called, "to accommodate," should court obscurity, is not so easily explained. If it be from a motive of modesty, it is highly praiseworthy, but it prevents us from handing down the names of these benevolent persons to future ages as they deserve. Posterity can only know, that all the letters of the alphabet from A B to X Y have been eminent for their benevolence in accommodating distressed persons with sums of money "lying at their bankers, from 500 to 20,000 pounds;" and thus I close my meditations on the advertisements. I might mention more indeed, but as the Poet says—

The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion—roses for the cheeks,
And lillies for the brows of faded age :
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heaven, earth, and ocean, plunder'd of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, Olympic dews,
Sermons and city feasts, and fav'rite airs,
Ætherial journies, submarine exploits :
And Katterfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders—wand'ring for his bread !

But yet all these would probably fail of their effect, were they the only contents of a Newspaper. There are thousands who are indifferent to a change of situation, who are confined to business and cannot leave it, who are gormandizing a breakfast and loathe medicine, who are blooming and want no washes, who are cheer-

ful and want no amusements, who are charitable and want no puffs or quackery to prompt their benevolence; yet, with all that, the rest of a Newspaper supplies that dear and exquisite food—*news*. This part of a paper, though I have considered it last, is generally consulted first; and what can equal the glad-some inquisitiveness that appears in the eye, when it gently rolls over the columns of a fresh Newspaper? Such is the variety of this department, and such the attachment of every man to his favourite pursuit, that a tolerable guess may be formed of what a man is, by attending to what he first reads in a paper. The sturdy politician, indeed, is a general reader. He can find out a political allusion in every paragraph. If a lady of quality makes a false step, he can descant on the privileged orders; and, if the price of bread has risen, he can censure Parliament for the insufficiency of the corn laws. But others confine themselves to their favourite articles—the Court news delights the man of fashion, because he knows the parties—the ladies are anxious for the marriages, because they may know the parties—the young and the old are for the fashionable tattle of marriage, dances, duels, and dress, elopements, and other articles of the *amusing* kind; while the grave citizen casts a solemn glance at the price of stocks, wishes he had bought in, or hopes he shall soon be able to sell out; and there is a pretty numerous class to whom burglaries, murders, and picking of pockets afford a considerable gratification in the *detail*.

A Newspaper being thus perused, by every man according to his taste, the wheels of conversation are again set a-going, and the dullest has something to say, or some remark to make, on what he has read. If Newspapers, then, are undervalued, it is either because they are common and cheap, and we know that things that are common and cheap, are always undervalued; but this, perhaps, may not always be the case, for, in point of *cheapness*, the objection has been *gradually removing* for some time.

To appreciate their true value, therefore, we have only to suppose that they were totally to be discontinued for a month. I turn with horror from the frightful idea! I deprecate such a shock to the

circulation of table talk. It would operate more unfavourably than the gloom of November is said, by foreigners, to operate on the nerves of Englishmen—and after such a suspension of news, I am afraid the papers would contain nothing but accounts of sudden deaths, which had happened in the interval, with the deliberate opinion of the coroner's jury:—"Died for want of intelligence!!"

"Let us praise Newspapers," says Dr. Johnson. "One of the principal amusements of the idler is to read the works of those minute historians, the writers of news, who, though contemptuously overlooked by the composers of bulky volumes, are yet necessary in a nation where much wealth produces much leisure, and one part of the people has nothing to do but observe the lives and fortunes of the other." L.

THE MELANGE.

No. II.

CHACUN A SON GOUT.

PRECIOUS RELICS... A Monke preaching to the people, having founde a verye rich feather of some strange foule, intended to make his parishoners beleeeve it was a plume of the angel Gabriel: certaine good companions, his familiars, noting his knaverie, secretlie stole out of his casket the feather, and put in coales. Well, Mass Monke come once into his pulpit, after a long exordium, tolde to the people what a relique he had, one of the feathers of the angell Gabriell; but, putting his hande into his caskett, and finding nothing but coales, straight founde the knot in the rush, and said hee had taken the wrong caskett; but yet brought them a relique no less precious, which was the coales that Saint Laurence was roasted on: so that making crosses with them upon their garmentes, he departed with monkish credit. *Spanish Masquerado*, by Robert Greene, 1589.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.. The following copy of an original letter from this Queen to Heaton, bishop of Ely, is taken from the Register of Ely :

“ Proud Prelate,

“ I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement : but I would have you to know, that I, who made you what you are, can unmake you ; and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement, by — I will immediately unfrock you. Yours as you demean yourself,

ELIZABETH.”

Heaton, it seems, had promised the Queen to exchange some part of the land belonging to the see for an equivalent, and did so ; but it was in consequence of the above letter.

JUDGE FORSTER.. A short time before this great lawyer's death, he went the Oxford Circuit, in the hottest part of one of the hottest summers that had been remembered. He was so far advanced in life as to be scarce capable of doing the duties which belonged to his office, and when the grand jury of *Worcester* attended for the charge, addressed them as follows :

“ Gentlemen, the weather is very hot, I am very old, and you are very well acquainted with what is your duty : I have no doubt but you will practise it.”

LORD THURLOW AND MR. PITT.. Mr. Pitt was sufficiently notorious for the positiveness with which he delivered and supported his opinions. Lord Thurlow, when Chancellor, once rebuked him in his own way. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was disputing at a cabinet dinner, on the energy and beauty of the Latin language. In support of the superiority which he maintained it to have over the English, he asserted, that two negatives made a thing more positive than one affirmative possibly could... “ Then,” said Lord Thurlow, “ your father and mother must have been two *negatives*, to have made such a damned *positive* fellow as you are.”

LAW AND EQUITY.

JUSTICE, "the mistress and queen of all the virtues,"* the basis of all social virtue as well as happiness, the very corner-stone on which society is built—this very justice, if exercised too rigorously, would often be found, amidst the combinations and entanglements of human affairs, even to border upon injustice; inso-much that the civilians have established it into a maxim, that, "extreme justice is extreme injustice"—*summum jus summa injuria*.

It should seem therefore, that the magistrate, to whom the execution of justice is committed, must not only *do justly*, but (in the language of the Prophet) also *love mercy*. I do not mean, that he should ever act otherwise than the laws direct, or at any time dispense with the right execution of them; but only, that he be governed therein, as often as he can, by the *spirit* rather than the *letter* of them. For in the law, as well as in the gospel, the *letter* frequently *killeth*: as when any statute, from a new and different situation of things and persons, gradually brought on by course of time and change of manners, enforceth proceedings different from, or, it may be, contrary to, the true original intent and meaning of it. The office, therefore, of a magistrate, a justice of peace for instance, should be in part a kind of a petty chancery; a court of equity, as well as a court of justice, where a man, although pursued by *law*, may yet be redressed by *reason*, so often as the case will admit of it; and that will be as often as the *spirit* of any law or statute shall be found to clash with its *letter*.

Mean while, it must be carefully noted, that the magistrate has no power to decide according to equity, when it is opposed to written and positive law, or stands in contradistinction to it—no, not even the judge, much less the justice. It is a maxim, *ubi lex non distinguit*,

* *Omnium domina et regina virtutum*. Cicero *de Offic.* III. 6.—According to an ancient Greek moralist, every other virtue is comprehended in that of justice: 'Εν δὲ δικαιοσύνῃ συλλέγονται πάντ' ἀρεταί 'ς τ. Theognis.

nec nos distinguere debemus; and again, *judicandum ex legibus, non de legibus*: and an ancient pronounced it very dangerous for a judge to seem more humane than the law; φαίνεσθαι φιλανθρωπότερον τῷ νόμῳ. The danger consists in its opening a latitude of interpretation, and thereby giving room to subtlety and chicanery, which, by gradually weakening, would in time destroy the authority and tenor of law: for, "though all general laws are attended with inconveniencies, when applied to particular cases; yet these inconveniencies are justly supposed to be fewer, than what would result from full discretionary powers in every magistrate." *Hume*.—So that the dispensation of equity seems reserved, and with good reason, not to the judge who is tied down by his rules, but to the law-giver or supreme legislator: according to that well-known maxim, *ejus est interpretari cujus est condere*. Thus Constantine the emperor: *Inter æquitatem jusque interpositam interpretationem nobis solis et oportet et licet inspicere*. Cod. l. 14. 1.—See also Taylor's *Elements of Civil Law*, p. 90, &c.

It is not meant, therefore, as is said above, that the magistrate should ever dispense with law, or act against it; but only, that he should, as far as he can, temper it with lenity and forbearance, when the *letter* is found to run counter to the *spirit*. For instance; our ancient Saxon laws nominally punished theft with death, when the thing stolen exceeded the value of twelve pence: yet the criminal was permitted to redeem his life with money. But, by 9 Hen. I. in 1109, this power of redemption was taken away: the law continues in force to this very day; and death is the punishment of a man who steals above twelve-pennyworth of goods, although the value of twelve pence now is near forty times less than when the law was made. Here the *spirit* is absolutely outraged by the *letter*: and therefore might not a justice, when a delinquent of this sort is brought, endeavour to soften the rigour of this law; or rather to evade it, by depreciating the value of the thing stolen, by suffering the matter to be compromised between the parties, and, where the character of the offender will admit of it, instead of pursuing the severities of *justice*, by tempering the whole procedure with *mercy*?—This, and similar modes of acting, may be said indeed to

be straining points; but, unless such points be strained occasionally, magistrates must often act, not only against the *spirit* of the laws, but against the dictates of reason, and the feelings of their own hearts.—Sir Henry Spelman took occasion, from this law, to complain that “while every thing else was risen in its value, and become dearer, the life of man had continually grown cheaper.” *

Fortescue has a remarkable passage concerning this law. “The civil law,” says he, “where a theft is manifest, adjudged the criminal to restore fourfold; for a theft not so manifest, twofold: but the laws of England, in either case, punish the party with death, provided the thing stolen exceeds the value of twelve pence.” † But, is not this comparison between *Civil* and *English* law astonishingly made by a man, who was writing an apology for the latter against the former? What?—is it nothing to settle a proportion between crimes and punishments? and shall one man, who steals an utensil worth thirteen pence, be deemed an equal offender against society, and suffer the same punishment, with another, who plunders a house, and murders all the family?—See *Beccaria*, an Italian marquis, *Upon Crimes and Punishments*.

ERRORS OCCASIONED BY OUR PASSIONS.

THE Passions lead us into Error, because they fix our attention to that particular part of the object they present to us, not allowing us to view it on every side. A King passionately affects the title of conqueror. Victory, says he, calls me to the remotest part of the earth: I shall fight; I shall gain the victory; I shall load mine enemy with chains, and the terror of my name, like an impenetrable rampart, will defend the entrance of my empire. Inebriated with this hope, he forgets that fortune is inconstant; and, that the victor shares the load of misery, almost equally with the vanquished. He does not perceive, that the welfare of his subjects is

* *Glossar. in voce Laricinium.*

† *De Laud. Leg. Angliæ, c. 46.*

only a pretence; for his martial phrenzy; and that pride alone forges his arms, and displays his ensigns: his whole attention is fixed on the pomp of the triumph.

Fear, equally powerful with pride, will produce the same effect; it will raise ghosts and phantoms, and disperse them among the tombs, and in the darkness of the woods, present them to the eyes of the affrighted traveller, seize on all the faculties of his soul, without leaving any one at liberty to reflect on the absurdity of the motives for such a ridiculous terror.

The passions not only fix the attention on particular sides of the objects they present to us, but they also deceive us, by exhibiting the same objects, when they do not really exist. The story of a country clergyman and an amorous lady, is well known. They had heard, and concluded, that the moon was peopled, and were looking for the inhabitants through their telescopes. If I am not mistaken, said the lady, I perceive two shadows; they mutually incline to each other: doubtless they are two happy lovers.—O fie! Madam, replied the clergyman, these two shadows are the two steeples of a cathedral. This tale is our history, it being common for us to see in things what we are desirous of finding there: on the earth, as in the moon, different passions will cause us to see either lovers or steeples. Illusion is a necessary effect of the passions, the strength, or force, of which is generally measured by the degree of obscurity into which they lead us. This was well known to a certain lady, who being caught by her lover in the arms of his rival, obstinately denied the fact of which he had been witness. How! said he, have you the assurance—Ah! perfidious creature, cried the lady, it is plain you no longer love me, for you believe your eyes before all I can say. This is equally applicable to all the passions, as well as to love. All strike us with the most perfect blindness. When ambition has kindled a war between two nations, and the anxious citizens ask one another the news; what readiness appears, on one side, to give credit to the good; and, on the other, what incredulity with regard to the bad? How often have Christians, from placing a ridiculous confidence in monks, denied the possibility of the antipodes! There is no century, which has not, by some ridiculous affirmation or negation, afforded matter of laughter to the following age.

A past folly is seldom sufficient to shew mankind their present folly. S.

HUMAN MISERY!

A FRAGMENT.

—— I was obliged to wait for relays at ——, “an’ please you,” said the post-boy, “it will be a full hour afore we can set off again.” The poor fellow seemed to dread my anger, and with a fearful anxiety looked in my face. “Thank Heaven, I am not an *angry* traveller,” I inwardly exclaimed: “Very well, my lad, I will walk till that time.” It was an autumnal evening, the last rays of the bright orb of day still lingered on the surrounding foliage, as I entered a pleasant grove. The birds offered up their evening song of gratitude, and afforded a lesson of humility to upstart man. I was in a contemplative mood. I thought of absent friends, of my native home. A soothing serenity occupied my mind, and I exclaimed, “Why is man ungrateful? the protecting Providence that guards the trembling sparrow from the ravaging hawk, is mindful of the welfare of his creatures.” A loud sigh roused me from my soliloquy; it proceeded from a man seated under the canopy of a spreading oak. He was far advanced in the vale of years—his silver locks, parted on the forehead, disclosed the traces of what he had been; his eyes beamed with a mild glow of pious resignation; his uplifted hands discovered that his thoughts were elevated far above this world; his beard flowed over his breast, and gave an awful air of majesty to his figure. On seeing a stranger, he bowed and courteously pointed to a seat beside him—I accepted it, and we entered into conversation. On every topic he spoke with wisdom, but still a deep melancholy rested on his countenance, and dimmed the fire of his age. “Sir,” said he, “your face bespeaks you to be possessed of humanity; you doubtless have had your trials, for who in this world are exempt; but perhaps (for I perceive you are English) you still have tender ties that link you to society; perhaps you have blooming sons and daughters, the idols of your love; a wife, the soother of your cares, the

prop of your existence—while I——” I saw he could not proceed; drops of bitter anguish chased each other down his furrowed cheek. I endeavoured to whisper a few words of consolation, and joined my hand to his. A scalding drop of misery fell upon it; he groaned piteously for some time; at last, seeming to acquire fortitude, he arose, and, waving his hand, said, “Come with me, Sir, and in the abode of sorrow learn a lesson of wisdom.” I followed instinctively. Embosomed in an almost impervious glen stood a cottage. It was in the midst of a little garden, in a corner of which was raised a hillock; over it waved a drooping willow. We entered a small parlour; in the window seat was a female, apparently about the age of twenty; she was tall and elegantly formed; the pallid hue of sickness was spread over her features. She was looking intently on a miniature portrait, and when we entered a hectic flush suffused her cheek, and she regarded me wistfully; then returned to the portrait—and then looked again. “Father,” said she to the old man, “I thought he was Frederick—I did indeed.”—“Hush.”—She approached me—“I was to have been married to Frederick to-morrow, but they tell me he is dead—and see, there he lies!”—continued she, pointing to the hillock. “But still I *will* see him—will kiss his cold cheek—for he *did* love me; he swore he loved me truly—You weep—you seem affected; so am I, but I cannot weep—now I’m better, see—” She laughed hysterically, and sunk exhausted on a sofa. I shuddered. “This is the lesson I would teach,” said her father; “beware how you trifle with the happiness of a young female—Once we were happy; in the society of my wife and daughter, I knew sorrow but by name. A fell deceiver came—his face wore the marks of honour, but his heart was of the blackest dye: he triumphed over the innocence of my daughter, and reduced her to the condition in which you now behold her.—My wife sunk under this accumulated misery—yet still I survive, and still I trust we shall be happy hereafter. Hence, Sir, and should you again behold the modest lily plucked by a libertine hand, remember us.” He conducted me again to the oak where we met, and in half an hour I was on the road to Paris.

COLVILLE BARRY.

ENTOMOLOGY:

With a short account of the principal Collectors of Cabinets of Insects in London.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

IN a work published in the year 1805, it is asserted that Entomology was in its infancy. At the time this book was written it might not have been in so flourishing a state as could be wished; but I certainly cannot admit that it was in its infancy. Entomology was first studied as a science upwards of two centuries ago; since which the students of this very pleasing branch of Natural History have greatly accumulated. Fabricci was the first person who may be said to have entered seriously into it. Sir Charles Linnè, every one will say, was a very great Naturalist, but he was more acquainted with any other study than that of Entomology. William Turton published a translation of *Linnaea Systema Naturæ*, with additions, which was very well received. At present, I am happy to say that the science of Entomology (independent of other subjects of Natural History) is much countenanced by Schoolmasters. But I proceed to give an account of the Collectors of Insects in London. The first collection is that of Sir Joseph Banks, a person universally beloved by all who know him, and who is justly considered as the patron of Entomology; but it does not follow, because a person has the greatest number of Insects, that he is the best Entomologist. Sir Joseph has amassed a vast collection of English and exotic Insects, though I will not pretend to say that he is the collector of them, or that he knows the names and uses of a third part of them. The next I shall name is that of Mr. Thomas Marshall, so renowned for his first volume of *Entomologia Britannica*. The collection of this gentleman, I may venture to say, was almost wholly made by himself. It is to be hoped that he will continue this work, but it must be some time before the second volume can be produced, as he has now another very arduous task to perform, being secretary to a large Trading Company. Mr. Donovan intends giving plates of the insects described in the first volume, in the work he is now publishing, entitled, "The Insects of Great Britain." Mr. M. was at one time Secretary to the Lin-

nean Society, in which situation he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of all the Fellows of that most respectable circle. The Cabinet of Mr. Francillon of St. James's-street makes a great figure among the Collections of the day, it being allowed to be the finest assemblage of foreign Insects in the metropolis. His American Insects were collected by Mr. James Abbot, who published a History of the Insects of a particular Order in Carolina. I might make mention of several others, but I shall only add at present, that Mr. Donovan has also an extensive Collection of Foreign, but more particularly of English, Insects.

I am, Sir,

London, 29 March, 1807. W. F. G. *Fellow Lin. Soc.*

WESTMINSTER HALL.

When I enter (says Mr. Stephen, in his *Dangers of the Country*) that venerable hall which for many centuries has been the seat of our superior tribunals, and contemplate the character of the courts which are busily exercising their several jurisdictions around it, I am almost tempted to forget the frailty of man, and the imperfection of his noblest works. There, justice supported by liberty and honour, sits enthroned as in her temple, elevated far above the region of all ignoble passions. There, judicial character is so strongly guarded by ages of fair example, by public confidence, by conscious independence, and dignity of station, that it is scarcely a virtue to be just. There, the human intellect nourished by the morning dew of industry, and warmed by manly emulation, puts forth its most vigorous shoots, and consecrates them to the noblest of all sublunary ends.

If the rude emblems of heavenly intelligence with which our pious ancestors have adorned that majestic roof, were really what they were meant to represent, they might announce to us that they had looked down upon an administration of justice, advancing progressively, from the days of our Henries, at least, in correctness, liberality, parity, and independence, till it has arrived at a degree of perfection, never before witnessed upon earth, and such as the children of Adam are not likely ever to surpass.

This blessing, the fairest offspring of freedom, or rather its purest essence, may like all other advantages, be undervalued by those who have always enjoyed it, and know only by report the evils of a different lot. But those Englishmen who have travelled far enough, to see ignorance, prejudice, servility, and oppression, in the seat of justice, know how to appreciate and admire the tribunals of their native land.

Nor is the protecting power of our superior courts, less distinguished than their purity. In what other realm can an independent judge, deliver him whom the government has consigned to the darkness of a dungeon? Where else is the sword of the state chained to its scabbard, till drawn by the sentence of the law? And who but an Englishman, can defy, while judges are incorrupt, the proudest minister, or most insidious minion of a court!

The unique and inestimable institution of trial by jury, is an item only, though a proud and precious one, of this glorious account. The Englishman's life, his honour, and, with some reasonable exceptions, his property too, are placed not only under the protection of the laws, but under the further safeguard of his neighbours and equals in private life, without whose sanction, solemnly given upon oath, he cannot be condemned.

MATERNAL LOVE.

IT appears that the Creator has been careful to compensate the too fleeting enjoyments of love by a most valuable benefit, in consequence of which even the meanest living creature seems to be animated by an emanation from the Deity. This blessing is the tender affection of parents toward their offspring; and this sentiment is divine, for it is disinterested, and remains undiminished, though often repaid with ingratitude. It is celestial, because, ever entire, indivisible, and incapable of envy, it can extend to several objects at once. It is eternal and infinite, for it triumphs over love, and subsists beyond the grave. What an execrable monster would that mother appear, who should prefer a lover to her infant, to that helpless, innocent, and amiable being, whose existence nothing but maternal tenderness can preserve. Many species of animals, that sacrifice their

own lives for the sake of their young, would reflect disgrace on such an unnatural parent. They not only give them birth, but caress them even amid the agonies of death; and the occupation, in which the females of brute animals seem to take most delight, is that of suckling their offspring. Maternal affection is the pledge of love, by which nature derives from the heart of a mother an ample compensation for all her sufferings. Nothing equals the anxiety with which a mother seeks her lost child: nothing can exceed her transport when, after fatigue and search, after a tedious separation, she at length recovers it, and embraces it as if it were just then born. The desire of fecundity is the brightest charm in the cestus of Venus; nay, it seems to be the only one that can be valuable in the estimation of chaste and virtuous women. These are the priestesses who keep alive the sacred fire of Vesta; and perish that contemptible wretch who, instead of being warmed with this pure flame, burns with a gross and brutal lust! Love has dipped only the point of his shaft with desire; when the whole weapon is envenomed by it, misery must attend those whom it wounds.

P.

THE CORONATION OATH, AND THE OATH OF A PRIVY COUNSELLOR.

THESE Oaths having been so often adverted to in the late interesting Parliamentary Discussions, and having both been published in the daily prints imperfectly and inaccurately, particularly the latter, our readers will, perhaps, not be displeased at this re-publication of them in a correct form.

THE CORONATION OATH.

The Archbishop or Bishop shall say,
 "Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern
 the People of this Kingdom of England, and the
 Dominions thereto belonging, according to the
 Statutes in Parliament agreed on, and the Laws and
 Customs of the same?"

HANDEL'S MESSIAH.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

THE Works of Handel have been always held in such universal and deserved estimation, that nothing new can be said in their commendation. The style of his oratorios, in particular, is so suited to the taste of the English nation, that they continue to be performed year after year with, if possible, increased admiration, and heard with fresh delight. They are so perfect, so complete, and contain so excellent an adaptation of sound to sense, and each part and portion, exquisite in itself, at the same time combines so well to add to, and heighten, the grand and sublime effect of the whole, that for a long time after their author's death, it would have been considered a kind of sacrilege to have attempted any alteration in them. I am sorry that the reverence which the name of Handel ought to inspire, has not operated to prevent the introduction and partial adoption of a new method of performing the sublimest of his productions. I need hardly to add that I mean THE MESSIAH. On the judicious selection of the words of this Oratorio, and on the unrivalled excellence of the music, it is needless here to say any thing. THE MESSIAH is confessedly the first production of the first of musicians, and in fact almost the only oratorio now performed entire. On the modern patch-work method of selection-making I could say much, but it is foreign from my present design, which is to censure the adoption of those instrumental parts which Mozart had the want of taste and judgment to adapt to the *Messiah*. That Mozart should fail in his attempt is not strange, since it is not very likely that any one would succeed; besides, it is a well known fact that foreigners in general do not understand or enjoy Handel's style of composition, and that Mozart did not, is evident from an overture of his, written, as he says, but as nobody else would say, in the style of Handel.

THE MESSIAH is, more than any other, a *singing* Oratorio. Handel has made, throughout, the vocal parts the leading features of the piece. The attention of the hearer is not divided between the singer and the accompaniment, but is fixed solely and entirely on the

voice. That this is not always the case, is apparent from a slight inspection of his other productions. In *Judas Maccabeus* for instance, one song has an obligato accompaniment for the violoncello, another for the oboe, a third for the trumpet, a fourth for the flute, and so on; but in the *MESSIAH*, one air only has an obligato accompaniment, and the reason there is sufficiently obvious. It cannot for a moment be supposed that Handel was incapable of varying the instrumental parts of his songs; his other works abundantly prove his excellent and universal knowledge of instrumental effect. Or is the *Messiah* in its original form tedious and monotonous? I think no one who has ever heard it even decently performed, will answer in the affirmative. Handel felt the solemnity and the grandeur of his subject, and it was doubtless this feeling which suggested to him the impropriety of tricking out the impressive words of the Scriptures, with light and frivolous accompaniments. His whole attention throughout the piece, is directed to give such an adaptation of sound to the words, as shall convey in the most striking and forcible manner their full sense and meaning. How far he has succeeded let those judge who have heard *Mara* in "I know that my Redeemer," or "He shall feed his flock," *Harrison* in "Comfort ye," and *Meredith* or *Bartleman* in "But who may abide," or "The trumpet shall sound." Whether Handel has adapted his instrumental parts to his chorusses judiciously, let those determine who remember the effect produced by the drums and trumpets in the *Hallelujah* chorus at the Abbey, in the year 1784, an effect which can be conceived only by those who heard and felt it, but which is entirely lost by the absurd introduction of those instruments into "For unto us," which is rather a pleasing than a grand chorus. With respect to Mozart's accompaniments to the songs, I shall only say of them in general, that they are calculated to bewilder rather than assist the singer, and to distract, rather than to fix the attention of the audience. Really, Sir, I have not common patience, when I hear a parcel of fellows flourishing and figuring away in the midst of Handel's sublime and devotional airs, upon their flutes, their clarionets, their bassoons and their oboes, or stunning the ears of an audience with the tremendous and discordant noise of their trombones and double bassoons, which they introduce in open defiance of musical taste or even common

sense. I could add much more on this subject, but lest you should think the garrulity of an old man, one who confesses himself to be "Laudator temporis acti," too tiresome, I shall conclude with signing myself

Your most obedient servant,

AN ADMIRER OF HANDEL.

THE ARTS.

No. II.

THE PROCESSION OF CHAUCER'S PILGRIMS TO CANTERBURY.

Painted by Thomas Stothard, Esq. R. A. and to be Engraved by Bromley.

He made the boke of *Canterbury Tales*
Whan the pylgryms rode on pylgrymage
Throughout *Kent*, by hylles and by dales,
And all the stories told in their passage
Endited them full well in our langage.

LIDGATE:

THE father of English poetry has received considerable attention from the present age. TYRWHITT has restored the text of his *Canterbury Tales* to its original purity, and accompanied it with "a glossary, notes, and illustrations, executed with method, acumen, and perspicuity, no where exceeded among all the Commentators on books." WARTON's observations are highly valuable. GODWIN has lately employed himself upon a *Life* of the illustrious poet, in which, if very little is added to the facts before recorded, much new and interesting information is afforded, and some ingenious conjectures are offered, respecting the manners, opinions, arts and literature of his age. Mr. STOTHARD, an artist whose talents have long withstood the ordeal of criticism, has now transferred all the characters of the *Canterbury Tales* to the canvas, and with so much justness, force and discrimination, that "we see all the pilgrims, their humours, their features, and their very dress, as distinctly as if we had supped with them at the Tabard, in Southwark."* It is the *ut pictura poesis* of Horace, in its most emphatic signification.

* Dryden's Preface to his Fables.

This exquisite painting combines more variety of costume and character, than usually occurs in the productions of an individual: few minds possessing a fancy sufficiently creative to compose a subject so multifarious in its expression as the one before us. We know not, in an assemblage of so many personages of different designations, which most to admire, the appropriate grouping of the objects, the acute discrimination of multiplied characters, or the critical acumen observed in the decoration; forming together a climax of excellence, that must for ever establish the artist's reputation in this walk of art; and we are happy to say that the decisions of WHAT, OPIE, HOPFNER, BEECHEY, and other distinguished members of the Royal Academy, are in strong confirmation of this opinion.

"The *general prologue*," as Mr. Neve has remarked, "is justly the most celebrated part of *Chaucer's* works. The acuteness of his observation, his judgment and discrimination of character are there alike conspicuous. Nor is it wonderful, that a mind, possessing much native humour, and enriched by long experience, and extensive information, should exhibit characters, such as are there found, with striking resemblance to nature and living manners." From this *prologue*, Mr. STOTHARD has taken his picture; but to afford a more complete idea of the whole, we shall quote the words of Mr. TYRWHITT. "Chaucer pretends, that intending to pay his devotions at the shrine of Thomas à Becket, he set up his horse at the Tabard inn, in Southwark; that he found in the inn a number of pilgrims, who severally proposed the same journey; and that they all agreed to sup together, and to set out the next morning on the same party. The supper being finished, the landlord, a fellow of sense and drollery, conformable to his character and calling, makes them no disagreeable proposal, that, to divert them on their journey, each of them should be obliged to tell two stories, one going, the other coming back; and that whoever in the judgment of the company, should succeed best in this art of tale-telling, by way of recompence, at their return to his inn, should be entitled to a good supper at the common cost; which proposal assented to, he promises to be their governor and guide. At the entrance of the poem, the characters of all the pilgrims are distinctly drawn,

and a plan of the comedy, in which they stand for the *dramatis personæ*; and, to the honour of our author be it spoken, every part of his plan is performed with equal justice and spirit; and above all, the character of the host is most admirably kept up, and the same wit, spirit, and humour is preserved through the whole journey, that strikes and astonishes the reader so much at the very beginning, where the original character of this incomparable person is drawn at full length."

Introductory discourse.

The scene of the picture is laid in that part of the road to Canterbury, which commands a view of the Dulwich hills—the time, a beautiful and serene April morning. The interest of the procession is considerably heightened by the cheerfulness of the accompanying landscape. The pilgrims are grouped with a decorum suited to their respective characters, and in the order in which we may suppose Chaucer himself to have seen them, headed by the Miller, playing upon his pipe (*a*), under the guidance of Harry Baillie, the host; who, as master of the ceremonies, is represented on horseback, standing in his stirrups, in the act of commanding attention to the proposal he is about to make of drawing lots to determine which of the company shall tell the first tale (*b*). Near to him is a line of five characters—the Knight (*c*); his Son, the young Squire (*d*); the

(*a*) A baggepipe wel coude he blowe and sounne,
And therewithall he brought us out of tounne.

(*b*) And ther our hoste began his hors arest,
And saide; lordes, herkeneth if you lest.
Ye wete your forword, [*promise*] and I it record.
If even song and morwe song accord,
Let se now who shal telle the firste tale.
As ever mote I drinken win or ale,
Who so is rebel to my jugement,
Shal pay for alle that by the way is spent.
Now draweth cutte, or that ye further twinne [*proceed*],
He which that hath the shortest shal beginne.

(*c*) His hors was good, but he ne was not gaie.
Of fustian he wered a gipon, [*short cassock*]
Alle bearmotred [*smutted*] with his habergeon, [*coat of mail*]

(*d*) With lockes crull as they were laide in presse,
Of twenty yere of age he was I gesse.

Franklin (e), or Country Gentleman; *the Serjeant at Law (f)*, *the Merchant (g)*, and *the Doctor of Physic (h)*. The Squire is mounted on a white horse near the Knight, and betwixt these two figures is seen *the Reve (i)*. Close behind the Squire, his *Yeoman* advances (*k*),

Of his stature he was of even lengthe,
And wonderly deliver [nimble], and grete of strengthe.
Embroded was he, as it were a mede
Alle ful of freshe floures, white and rede.
Short was his gowne, with sleeves long and wide.
Wel coude he sitte on hors, and fayre ride.

(e) White was his berd, as is the dayesie.
Of his complexion he was sanguin.
Wel loved he by the morwe a sop in win.
An anelace [a dagger at the girdle] and a gipciere [pouch] all
of silk,
Heng at his girdel, white as morwe milk.

(f) He rode but homely in a medlee [of a mixed colour] cote,
Girt with a seint [girdle] of silk, with barres [stripes] smale;
Of his array tell I no lenger tale.

(g) A MARCHANT was ther with a forked berd,
In mottelee, and highe on hors he sat,
And on his hed a Flaundrish bever hat.
His bootes clasped [clasped] fayre and fetisly. [neatly]

(h) In sanguin [blood-red colour] and in perse [a bluish gray]
he clad was alle
Lined with taffata, and with sendalle. [thin silk]

(i) The REVE was a slendre colerike man,
His berd was shave as neighe as ever he can.
His here was by his eres round yshorne.
His top was docked like a preest beforne.
Ful longe were his legges, and ful lene,
Ylike a staff, ther was no calf ysene.
This reve sate upon a right good stot,
That was all pomelee [dappled] grey, and highte Scot.
A long surcote of perse upon he hade,
And by his side he bare a rusty blade.

(k) And he was cladde in cote and hode of grene.
A shefe of peacock arwes [arrows] bright and kene
Under his belt he bare ful thriftily.
Wel coude he dresse his takel yemanly:
His arwes drouped not with fetheres lowe.
And in his hond he bare a mighty bowe.
A not-bed [head like a nut] hadde he, with a broune visage,
Of wood-craft coude he wel alle the usage.

habited in green. The front of the next groupe is also composed of five characters—*The Lady Abbess (l)*; *her Nun (m)*; *the Nun's Priest (m)*; *the Good Parson (n)*; and his Brother, *the Ploughman (o)*. The figures immediately behind the Lady Abbess are, *the Shipman (p)*; *the Oxford Scholar (q)*; *the Manciple (r)*; and

Upon his arme he bare a gaie bracer,
And by his side a swerd and a bokeler.
And on that other side a gaie daggere,
Harneised wel, and sharpe as point of spere :
A Cristofre on his brest of silver shene.
An horne he bare, the baudrik was of grene.
A forster was he sothely as I gesse.

- (l) Ful semely hire wimple [*neck covering*] ypinched was ;
Hire nose tretis [*well-shaped*] ; hire eyen grey as glas ;
Hire mouth ful smale, and therto soft and red ;
But sikerly [*surely*] she hadde a fayre forehed.
It was almost a spanne brode I trowe ;
For hardily she was not undergrowe.

Ful fetise was hire cloke, as I was ware.
Of smale corall aboute hire arm she bare
A pair of bedes, gauded all with grenē ;
And therou heng a broche of gold ful shene,
On whiche was first ywriten a crowned A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.

- (m) Another NONNE also with hire hadde she,
That was hire chapelleine, and PREESTES thre.
- (n) A good man ther was of religioun,
That was a poure PERSONE of a toun :
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
- (o) A trewe swinker, and a good was he,
Living in pees, and parfite charitee.
In a tabard he rode upon a mere.
- (p) He rode upon a rouncie, [*a hack*] as he couthe,
All in a goune of falding to the knee.
A dagger hanging by a las [*lace*] hadde hee
About his nekke under his arm adoun.
The hote sommer hadde made his hewe al broun.
- (q) As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat, I undertake ;
But loked holwe, and therto soberly.
Ful thredbare was his overest courtepy, [*short coarse cloak*]
For he hadde geten him yet no benefice.

Chaucer (*s*). Next, mounted upon an ambling nag, approaches *the Wife of Bath* (*t*), heading a groupe of four figures :—she is represented in brisk conversation with *the Monk* (*u*), and *the Friar* (*v*); behind them are the *Pardoner* (*w*), dressed in blue, and his friend

(*r*) A gentil Manciple was ther of a temple,
Of which achatours [*caterers*] mighten take enseuple
For to ben wise in bying of vitaille.

(*s*) —What man art thou? quod he: [*the Host*]
Thou lokest as thou woldest find an hare,
For ever upon the ground I see thee stare.

Prologue to Sire Thopas.

(*t*) Hire hosen weren of fine scarlet rede,
Ful streite yteyed, and shoon ful moist and newe.
Bold was hire face, and fayre and rede of hew.
Upon an ambler esily she sat,
Ywimpled wel, and on hire hede an hat,
As brode as is a bokeler, or a targe.
A fote mantel about hire hippes large,
And on hire fete a pair of sporres sharpe.

(*u*) I saw his sleeves purfild [*worked at the edge*] at the hond
With gris, [*fur*] and that the finest of the lond.
And for to fasten his hood under his chinne,
He hadde of gold ywrought a curious pinne:
A love-knotte in the greter ende ther was.
His hed was balled, and shone as any glas,
And eke his face, as it hadde ben anoint.
He was a lord ful fat and in good point.
His eyen stepe, and rolling in his hed,
That stemed as a forneis of a led.
His bootes souple, his hors in gret estat,
Now certainly he was a fayre prelat.
His palfrey was as broune as is a bery.

(*v*) Of double worsted was his semicope, [*short cloak*]
That round was as a belle out of the presse.

(*w*) This Pardoner had here as yelwe as wax,
But smoth it heng, as doth a strike of flax:
By unces heng his lokkes that he hadde,
And therwith he his shulders overspradde.
Ful thinne it lay, by culpons [*shreds*] on and on,
But hode for jolite, ne wered he non,
For it was trussed up in his wallet.
Him thought he rode al of the newe get,

the Sompnour (x), in white. The last groupe of this motley cavalcade, is composed of *the Goldsmith, the Weaver, the Dyer, and the Tapestry Merchant (y)*, all Citizens of London, *attended by their Cook (z)*; with these jolly pilgrims the procession closes.

We have quoted the characters below (with some *abridgement*) as they are delineated by Chaucer, as affording the means by which the best judgment of Mr. Stothard's merit may be formed. It is hardly too much praise to say that the Poet and the Painter stand almost on equal ground. We cannot sufficiently admire the accuracy with which Chaucer's description is exhibited to the eye, and the congenial spirit with which the features and distinctions of each individual character are preserved amid the several groupings and combinations which, to form one striking picture of the whole, it was the artist's most difficult, but most successful labour to compose. The horses are

Dishevele, sauf his cappe, he rode all bare.

Swiche glaring eyen hadde he as an hare.

A vernicle [*a miniature of our Saviour*] hadde he sewed upon his cappe.

His wallet lay beforne him in his lappe,
Bret-ful of pardon come from Rome al hote.

A vois he hadde, as smale as hath a gote.

No berd hadde he, ne never non shulde have,

As smothe it was as it were newe shave;

I trowe he were a gelding or a mare.

(x) That hadde a fire-red cherubiunes face.

With-scaled [*scurfy*] browes blake, and pilled [*bald*] berd :

Of his visage children were sore aferd.

A gerlond hadde he sette upon his hede,

As gret as it were for an alestake :

A bokeler hadde he made him of a cake.

(y) An HABERDASHER, and a CARPENTER,

A WEBBE, a DEYER, and a TAPISER,

Were alle yclothed in o livere,

Of a solempne and grete fraternite.

Ful freshe and newe hir gere ypiked [*spruce*] was.

Hir knives were ychaped not with bras,

But all with silver, wrought ful clene and wel,

Hir girdéles and hir pouches every del.

(z) A COKE they hadden with hem for the nones,

To boile the chikenes and the marie bones,

And poudre marchant, tart and galingale [*sweet cypress*].

Wel coude he knowe a draught of London ale.

thirty in number. Chaucer particularizes only a few. Mr. Stothard has contrived to discriminate those of all the Pilgrims according to "th' estat, th' araie" and circumstances of their riders. The Miller's *Horse* is as much in character as the Miller himself.

The dresses have been adopted with the nicest fidelity from the best authorities; from the British Museum, and other public depositories of rare MSS; from monumental remains; from the authority of Chaucer himself; and from ancient illuminated manuscripts, painted in his time. The portrait of Chaucer is painted from that in the British Museum, done by Thomas Occleve, who was his scholar.

This admirable performance was suggested by a private person * who knew the peculiar qualification of the artist for this subject, and who is now the proprietor of the picture. So feebly do the rich and the noble patronize the ingenious HISTORICAL PAINTERS of this country.

The picture has a merit also beyond its excellence as a work of art. It will probably excite the public towards a perusal, and instil into their minds a relish, of the works of Chaucer, who is known only by name to many who pique themselves "and that highly" on their acquaintance with the English Poets.

FOREIGN MASTERS.

Mr. Christie commenced the Sale of Pictures for the season on the 7th February with a very choice and valuable collection of the Italian, French, Flemish, and Dutch Schools, in the highest preservation. The leading picture of the collection was by RUBENS, viz.

The Return of Peace to the City of Antwerp. The latter is allegorically represented as a beautiful female embraced by Pallas, who has put sedition under her feet; in the distance a storm dispersing with young genius above. This picture is one of Rubens' happiest efforts, and replete with spirit and elegance, and must be considered as a *chef d'œuvre* of his powers in colouring. It was sold for 950 guineas.

* Mr. Crome, at whose house, No. 64, Newman Street, the Picture is to be seen, with Tickets.

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N

C. DU JARDIN.—A Cavalier watering his Horse at a Brook, during a halt from the chase; a youth with a brace of hounds; a goat attacked by a dog; and sheep brousing. Of all the small pictures in the same line, this bore away the palm; the distance a mountainous morning scene, remarkably clear and brilliant, and in the best preservation. (250 guineas.)

RUYSDAEL.—View of a river flowing through a hilly broken landscape; a groupe of figures in the foreground which are painted by Vernet of the French School. A sober, chaste, and grand performance. The water and the reflection of a fortress in it on the opposite hill, are equal to any attempt ever made in the art; a fine tone of colouring pervades the whole. (240 guineas.)

SCHALKEN.—*Le Concert de Famille.* A picture well known among the Cognoscenti, which has been engraved by Wille. (230 guineas.)

MURILLO.—*The Flagellation.* An upright picture of a most charming tone of colouring, finely drawn, with exquisite sensibility in the countenance of the persecuted saint; the figure in the act of tormenting, an admirable contrast to the sufferer; it is certainly in the grandest manner of this master (115 guineas.)

G. VASARI.—The Descent from the Cross, a picture that would do credit to the easel of Parmegiano. (17 guineas)

ADRIAN OSTADE.—*An Interior,* with boors, drinking and listening to a man with a hardy-gurdy, and a boy playing on the fiddle; if this picture is not the very best performance of the master, it will ever rank as among the foremost of his works; the whole very spirited, and painted with great warmth. (105 guineas.)

A. CUYF.—*A Cattle Piece.* Cows on the brink of a pond, peasants and children watching them; the time represented is a warm evening, the glow diffused over the whole picture is happily managed, and the animals are finely drawn. (80 guineas.)

DE HEUSCH.—*A Mountainous Landscape* on the borders of a lake, with figures by Polemberg; a vast deal of freedom is shewn in the handling, the foliage loose and spirited, the figures truly classical. (80 guineas)

NETCHER.—*A Morning Conversazione,* a cavalier playing on the guitar, and a lady holding fruit to a dog dancing. The finishing of the draperies in the finest style of the master; this picture is well known, and has a print engraved from it. (39 guineas)

GUERCINO.—*Samson and Dalilah,* an elegant composition, and possesses all the knowledge of this master, the effect bold, strong, and natural. (120 guineas)

BACKHUYSEN.—*A Brisk Gale.* While viewing this picture the spectator may almost imagine he feels the sharpness of the breeze; it is certainly a first rate picture of the master; the delicacy of pencilling, and clearness throughout the whole, cannot be surpassed. (80 guineas)

DOMINICHINO.—*Diana and Calista,* a cabinet picture (135 guineas)

DE HOOGE.—Two pictures in this collection. First, *The Mistress of a Family* descending a winding staircase and overhearing the intrigue of her domestics in a cellar; no master has combined the force of *chiaro scuro*, with the richness of De Hooge; this picture is esteemed one of his best productions. (80 guineas)

Second, *Cradle Scene.* (35 guineas)

ADRIAN OSTADE.—*An Exterior, with Boors smoking ; a small cabinet picture. (30 guineas)*

INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. Prince Hoare published on the 14th of March, the first number of a work to be continued weekly, under the Title of the **ARTIST**, to consist of a Series of Essays on Science and Art, written by men of eminent professional abilities, on topics relative to their respective studies, and by other persons peculiarly conversant with those subjects. In this number Mr. Hoare develops his plan. It is the design of *The Artist* to seek professional information on the subject of the liberal arts in the most distinguished sources of his country, and to present their recondite stores in a familiar garb to his readers. With these offerings he proposes to connect accounts of the modern improvements in science, and such observations on them as experience and equally appropriate study can best supply.

We announce this publication with the greatest pleasure. Authentic information on the points to be discussed is much wanted ; and it would be difficult to find any where, an editor so perfectly competent to this useful undertaking as the ingenious and indefatigable Secretary for *Foreign Correspondence to the Royal Academy*.

The second number will contain Essays on Originality in Painting ; on Imitators ; and Collectors.

The **ROYAL ACADEMY** will receive the performances of artists and honorary exhibitors on the 3d and 4th of April only. The Rooms will be opened early in May.

The **SOCIETY of ARTISTS** exhibiting *Water-coloured Drawings*, have announced a further Exhibition.

The **BRITISH INSTITUTION**, has also re-opened its Gallery. Of the leading Pictures in this and in the British Gallery, we shall hereafter give some account.

FOOLS AND JESTERS.

FOOLS by profession, or (as they have sometimes been called) jesters, were formerly of great account. Cardinal Wolsey, in 1529, presented his to Henry VIII. as a token of grateful and affectionate regard ; as did, Sir Thomas More his, upon resigning the seals in 1532, to the Lord Mayor of London and his successors in office*.

* Herbert's Hist. of Henry.—Angeli was a fool of this sort in France. He had been a follower of the great Condé, and was given by him to the king ; yet was far from wanting wit. He was once some time in company, before he began to play the fool : when, M. de Baurin (who was the wit of the court) entering, "I am glad,"

I have sometimes thought, that these objects of mirth, however strangely and unnaturally they became so, might yet be made subservient to good purposes among the *great*; among kings, ministers, and all who govern and bear influence with men. In the first place I would propose, that the term of *fool* be discarded, and that of *jester* only retained. *Fool* implies a person deficient in understanding; but natural deficiencies and imperfections must never be made objects of mirth. Again, these *fools* in reality have not been such natural fools, as some have imagined: on the contrary, if they were not the wisest persons at court, which yet might sometimes admit a doubt, they have often been wiser, and known better what they were doing, than many who have laughed at them. The appellation of fools therefore is improperly applied to such.

Let me now set forth, what ideas I would include under the term *jester*; by whom, then, I do not mean a person, who is merely to raise a laugh, by doing absurd and ridiculous things: none of our kings have been so poorly attended, but who have abounded with servants: qualified for this. By a *jester*, I mean one, who should mix *utile dulci*, the useful with the pleasant; who should instruct, at the same time that he diverts; and, if the freedom may be allowed me, who should make the king *wise* as well as *merry*.

For this purpose I would have him endowed with strong original powers, cultivated with letters, and thoroughly practised in the ways of men. Nor should his letters consist in a simple knowledge of languages, or in critical and philological matters; for these of themselves, though they excite admiration among the ignorant, yet leave the understanding as poor as they find it: but I would have them to consist of history, philosophy, and other branches of science and literature, which tend to

says he, "you are come; I was afraid I should have been alone." *Menagiana*.—By his address in pleasing some, and in awing others, he made them all tributaries; and amassed so much money, that M. de Marigni said, "Of all the fools who had followed Monsieur the prince, Angeli was the only one who had made his fortune." *Ibid*.—Boileau's starved poet complains, that Angeli in preferment outstripped all competitors, of what merit soever:

*Et l'Esprit le plus beau, l'auteur le plus poli,
N'y parviendra jamais au sort de l'Angeli.*

SAT. 1.

make men knowing in human nature and human life. Thus accomplished, a jester may not only be diverting, according to the original institution of his place, but useful also and instructing in a very superlative degree.

By profession, he is a manufacturer and dealer in apophthegms, proverbs, aphorisms, maxims, and *bons mots* of every kind: all which are not only highly calculated for wit and amusement, but (in the opinion of the wisest men) the most efficacious means of conveying knowledge. Seneca says, that "even rude and uncultivated minds are struck, as it were, with these short but weighty sentences, which anticipate all reasoning, by flashing truths upon them at once;" and he relates, that Agrippa, the minister of Augustus Cæsar, used to own himself much indebted to that of Sallust, *concordiâ parvæ res crescunt, discordiâ maximæ dilabuntur**: a pithy sentence indeed, and which the good people of old England would, at all times, do well to ponder. Plutarch drew up and digested a collection of apophthegms for Trajan, and Erasmus did the same for a German prince; in the dedication to whom, after observing how finely fitted these close and pointed sentences are for instruction, he adds, that they are "singularly accommodated to the situation and exigencies of a prince, who has not time to read Plato, Aristotle, and other voluminous writers upon government, laws, manners, &c."

Now with such instruments as these managed judiciously and with address, a jester may produce surprising effects: nay, Bayle has not scrupled to say, that "a sentence, taken from Livy or Tacitus, is capable of saving a nation, and perhaps has saved more than one†." It is very well known, that war, peace, and other important national events, have often originated in secret from very minute and (as would be thought) inadequate causes; while the reasons, publicly given out, have been merely ostensible. But a jester, such a one as I mean, is or may be often within the cabinet. He may therefore *instruct* his master, as I have said; but he may do more: he may also in some measure regulate and direct his passions, and greatly influence his political conduct,

* Epist. 94.

† Project for a Dictionary.

while his apparent object shall be only to divert him. There was a jester among the household of Charles I. who was brought before the council, and with much solemnity discarded from court, for pointing his railery at archbishop Laud ; but many knowing ones have thought, that, if the king had discarded the archbishop instead of the jester, his affairs might have ended better than they did.

Dioclesian, a Roman emperor, made the difficulty of reigning well to consist chiefly in the difficulty of arriving at the real knowledge of affairs. " Four or five courtiers," said he, " form themselves into a cabal, and unite in their councils to deceive the emperor. They say what will please their master ; who, being shut up in his palace, is a stranger to the truth, and forced to know only what they think fit to tell him*." Now the jester will be sure to prevent or dissipate all this darkness and obscurity : he will be a perpetual intelligencer to his master : he will daily and hourly laugh him into true ideas of persons and things, and lead him gradually to see them as they are†. Thus royalty will be guarded against many evils : it will not be misled by either flattery or abuse ; but taught to lay the due stress, and no more, upon whatever shall be said for or against itself. These and innumerable other benefits will be obtained, and all in the way of mirth and pleasantry.

Upon the whole then, agreeably to my idea of a jester, many might be glad to see this personage re-established at court, and a proper stipend assigned to his offices§. If he produce the effects I have specified, well

* Vopiscus in Aureliano.

† This was what the famous *Carvalho* so much dreaded from the lively and witty Count d' *Obidos* : *Il craignoit, says the historian, que ses bons mots ne fissent à la fin quelque impression sur l'esprit du Monarque, & ne parvinssent peut-être à lui ouvrir les yeux.* *Memoires de Carvalho, Marquis de Pombal.* Tom. II. p. 35.

§ Yet a certain writer seems to think this in no wise necessary : " the last jester we had at court," says he, " was in the licentious reign of Charles II. Since that time our manners have been so gradually refining, that our court at present is full of patriots, who wish for nothing but the honours and wealth of their country ; and our ladies are all so chaste, so spotless, so good, so devout, that there is nothing for a jester to make a jest of." *Yorick's Sentimental Journey.*

and good: and, let the worst happen that can, it will be only adding one more to those many places and pensions, which, being of no great use or ornament to the kingdom, must unavoidably create disaffection and complaint; unless we could suppose the English of the same humour with the subjects of a duke of Savoy, who being asked "how they could bear their heavy "taxations?" replied, *We are not so much offended with the duke for what he takes from us, as thankful to him for what he leaves us**.

THE CHANGE IN THE CABINET.

DO not start, Mr. CONDUCTOR, I allude to the change in the Political Cabinet; for in your's no alteration seems necessary, and I hope your administration will prove as lasting as its commencement is favourable. What is to become of us? All parties have been tried, and all have been found wanting. Since the French revolution, we have had a Pitt and Grenville Cabinet—A Pitt, Grenville and Burke Cabinet—An Addington Cabinet—A Pitt Cabinet again—Then the Pitts and the Addingtons, without the house of Temple, and the followers of Burke; and last the Grenvillites; the Foxites; the Addingtonians; and the Burkites; the *Tories*, the *New Whigs*, the *Old Whigs*—the *Doctors* and the *Alarmists*; all the parties and 'all the talents' in the Country jumbled together. Now "ALL THE TALENTS" are suddenly sent adrift, and the nation is to be governed by a *thing of shreds and patches*, which was all the illustrious Pitt could bequeath to his country, except the memory of his great abilities, and spotless integrity. I tremble for the result.

On reading an account of the changes in the Cabinet in the year 1770, I lately met with the following particulars relative to the *sudden* death of Mr. YORKE, which as they have every appearance of authenticity, and present a specimen of the importunities, intrigues and family dissensions which have attended the party struggles for power in this country, I have transcribed for your use, should you think proper to insert them.

The Premier [the Duke of Grafton] had for some time been importuning Mr. Yorke to accept the seals, which he,

* Lord Herbert's *Life*, p. 110. 1770. 4to.

fired with the principles of his noble family, had, with a spirit becoming his character, often disdainfully refused. But as no one was thought more adequate to the purposes of ministerial intrigues, no step was left unturned to bring him over. What could not be brought to bear with *him*, was effected through his *wife*; the Premier applied to her; she, the true sister of *arbitrary measures*, swelled with the thought of being the lady of almost the first subject in the kingdom, and anxious to have a peerage for her own son, as well as her son-in-law, (for that was to be the price of his accepting them,) took him in the soft hours of dalliance, the *mollia tempora fandi*, and turned him to her purpose. She went immediately to the Duke of Grafton, made him acquainted with it, and told him she was convinced if his Majesty would send for him, and ask it as a favour, he would no longer withstand. The thing was done, and he was sent for and closetted; the favour was asked, and the seals accepted.

On his return home, he called on his friend the Marquis of Rockingham, with whom he found Mr. Burke, and one or two of his old associates, who seemed pleased with the unexpected visit, but when he said "I have accepted the seals," it struck them with astonishment. They could not believe what they heard; but when they found it was too true, his friend, the Marquis, could hold no longer, and instantly addressed him thus; "Mr. Yorke, for I still hope to call you so, I once looked upon you as an *honest* man, inflexible to any mean thing, and as one who had no ambition but that of being instrumental to the good of society. Now I despise you. As Mr. Yorke, I was always happy to see you; as Chancellor never put your feet within my doors again." This spirited address was echoed by the whole company, and the Chancellor retired in disgrace. The Marquis immediately flew to Lord Hardwicke, the Chancellor's brother, told him the story, and urged him to go and insist on his immediate resignation, (for Mr. Yorke had great expectations from his brother;) Lord Hardwicke lost no time, but went to his house, and began with, "brother, what's this I hear? they tell me you have accepted the seals?"—"I have." "Have? and are you not ashamed to own it? you have turned your back on those friends that have been the making of our family. What could induce you! honour? a place refused is

more honourable than one *accepted*. Peerage? you wanted none; *mine* will fall into *your* family. And as to money you have enough; if not, you should have shared with *me*." Mr. Yorke in his defence urged his Majesty's great importunity, but Lord Hardwicke interrupted him with "I'll have no replies—I come not to argue with the Chancellor, but to lay my injunctions on my brother. If you have any future expectations from either me or mine, go instantly resign." Mr. Yorke would fain have been excused, alleging he knew not what plea to make. "If you have no plea of your *own*," continued he, "go tell the King your *friends* will not let you keep them." In short he hurried him away, saying, he would wait his return.

The Chancellor went, talked the matter over with his Majesty, but could not bring himself to give them up. On his entering his house again, Lord Hardwicke eagerly called out: "tell me, may I now embrace you as my brother?" "I hope so," replied Mr. Yorke, "but the King would not accept my resignation." Then said Lord Hardwicke leaving him, "adieu for ever, thou meanest of men. I was once your sincerest *friend*, for the future consider me as your greatest *enemy*."

Loaded with reproach and shame, the upbraiding of his friends, and the aggravation of his wife, he could support himself no longer, but flung out of the room where they were together, with a cast of wildness in his eye, and ran immediately up stairs; his lady suspecting something that might not be right, instantly followed him, and was in his chamber almost as soon as he, but not time enough to prevent his cutting his throat with a knife, which he took out of his pocket as he was going up; he made an attempt also at cutting his wrists, but she interposed and prevented him. As soon as she saw him bleeding she rung the bell, and ordered her servant to fetch the first surgeon he could find; Mr. Langley of Gloucester-street was brought, and he sewed up the wound, which at that time did not appear mortal. But so determined was he on his own death, that some time after, he threw back his head and burst the stitches, which were again repaired. It was not long before several of the faculty were called in; he then seemed to have some little remorse for what he had done, and asked whether they thought he was out of danger; they replied he was, provided he kept himself quiet and did not

cough ; however he could not avoid coughing, hurt himself some how or other, and on saturday evening * *died* in great agonies internally.

I fear I am encroaching upon the plan of your work, which I am aware is *anti-political*, but I cannot help lamenting that the administration of our public affairs should undergo these frequent changes. It is true that, guarded as our constitution is, a moderate share of talent, with honest intentions, is sufficient for the exercise of the functions of government ; but when it is considered that ministers, before they go out of office, must provide for themselves and their dependents ; that when they came in, many extravagant arrangements of their predecessors were set aside for others perhaps equally expensive, which will again be abandoned for new schemes and undertakings of an extensive nature ; that the present ministers have but just acquired the necessary information to enable them to fulfil their official duties ; and that a considerable time must elapse before their successors can see their way with sufficient clearness ; that conditions will be demanded by those who may be invited to support the *new men* and the *new measures*, and that, weak as they are in numbers, rank and talent, those conditions must be complied with, at almost any rate ;—That to these is likely to be added, from the strong opposition in parliament, the tumult, excesses, corruption and **EXPENCE** of another *General Election*, though some of the members returned at the last are scarcely seated. I say all these things considered, Mr. CONDUCTOR, we have no cause to rejoice, much to lament, and every thing to dread from a *change in the Cabinet*, at *this crisis*, in favour of *such successors*, and upon so **AWFULLY-SERIOUS A QUESTION** !

I am,

Sir, &c.

March 23.

A BRITON.

* He received the Seals on the previous Wednesday Evening, and died before his patent of Peerage was completed.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

 PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

Anecdotes of Literature and Scarce Books. By the Rev. William Beloe, translator of Herodotus, &c. 8vo. 16s. Rivingtons, 1807.

Mr. Beloe's name ranks very high in the literary world. His acquaintance with books is very extensive, and his late situation at the British Museum, afforded the opportunity to a gentleman of his learning and diligence, of collecting the most ample and valuable materials for a work of this nature. We lament to call it his *late* situation; for no man was qualified to fill it more honourably; but a circumstance of a singular nature required his dismissal, and in his preface to these volumes, Mr. Beloe adverts to it in a manner that shews how deeply his feelings have been affected by the measure, though the *mens conscia recti* has sustained and consoled him under the heavy mortification he has endured.

"If ever there were a time when I might wish for the unclouded use of my faculties, and to be divested of all prejudice and passion, it would surely be the present. I am about to give an account of a work which was commenced under the most auspicious prospects, with the most favourable hopes of its successful and protracted continuation, with the best possible means to give it every aid of variety, with the opportunity of choice among almost infinite materials; and finally, with every thing I could possibly desire to cheer the present, and to animate me to future exertion.

"My situation at the conclusion of these two volumes is very different. But I hasten to give the following concise account of the matter."

Mr. Beloe then states the particulars of his appointment to the office of under librarian in the British Museum:

"How I conducted myself in this situation I may fairly challenge the most rigid investigation to determine. I appeal to my brother officers; I appeal to every one connected with that institution to decide; I appeal to that part of the public who knew and observed me in the execution of my office. I conceived it my duty,

and I felt it my delight, to assist and facilitate the researches of the learned, to gratify the ingenuous curiosity of strangers, and to exhibit, where the recommendation justified confidence, the sources of instruction and amusement which were committed to my care. But this I did not conceive to be sufficient ; I thought that the public might not unreasonably expect more.

“ As my office, therefore, confined me to the care and examination of printed books, I formed the determination of selecting such as were more extraordinary for their intrinsic value, or sought after for their rarity, and I undertook, from time to time, to give such a description of them and their contents, as might be interesting and useful both to the student and collector. I thought I should perform no unimportant office in communicating to the student the place where he might find what he wanted, and in representing to the collector the genuine marks by which he might ascertain the object of his curious pursuit.

“ The Museum contains great treasures of this kind, and most particularly in old English literature, which had ever been a favourite branch of my occasional investigation, and which I knew, at this particular time, to be an object of very earnest research. Such was the foundation, and such the motive of my commencing the present undertaking. But on announcing my plan and design among my literary friends, I had the satisfaction of discovering that my ideas were generally approved, and I almost immediately received such countenance and assistance, that I was not only confirmed in my determination, but induced to believe that I should be able to produce a miscellaneous volume once in every year. I had the grateful opportunity of reversing the exclamation of Teucer in Sophocles.

Πολλοὶ μὲν ἰχθεοὶ παῦρα δ' ὠφελήσιμοι.

“ I had no discouragement, but every thing to stimulate me in persevering in my purpose.”

Mr. Beloe here enumerates his obligations to the Marquis of Stafford ; Mr. Todd ; the Bishop of Rochester ; Mr. Barnard, the King's librarian ; Mr. Douce ; the late Mr. Isaac Reed ; Mr. Kemble ; Mr. Malone ; Mr. Chalmers ; Mr. Watts, the librarian of Sion College ; and Mr. Nares.

“ Thus was I engaged, and with these resources and these aids, in an occupation, of all others, the most grateful to my taste, and most in conformity with my habits, when a dark and sudden tempest arose, which menaced my little bark with inevitable destruction. While I was basking in the sunshine of a fair fame, with the fond hope, and strong expectation, that I had only to draw my vessel on shore and suspend my votive tablet in the Muse's Temple, a whirlwind swept me to a gulph, where all but integrity must have foundered.

“ Animus meminisse horret !”

A man was introduced at the Museum, with the sanction of the most respectable recommendation. I mention not his name—the wounds of his own conscience must be so severe a punishment, that I shall not increase his sufferings.

Satisfied with the credentials which he brought with him, and imposed upon by his frank, and seemingly honest manner, I received him in the progress of many attendances with unsuspecting confidence. I believed, for why was I to distrust, the artful tale of what he had in view, and thought that I did no more than discharge my duty by promoting and facilitating its accomplishment.

He proved to be dishonest; he purloined valuable property which was in my custody, and it was thought that the good government of the institution required my dismissal.

I acquiesced in the decision, and retired with no murmurs of resentment, with no querulous expostulation; but with what anguish of mind, I leave those to determine who have experienced, or who can imagine what it is to have all their literary and domestic plans, in one unexpected moment, overthrown, and to exchange peace, competence, and a situation most congenial to their feelings and pursuits, for loss, anxiety, uncertainty; and above all, the dread of unmerited obloquy.

Such were, undoubtedly, my first sensations, but they have been since alleviated. Indeed, it was soon apparent, that not only my former friends and protectors still adhered to me, but that some of the most exalted, both in rank and character, among the trustees themselves, demonstrated the kindest sympathy, and expressed a willingness to confirm their professions of regard by substantial acts of friendship.

While, therefore, I am able to enumerate among those who have stood forth as my protectors, individuals of the most exalted rank; and not only exalted by their rank, but by their virtues; while I can reckon among my familiar friends, some of the first scholars of the country, with a long list of the most excellent and amiable characters in private life, I may, and indeed I do, with many a pang, regret what I have lost, yet I cannot be considered as one who has no worldly consolation. The cup which was administered to me had gall, indeed, at the top—I found hope, serenity, and peace of mind at the bottom.

This account of a transaction of which every body has heard a little, but very few any thing accurately, will be perused with interest not unmingled with emotion. It is no doubt right that those who are entrusted with the care of any department in an institution like the British Museum, should be accountable for injuries or losses sustained through a want of sufficient vigilance; and we know not that the trustees could have avoided adopting the unpleasant course they have taken. But it is impossible for any librarian to prevent evil-disposed persons from effecting their object, even if he had as many eyes as *Argus*, and the hundred hands of *Briareus*: and

his office must be exceedingly irksome to a delicate mind, if it is incumbent on him to exercise a constant inquisition over visitors whose characters are known to be respectable, and who bring in their hands a satisfactory recommendation.

But to return to the *anecdotes of literature*. From the word *anecdotes* some persons may be led to expect more amusement than these volumes will furnish. Mr. Beloe is aware of this, and begs that it may be remembered that he only pledged himself to give a description of such rare and curious books as might happen to fall in his way; with such occasional anecdotes of literature interspersed, as might occur to his recollection or reading. He pretends not to give elaborate observations of critical disquisitions, but merely to point out to collectors and curious students, books known to be rare, and, as such valuable. He has however so diversified the position, and the quality of his materials, that while the scholar need not turn away in disgust, the miscellaneous reader may find various sources of amusement.

To the *Black Letter* men, and the *collectors*, the work will afford a treat of the highest order. The information it contains is very extensive, and the contents abound with scarce and curious miscellanies. A few of the *anecdotes* shall be selected and given in a future number of the *Cabinet*.

The Christian Officer's complete Armour : containing Arguments in favour of a Divine Revelation. By Colonel A. Burn, of the Royal Marines; 2d. ed. 12mo. 4s. Mathews and Leigh, 1806.

All the great, and we need scarcely add the irrefragable arguments in support of christianity, are here collected and enforced, in a dialogue between two officers; one of them very seriously impressed with the importance of religion, the other a man of the world, who has paid but little attention to the subject, yet is not unwilling to satisfy some doubts which dwell upon his mind respecting the authenticity of the scriptures. The publication being intended for the use of the officers in the army and navy, the author has assumed a style and manner familiar to their profession; and provided those who have just sentiments of religion, and wish to retain them, with sufficient weapons to defend themselves against the

daily attacks of military deists and infidels, who are but too numerous in that line, and too succesful in gaining proselytes to their party.

We cordially recommend this little volume to persons of every degree and profession who have any scruples upon so important a subject. The dialogue is easy and natural, the style perspicuous, and the arguments conclusive and convincing.

The Poetical Register, and Repository of Fugitive Poetry, for 1805, 12mo. Rivingtons, 1806, 10s. 6d. 1807.

This is the fifth volume of a work which, besides its recommendation as an elegant Repository for the numerous Lyric Effusions that, in the course of a twelve-month, find their way into the daily prints and other perishable publications, presents a variety of articles, not before published, of extraordinary merit. This will be readily believed, when we mention the names of Miss Seward, Mr. Park, Dr. Drennan, Rev. Mr. Boyd, Rev. J. Whitehouse, Rev. Dr. Stevens, Professor Richardson, Dr. Leyden, Mr. Bridges, Mr. Preston, Rev. Mr. Maurice, Mr. Montgomery, Mr. Davenport, and others, as among the contributors. The *Original Poetry* of the present volume occupies upwards of 200 pages. We shall take the liberty of extracting the following article, of which, in addition to its poetical merit, the thought is original, and the point exceedingly happy.

THE COMPLAINT OF CORSICA.

Indignant Corsica, the world's disdain,
And hardly notic'd amid Europe's train,
Scorn'd early by a poet and a sage
Whose name * immortaliz'd the injurious page
Harshly dictated by an exile's * rage;
She who in modern times long groan'd the slave
Of Genoa, mistress of the ambient wave;
And from her hands, all impotent to hold,
Pass'd to a monarch's, for the dross of gold;
Rous'd by a series of successive wrongs,
Thus claim'd the justice, that to *states* belongs;
And at the foot of Jove's ethereal throne,
Sued not in vain, in this undaunted tone.

* Seneca.

" Look'st thou not down with equal eyes on all,
 " Both men and states ; and see'st them rise and fall,
 " Not by rude chance, nor left to fortune's hand,
 " But by thy just and merciful command ?
 " What then is Corsica, immortal Jove,
 " That she partakes not thy paternal love ?
 " Is there in all the dark decrees of fate
 " No glory destined for so mean a state ?
 " Sprung from my loins, is never man design'd
 " To lord it universal o'er his kind ;
 " To wash in Europe's blood my servile stains,
 " And rivet France and Genoa with my chains ?
 " O, from thy throne, amid the starry skies,
 " Look down with juster and minuter eyes.
 " Scorn'd, as I was, and as I am, oppressed,
 " Let me find favour in my maker's breast :
 " And bid thy thunder teach the unthinking states,
 " Justice retributive on kingdoms waits."
 She spoke : and Jove with eye reluctant saw
 Her pray'r was good ; and that it must be law.
 Then for the Book he call'd, in which are told
 Things past, and things the future shall behold :
 His firm hand traced a long career of fame
 And o'er the page inscribed Napoleon's name.

Sc.

The Editor appears to possess the proper requisites for this useful undertaking : diligence, judgment, and taste. Collections of verses are easily formed, but to select good poetry it is almost necessary to be a good poet, an appellation, if we are not misinformed, which very justly belongs to the Editor of the *Poetical Register*.

The Pleasures of Human Life ; investigated cheerfully, elucidated satirically, promulgated explicitly, and discussed philosophically, in a dozen dissertations on Male, Female, and Neuter Pleasures. Interspersed with various Anecdotes, and expounded by numerous Annotations. By Hilaris Benevolus, and Co. Fellows of the London Literary Society of Lusorists. Embellished with five illustrative Etchings, and two Head-pieces. 12mo. 8s. Longman, &c. 1807.

One fool they say makes many. It may be said, likewise, that in these times, one book makes many. Mr. Beresford's very ingenious and original publication bearing the title of the *Miseries of Human Life*, soon produced *More Miseries*, a little volume not inferior to its predecessor in point and vivacity : The *Comforts of*

Human Life followed next; its *Pleasures* are now exhibited, and a second volume of *Miseries*, by the author of the first, is said to be in the press. *Oke! jam satis!* many will exclaim; but this is a fine *book-making* age, and what is better for the trade, though not very fortunate for literature, there is no lack of purchasers.

The author of the present volume has assumed the firm of *Hilaris Benevolus*, and Co. but he deals more in satire than good humour, and notwithstanding his title-page, and the *merry face* he exhibits, furnishes little food for laughter. His aim has been to be witty, and he is often successful. But we grow somewhat tired, as we proceed, with the continual *effort* to be sprightly. It is the production, however, of no common pen. The writer (for the assertion that it is written by *several*, we consider to me merely *lusory*, or rather *illusory*,) is familiar with the several pursuits of literature, law, fashion, and politics; and their *Pleasures*, that is, the eccentricities, follies, and absurdities which they engender, are smartly and ludicrously touched upon as they pass before our "*folly flogging Satyr*."

Indeed, to 'shoot folly as it flies,' forms his principal sport: and, among other *game* which he starts as he courses over "the manors of ignorance, impudence and vice," he levels his fowling piece at Mr. Kemble's vicious pronunciation; and in this instance the marksman has certainly brought down his *bird*.

"Barber: We have ventured to revive this word lest our readers should be put to any difficulty, by the late disputes concerning the true pronunciation of the more common word *beard*; which that great master of elocution, Mr. J. P. Kemble, has lately confounded with the word *bird*. A wit, it is said, upon hearing him talk of his beard in the new style of pronunciation asked him whether his *bird* was not a *black-bird*

"We cannot omit here to justify the great actor for his very correct and classical delivery of the phrase, "I'll fill thy bones with *aches*," which last word he pronounces *atches*. It is clear that *Prospero* intended some dreadful punishment to *Caliban*; and how could he punish him more severely, than by filling his bones with *atches* i. e. making all the bones in his body *atch-bones*?"

The *etchings* are by Rowlandson, but they are scarcely worthy of him.

An Historical Account of Corsham House in Wiltshire ; the Seat of Paul Cobb Methuen, Esq. with a catalogue of his celebrated Collection of Pictures ; by John Britton ; embellished with a View and Plan of the House, 12mo. 5s. Longman and Co. 1806.

This is a most noble collection, and Mr. Britton deserves much praise for the pains he has taken in arranging the catalogue, and obtaining every interesting particular respecting each picture. The dedication to the BRITISH INSTITUTION manifests his affection for the Arts. His *Historical Essay* on Painting; and a brief account of the different schools: and a review of the progressive and present state of the arts in England, is well drawn up, and contains much useful information in a small compass. The *Catalogue* is followed by BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES of the painters whose works constitute the Corsham house collection.

The Peasant's Death ; and other Poems ; by John Struthers, author of the " Poor man's Sabbath," &c. Glasgow, M. Ogle. London, R. Ogle, 12mo. pp. 112. 1806.

The *Poor Man's Sabbath* has given to Mr. Struthers a considerable degree of reputation as a poet, and in the publication now before us, that reputation is not ill supported. On the contrary, the performance is highly creditable to his muse. In confirmation of this opinion, however, we shall offer a few extracts. The subject of the poem is proposed in these lines:

" I who ere while in artless numbers sung,
The Sabbath service of the simple swain,
Whence Peace, Content, Delight, for ever young,
And heavenly Hope, rose smiling in his train :
Now to the trem'ulous sorrow-breathing strain,
With faltering hand attune the rustic lyre :
How sick Dejection, Poverty, and Pain,
And weeping Sympathy, in death, conspire
To dash his high-formed hopes, and quench his heavenly fire."

The poet then presents us with a beautiful description of a storm, presaging "winter's eve." The hall of wealth and merriment, in such a night, is contrasted with the humble dwelling of the peasant, the victim of sickness and poverty. His former happy state is adverted to, and the cause of his melancholy situation, painted in glowing language.—The evening meal is next described. The father beholds his disconsolate family from the bed of anguish :

"To hide the grief that in his bosom burns,
The melting magic of their looks to shun,
Round from the light his faded face he turns,
And o'er his cheeks the tears in silence run."

The industry of the mother till the usual hour of rest; and her tender care of her children, are also depicted.

"Then, solitary, all the long night o'er,
She counts the lagging minutes one by one,
Listening, at times, the wild wind's stormy roar,
At times, her husband's feeble, weary groan,
Which, as it rises slow, she mingles with her own."

The night becomes more tempestuous—the rattling hail, the echoing winds, the "unwonted" crowing of the cock, &c. circumstances generally accounted ominous among the Scottish peasantry, affect her mind to such a degree, that

"Her task unable longer to pursue
She rises up to go—she knows not where,
Walks round the floor, as something she would do,
Which yet she cannot for the blinding tear.
Out to the night she looks; there all is drear,
No silver moon nor starry clusters rise,
Terrific Winter rides the groaning air,
With somb'rous wing he, sullen, shades the skies,
While thick the shapeless drift tempestuous flies."

Her wandering thoughts are recalled by the awaking of her husband, who seems anxious to perform the accustomed duty of family worship, which is particularly described;—The exertion overpowers him, and he falls back on his couch; his mind greatly agitated with those fears and hopes that may reasonably be supposed to exercise even a good man in the prospect of speedy dissolution.

For the sake of brevity, we must pass over many affecting circumstances, which the poet has related with great simplicity and feeling. The poor man dies, he

—"bath pass'd that portal drear,
Whence never back shall traveller return,
Till on the clouds of heaven the throne appear—
The great white throne, with ensigns angel-borne,
Whose streamy blaze shall meet yon bright sun's golden urn."

"His widowed wife" hangs over him in speechless agony. By the kind attention of her friend, her grief

becomes at length in some degree capable of expression, and the poem concludes (one stanza excepted) with the following lines——

“ Long, long, alas ! her wounded heart shall grieve—
 Oft shall her babes behold, with secret fear,
 As to the fields she looks at dewy eve,
 Rush sudden o'er her cheek the silent tear.
 And still as spring re-animates the year,
 She, with her little flock, shall duly come,
 On sabbath noons, between the hours of pray'r,
 To weep anew upon his simple tomb,
 Where green the long grass waves, and white the gawens
 bloom.”

It will be perceived from this sketch, that the design of the poem possesses originality, and that the execution is above mediocrity. The practice of virtue is strongly recommended; a strain of piety, and the spirit of genuine philanthropy pervade the whole performance; yet still the work is not without defects: several lines are affectedly stiff, and others not sufficiently explicit: The author discovers a strong poetical genius, but it wants cultivation. Some of the expressions in the quotations we have made, are liable to much censure; the notes which are added are sensible and well written: The smaller pieces consist chiefly of *odes* and *tales*, several of which are not destitute of merit.

The Union Gazetteer for Great Britain and Ireland, by Thomas Brown, 2 vols. Maps. Vernor & Co. London, and W. M.Feat, and Co. Glasgow, 8vo. 1807.

In these volumes Mr. Brown professes to give a “ concise, yet correct and authentic account of the topography, agriculture, manufactures, trade, population, remarkable ancient and modern buildings, natural and artificial curiosities, animal, vegetable, and mineral productions, local customs, police, literary institutions, &c. of every district of Great Britain.” So arduous an undertaking must have required much labour, and statistical research; yet to those articles which we have examined the author has done justice. He rates the population of England at 8,331,434 exclusive of the army and navy, &c. that of Ireland at near 4,000,000, and that of Scotland at 1,605,000. On the whole we believe we may say, with the author, that these volumes

"contain a more valuable, and more varied mass of useful and entertaining information descriptive of, and relative to the present state of the different places, towns and districts that compose the *British Islands*, than is to be found in any other work of the kind."

The Poetical Works of William Julius Mickle; including several original pieces, with a New Life of the Author. By the Rev. John Sim, A. B. late of St. Alban Hall, Oxford; small 12mo. 5s. Symonds, 1806.

From the dedication we learn that the *life* prefixed to these poems is the result of a promise repeatedly made to Mickle, that the author would write it, if he survived the poet, and is chiefly composed from his private correspondence, and from the information which he received from himself during an unreserved intimacy of more than sixteen years. As a poet, Mickle has not yet attained the celebrity to which he has a fair claim :

Mickle, who bade the strong poetic tide
Roll o'er Britannia's shores in Lusitanian pride.

His *Lusiad* is one of the noblest translations in the language; and his smaller poems possess elegance, vigour, feeling and imagination. The pieces contained in this volume, which have never before been published, consist of *Liberty*; an elegy to the memory of his Royal Highness Frederic Prince of Wales; two odes entitled '*May Day*,' and '*Vicissitude*'; a *Fragment*; and a *Translation of the 68th psalm*. *May Day* is among his best performances, and the others will not discredit his name. Mr. Sim has also introduced into this little volume many other pieces which have been published in periodical works, but have never found their way into a regular collection of his poems.

The *Life* is full, satisfactory, and highly interesting. The biographer has made many numerous additions to the accounts by Dr. Anderson, Mr. Reed, and others. He has also noticed a coincidence in the lives of Mickle and Lord Nelson.

"It is rather singular that the immortal Hero of Trafalgar should be born in the parsonage house of his father upon the same month with the subject of this memoir; that each should be the fourth son of a clergyman; that both should die in the same month; and that the number of letters composing their first and last names should be the same."

We must confess we do not see any thing in this very remarkable.

Catholic Vindication. Substance of a Speech delivered by Mr. Edward Quin, in the Court of Common Council, at the Guildhall of the City of London, on Thursday, March 5th, 1807, against the Motion proposed by Mr. Deputy Birch for opposing the Catholic Bill. 8vo. 1s. Keating, Brown, and Co. 1807.

We will not say that we have been convinced by Mr. Quin's argument, that a bill to enable Papists to fill certain commissions in the army and navy, ought to pass the British Parliament; or that such a concession would "infuse new vigour into the Protestant establishment;" but it would be unjust to deny that he has made a most eloquent and animated speech on the side of the Catholics, and that he has proved himself well acquainted with the different bearings of this very intricate and important question, both with respect to our civil and religious establishment.

Mr. Quin contends, that "the withholding or deprivation of political rights, on account of the exercise of religion, is religious persecution, and that the only difference is, that while positive persecution inflicts tortures, and sheds blood, negative persecution depresses the noblest energies of the mind, consigns to disgrace and obscurity both natural and acquired talents, and stigmatizes its victims by recording their unfitness to serve their King and country, in employments which are filled by their fellow subjects, their neighbours, and frequently by their own relations." He concludes with imploring the enemies of the bill not to place themselves, at this enlightened period, in a descending, but in an ascending scale; not to be instrumental in reviving the prejudices and bigotries of former times. "Let me conjure them," he continues, "not to sit in inquisition on the consciences of their fellow-creatures and countrymen; not to carry the spirit of religious and political persuasion into the temple of that God, whose service is perfect freedom."

These specimens will suffice to shew that Mr. Quin, whose talents as an orator we have frequently admired, possesses also the pen of a ready and elegant writer. The motion of Mr. Deputy Birch, against which this able speech was delivered, was not carried; but the ministerial changes which have since occurred will of course render the repetition of any such motion quite unnecessary for the present.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

"A Broken Cake,"

Glee for Three Voices, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte; the Poetry translated from Anacreon, by Thomas Moore, Esq. The Music composed by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc.

This son of Apollo has so many formidable titles, that we cannot approach him without some degree of awe. From a knight and a doctor we naturally enough look for something more than commonly clever, more than usually striking, we expect to trace those marks of genius, and proofs of study, which obtained for their possessor such a pre-eminent distinction of rank and title. The present composition certainly displays no striking bursts of genius, or laboured efforts of science, but it possesses what will satisfy the world in general much better—the power of pleasing. The passages and the structure of the Glee are common enough, and the modulation is very confined; there is nevertheless something in it which with the multitude will infallibly render it popular. We do not approve the fashion of adding piano forte accompaniments to glees; it bespeaks a paucity of invention in the vocal parts, which the composer is glad to supply by something less substantial. Sir John Stevenson would establish a more permanent reputation by producing glees of more study and originality than the "Broken Cake." Perhaps he is content to write merely *ad captandum vulgus*, if not, he must produce something which shall display more true genius, before we can give him a place among our first glee writers.

"To Julia weeping."

A Canzonet, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte or Harp. The Poetry by Thomas Moore, Esq. The Music by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc.

This canzonet is quite in the style of Sir John Stevenson's other productions, simple and elegant. Some of the turns are new, and the whole composition, though certainly not very novel in its structure, is pleasing, and we have no doubt will become popular.

"If I swear by that Eye."

A Canzonet, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte or Harp. The Poetry by Thomas Moore, Esq. The Music by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc.

Sir John Stevenson is exactly the composer we should have chosen for Mr. Moore's words. There is a degree of prettiness in the poetry of this author, which never expands into any thing sublime or striking—this is precisely the case with Sir John Stevenson's music. It is always pretty, frequently elegant, never majestic or sublime. He is indeed so much of a mannerist, that what we have said of one of his compositions will apply with very little variation to all. The canzonet before us possesses no new or striking beauties—it is a col-

lection of pretty passages strung together, and supported by a well-arranged accompaniment. There is less originality in it, than in the last mentioned composition.

No. 1, *The Vocal Magazine, consisting of Canzonets, Madrigals, Songs, Duets, Trios, Quartetts, Glee, &c. composed by Joseph Kemp. To be continued Monthly.*

Mr. Kemp has here undertaken an arduous task, if he means to trust entirely to his own invention, for the support of this work. He proposes to furnish a monthly number:—now to supply a constant succession of good compositions, requires a fertility of invention, and a versatility of talent, which it rarely falls to the lot of one man to possess. Every composer is more or less of a mannerist; in a miscellaneous publication; therefore, which is to be the sole production of one man, we must expect to find similar ideas, and similar passages, frequently recurring. However different in the titles, however divided into songs, glees, and duets, still the same style will prevail throughout. If then the task be difficult, no mean praise ought to be awarded to him who performs it well.—The first composition of this number, is a song, of which the melody is simple and plaintive, some of the passages are novel, and the accompaniment is judiciously arranged. The next, which Mr. Kemp, we don't know why, calls a madrigal, we must regard as merely inserted to fill up a certain quantity of paper; fortunately it occupies only one page. The duett which follows is easy and flowing, the parts in general sing well together, and the modulation is neatly managed. Mr. Kemp has supposed both his singers to possess a compass of nearly two octaves, which of course will prevent his duett from becoming a general favourite; by a little alteration he might have easily obviated this objection. The well known ballad of Barbara Allen which concludes the first number, is set in G minor. Mr. Kemp has here very successfully imitated the old ballad style; he has expressed the sentiment of the words in a very correct and appropriate melody, supported by a simple and judicious accompaniment.—On the whole we are inclined to think well of Mr. Kemp: as a composer he is correct, and frequently original,—how he will be able to support this undertaking his future numbers must discover: he has our wishes for its success.

A new Overture for the Piano Forte, in which is introduced, the favourite Air of Mounseer Nong-tong-paw, Dedicated to the Honourable Miss Georgina Lygon. Composed by Mr. Latour.

We really have played this overture twice through, in order to find something in it to praise, but alas "tis all in vain." It is a very meagre composition indeed, not even the elegant air of Mounseer Nong-tong-paw has been able to give us a favourable opinion of it.

Petite Fantaisie, et la Contrariante, pour le Piano Forte. Dedicé a Lady Emily Percy, par Louis Von Esch.

This is by no means one of M. Von Esch's best productions; to say the truth it is not worthy of him; it possesses neither the

elegance nor the originality of many of his compositions. If his aim be merely profit, he may do well to publish every thing that he writes, but if he desire also to acquire fame, he had much better publish such only of his compositions as are really good.

The Damask Rose,

A Favorite Ballad, written by J. B. Orme, Esq. Composed and respectfully dedicated to Mr. Braham, by T. Purday.

If this song be a fair specimen of Mr. Purday's abilities as a composer, we can assure him that he has completely mistaken his talent. As far as we can judge from the composition before us, he has not a single requisite for the task he has undertaken. That which he designs for the melody of his song, is in fact no melody at all, it is a collection of unmeaning passages strung together without taste or judgment. His bass is very ill arranged, and in the second part of the song we have two staring fifths between the bass and treble. We would sincerely advise Mr. Purday to give up all thoughts of appearing again in print, at least till he has gained a few more correct ideas of composition.

Poor Stolen Mary,

By Mr. E. Button; set to Music by F. H. Barthelemon, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano Forte.

Mr. Barthelemon is not a voluminous composer, but his productions are not on that account the less estimable. He is always correct, and generally rises far above mediocrity. The ballad before us, although simple, is highly expressive, and the accompaniment is managed in a scientific and masterly manner. We have no doubt of its becoming popular.

"Lucinda and Henry."

Written by Mr. E. Button, set to Music by J. Birch.

The principal fault of this song is want of connection. Instead of changing the time and character of his melody every few bars, Mr. Birch would have succeeded much better, if he had kept throughout to one style, and left it to the discretion of the singer to make such slight and occasional variations in the time and expression, as the sentiment of the words dictated. Throughout the song there is a fresh direction to the singer every two or three bars: we don't admire such perpetual prompting; it bespeaks a barrenness in the composition to need such constant artificial support. Some passages in the song are good, and we doubt not, with a little more experience, that Mr. Birch may become a respectable composer.

The Passions, in a series of Ten Songs, for the Voice and Piano Forte, written and composed by Mr. Dibdin.

Perhaps no man at present living has contributed so long and so much to the entertainment of the public as Mr. Dibdin. He is a rare instance of a man uniting in himself no mean degree of talent both as a poet and a musician. His compositions as a poet have a degree of point and originality peculiarly his own, and his musical productions display abundant marks of genius and correct taste. Indeed, considering the number and variety of his

songs, it is surprising how many good ones he has written. We hail his re-appearance in public with sincere pleasure, and rejoice that although he has laid aside the character of a public performer, he is still disposed to contribute his share to our amusement.—The songs before us profess to delineate some of the passions. In several of them Mr. Dibdin has succeeded, in some we think he has failed. Those on *Love, Friendship, and Cheerfulness*, we think decidedly the best; they possess more originality, and more care has been bestowed upon them than some of the others. The second song on *Mirth* is certainly very poor; we should guess it to have taken exactly as much time in composing as it would in copying. The words of all the songs are easy, spirited, and like all Mr. Dibdin's former productions—strictly moral. A few trifling inaccuracies of composition appear, in some of the songs, which Mr. Dibdin would do right to correct.

Dr. Haydn's Symphonies, arranged as Quintettos, for a Flute, two Violins, Tenor and Violoncello, with an adaptation or thorough Bass for the Piano Forte, by Dr. Hague, Professor of Music, in the University of Cambridge.

This is the second number of this work; it contains three of the most admired Symphonies of Haydn; all the effect that could be given in a work of this nature is here collected into five parts which, with the addition of the Piano Forte part, printed separately, seem complete; since Dr. Hague has considered the latter a substitute for horns, oboes, drum, double bass, &c. while the other instruments are employed in maintaining some essential subject or point. The piano-forte gives an orchestral effect, and sums up the harmony and contrivance of the whole.

The fingering, which is marked to some of the most difficult passages in the violins and violoncello part, shews Dr. Hague's knowledge of the instruments, and must prove acceptable to those who may be in need of such assistance.

We understand that this publication will consist of twelve of Haydn's symphonies, all different to those published by Mr. Salomon—which with Mr. Salomon's, must make a valuable chamber collection of that great Composer's instrumental works.

††† We are happy to learn that a new edition of Morley's madrigals and canzonets, is about to be published by a gentleman at Oxford, from manuscripts in the Bodleian library. No complete edition of this excellent Composer's works has appeared since their original publication in 1593. To all admirers of this kind of music, therefore, the present work will be a valuable acquisition.

Dr. Clarke, of Cambridge, is preparing for publication a collection of twelve manuscript glees. From the present productions of this author, and especially from some MS. glees which have fallen under our notice, we are inclined to expect a valuable addition to our vocal harmony.

Dr. Callcott's Musical Essays will appear in the course of this year.

(Notices of musical publications will be thankfully received, and inserted in this department of our work.)

THE DRAMA.

 ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.—*Shakespeare.*

THE CURFEW,

BY THE LATE JOHN TOBIN, ESQ.

Author of the Honeymoon.

THE *Honeymoon* was quite a novelty in the modern drama; a comedy in blank verse, written in the style of our elder bards, and possessing sufficient bustle, humour, and interest, to please every description of auditors. The present play is built upon the same model; but it is of a *tragic* cast, and has much less merit, as a drama, than the *Honeymoon*, though in point of language it is equal, if not superior to that production.

The title it bears of the *Curfew*, has little to do with the incidents: it merely marks the time and scene of action, and any other time and scene might have been selected, without materially affecting the interest of the piece. As the play is printed, the author shall tell some of his story in his own language, which, since it is its best recommendation, we shall not grudge the space it will occupy:

Baron. I am not native of this isle,
 But born in Normandy.
 I wedded there, long since, an English lady
 Most rare in her endowments.
 Possess'd of such a woman, for no cause,
 But the excess of her perfections,
 Compared with my weak merits to deserve them—
 From love's extremest dotage I fell off
 To sudden jealousy; in which dark mood,
 A letter reach'd me in an unknown hand;
 Containing nought but this—"Look to your wife."
 This letter was soon follow'd by another,
 Which circumstantially disclos'd my shame,
 And made surmise conviction—pointed out
 The time, when I might find, in mine own chamber,
 My wife in guilty converse with a lover.
 Think with what pangs I waited for that hour—

Q 2

When, as advis'd, I did surprise my wife
 In secret with a man.
 I stabb'd the woman : her companion fled,
 And in the darkness of the night escap'd me.
 Returning quickly back, I found my wife too,
 Whose wound tho' deep was nothing dangerous,
 Had, with our only son, a tender infant,
 Fled in most wild amazement—soon in safety
 She reach'd the nearest sea-port—thence embarking
 For this her native land, they were both wreck'd ;
 And with the rest of that devoted crew
 In the wide bosom of the ocean perish'd.
 My wife was spotless—that same precious villain—
 For that he was a villain soon was palpable,—
 In a last letter, closed this scene of horror
 With these emphatic words, which, as I read them,
 Were graven on my heart:—"Your wife was innocent,
 Yet I'm but half reveng'd."

Many may be inclined to think, with us, that the husband is but a silly sort of a gentleman, and that the wife was tolerably lucky in getting on board a vessel, considering that she had received a deep wound, and that the effusion of blood was probably pretty abundant ; but she is in truth a very extraordinary lady, as you shall see anon. The vessel was wrecked, and all on board perished, except herself and son, who floated together on "the guardian waves which bore their trembling burden" to the English coast. She had before been dagger-proof, and now appears to have been one of those who are *not born to be drowned*, though some time afterwards she was very near being hanged for a sorceress. She has been fortunate enough to save a little money from the wreck, and with this buys a cottage. Here, with her son, she has lived for a number of years. The villagers look upon her as a witch (what would they have said if they had seen her riding on the guardian waves?) and the boy, when he is grown up, joins a band of robbers, who had taken up their abode in a neighbouring forest.

Their captain, *Fitzharding*, is the villain who had excited the Baron's groundless jealousy, and who not having quite done with him, follows him from Normandy to England, and there lies in wait to execute upon him some signal vengeance, in requital for his having been branded on the shoulder, by the Baron's orders, for shewing some symptoms of insubordination and mutiny, while serving under him as a soldier. Such is the con-

dition of the characters when the play commences. The Baron, whose conscience is heavy-laden, sends to a priest, whom he has never seen, but of whose skill in restoring peace to the afflicted mind he has heard much, to receive his confession. Dunstan, "this reverend holy friar," is intercepted by Fitzharding on his way to the Baron, and compelled, after resigning his hood and cloak, to return back to his convent. In this disguise, he repairs to the castle, and having listened to the Baron's remorse and contrition, appoints a meeting in a retired spot, where a monument has been erected to the supposed drowned lady, for the performance of some pious ceremony which is to make the poor Norman *his own man again*. In the mean time, however, Matilda has been brought before him under a charge of witchcraft, and availing herself of the prejudice against her, offers to restore the Baron's wife in *propria persona* to his view. She suspects the friar to have *two faces under his hood*, and resolves to attend at the *more removed ground* where he and the Baron are to be engaged in their pious duties. Here at the appointed time they meet, and Fitzharding concluding that he has now worked his foe into the toils, discovers himself, recites his injuries at length, which the Baron listens to with much *sang froid*, and when the ruffian produces the dagger to dispatch him, very naturally runs away bawling *murder and thieves*, something like *Scrub*, and Fitzharding, who thinks that after a lapse of twenty years, and encountering so much peril to get him into his clutches, he ought not so easily to escape, as naturally runs after him. At this moment the *sham Witch*, who is lying *en ambuscade* behind the monument, stalks between them, and the Baron's vassals then making their appearance, the branded Captain of the robbers is taken into custody, and though the injured noble kindly offers to shake hands with him and make it up, he prefers the solitude of a dungeon "in which he may curse him privately," and struts off the stage with a full determination of *dying game*.

There is a sort of underplot which is not much less absurd. Florence, the Baron's daughter, is beloved by his vassal *Bertrand*, who urges her to elope with him. The lady observes that they must "part to meet no more," for that her father will never consent to their union, but the very next moment offers him her hand,

and engages at night to meet him at the place of appointment. *Bertrand* advises her to come dress'd like a "cap'ring knight," to avoid suspicion; but as *Florence* had made up her mind to marry him, she might as well have gone off with him at once, since the same way by which *Bertrand* retreated unobserved from the castle, was open to her, and the difficulty as well as danger of a solitary escape might thus have been avoided. *Bertrand* now takes his leave, and before his mistress retires to consult the tailor about her male attire, the Baron enters, and suspecting that the lovers are about to play him a trick, commands her to give up all thoughts of *Bertrand*, on pain of his bitter persecution while he lives, and at his death his *curse* as her portion. The enamour'd daughter, glad of any excuse for doing what she wishes, misinterprets this into a formal renunciation of her, and is consequently more determined to disobey him. "Bertrand," she exclaims, "I am all thine," though she has some notion that he may prove like many other husbands, and now and then give her a few *sharp words* and *frowning looks*, which, however, she thinks she can bear better than his *cold civility*.

As might naturally be expected, our "cap'ring knight," falls into the hands of the robbers, and *Bertrand* comes to her rescue, only to have the mortification of seeing her carried off by the banditti, and of being himself surrounded by the Baron's vassals, who hurry him away to the castle to give some account of his conduct. The Baron taxes him with the obscurity of his birth, which gives the young man an opportunity of talking very sensibly, but rather boisterously, on the superior merit of individual exertions over mere hereditary rank. His arguments, however, are not admitted, and he is handed back a prisoner to the Baron's vassals. *Florence* in the mean time has been conveyed to the robbers' cave, and because she seems to have listened to the discourse of the thieves, it is settled that she must be murdered. Robert (the *Witch's* son) is selected to perform this pleasant office—but Herman, another of the banditti, does not like Robert's hesitating consent to do the deed; and when his comrades depart "to skirt the wood," he says he will stay and see it done; and then retires to watch the butcher and the lamb. The scene that follows is a transcript from one in *King John*. *Florence* entreats like *Arthur*, Robert insists

like Hubert. The artless pleadings of the boy at length prevail, and the intended murderer melts into the kind preserver. From *King John* we are conveyed to the *Children in the Wood*. The sanguinary Herman who has been peeping at all this ceremony, now makes his appearance to do the job that his companion had declined. Robert (*Walter*) appeals to Herman's (*Oliver's*) feelings, but he has none. Supplication therefore is succeeded by force, and the blood-thirsty Herman is *dead and buried* in a twinkling.

Robert conducts his charge to his mother's hovel, from whence, a general *search-warrant* having been issued for the witch's apprehension, and all her inmates, she is conveyed to the Baron's castle, unrecognized of course both by her father and his vassals, because it is one of the *canons* in dramatic composition that a suit of boy's cloaths shall always, by a sort of talismanic operation: alter the *features of the face*. In the fourth act, the best in the play, the principal characters are all together: the Baron, with his confessor and enemy *in disguise*; his daughter *in disguise*, and his wife *in disguise*, vindicating herself from the accusation preferred against her by the villagers. We have already said that the Baron is a very *silly gentleman*, and there is certainly consistency in his folly. The conduct of the sham friar is equivocal throughout; *Florence* assures him that an immediate attack upon his castle is intended; three robbers are detected under his roof in the habit of minstrels; and yet he does nothing but draw the conclusion that "there must be something in it:" truly a very shrewd and subtle inference. The remaining incidents we have already narrated, except what is almost too obvious to need mention, that the Baron finds his wife, his son, his daughter, and his son-in-law, all at the same moment, and then tells us that he will go *in* (though he is *in* his castle already,)

"———To shake amazement from his senses
[And] "Discourse more fully on these prodigies."

We have seldom been present at a play which exhibits so much artifice in its plot, with such improbability and impossibility in the incidents. No one circumstance seems to flow from any necessary cause. We have shewn, in our sketch of the fable, some of its monstrosities. A woman deeply wounded, snatching up her son, and without seeking an explanation from her husband, or cast-

ing a thought on her infant daughter, reaching a vessel in safety; afterwards carried by the waves to her native coast; living there for a length of time in poverty and contempt, close to her husband's castle, without seeking for an explanation of his conduct, or explaining, herself, the object of the man's visit who was detected in her apartment, although the Baron's penitence might easily have been learnt, and the restoration of her son to his family rights, and her daughter's unprotected situation, seemed so forcibly to demand an effort towards a reconciliation: all this is incredible. As an English lady, too, it is strange that she should prefer to live so long in her native land, thus miserable and despised, without an application to her own family.

The *Baron* is a being also of whose conduct, upon common principles, we know not how to judge. He desires his daughter to "learn to love" *Bertrand*. When she has learnt her lesson, and tells him she is perfect, he says, he was "only dreaming" when he imposed the task upon her, and gives her the choice of marrying *Bertrand* or of resigning him. As he might now be in another dream, she exercises the freedom he offers her, and makes up her mind to a husband. He behaves to *Bertrand* in a similar way, encourages him to pay his addresses, and when he has done so, expresses his wonder that his vassal should presume to seek an alliance with his noble house. *Bertrand* had, besides, saved his life in battle. Thus, at the time he is groaning beneath the weight of a crime which, under the circumstances of its commission, might be excused as unpremeditated, and almost justifiable, and is seeking his peace with heaven, he is intentionally guilty of gross injustice and cruelty; and to lighten his tender conscience of the load which the death of his wife and son have left upon it, coolly parts with his remaining child, just as a master in modern days would with one of his servants—not, however, without having first given her a regular warning.

Fitzharding, the hero of the piece, is a more inexplicable fellow still. He suffers the Baron to live for a number of years, that he may be the victim of a tormented conscience, and afterwards puts himself to a world of trouble, and his life to the most imminent hazard, to release him from his misery by killing him. That a man of his high spirit should link with a gang of cut-throats at all, is not much in character; but that he should do this to accomplish an object which he could

have effected without so many *honourable* associates, is still more extraordinary. He wanted only to kill the man he hates, and the assistance of the robbers is unnecessary for his purpose.

The same want of "dependency of thing on thing," is apparent throughout the play. The Author wished to produce a few strong effects, and whether they resulted from natural causes formed no part of his consideration. To make a *murder-scene*, and keep the spectator palpitating a few minutes between the uplifted dagger of the executioner and the imploring anxiety of the terrified victim, *Florence* must die: though it was easy to prevent her discovering the robbers' plot, by merely confining her; and *Herman* must be distinguished as a most ferociously bloody villain, because a *little fighting* always pleases the gallery.

The plagiarisms are numerous. Some of them have been pointed out. The *Battle of Hexham*, *Much ado*, *King John*, the *Winter's Tale*, *Children in the Wood*, &c. &c. have furnished the Author both with incident and language. *Walter*, the Curfew-toller, is a mixture of *Dogbery* and *Crazy*. *Fitzharding* is a Zanga, clumsily pursuing a lower species of revenge for an indignity which he brought upon himself. *Margaret's* description of the Outlaw's life is taken from *Gondibert's* speech to *Adeline*. The Robbers are also the same as those in the *Battle of Hexham*, and we wanted nothing but our favourite catch, "*When Arthur first at Court began*," to make the resemblance complete. The Dialogue is an avowed imitation; but imitation must have its bounds. We will allow the Author to have his "commandement" in four syllables:

"When lovers cheat the stern command-e-ment;"

but when we hear such parallels as these, we must beg to cry, *hold*.

"In the wide bosom of the ocean perish'd"

"In the deep bosom of the ocean buried"

Curfew.

Shakespeare.

"Plant wrinkles on the blooming cheek of youth"

"Stamp wrinkles on the brow of youth"

Curfew.

K. Lear.

"I almost trust thee, for thou dost not swear"

"But if he swears he'll certainly deceive thee"

Curfew.

Orphan.

It may, perhaps, be thought that we look at this play

I.

2

with an eye too little indulgent ; but we are by no means insensible of Mr. Tobin's great merit, and our observations can be admissible no further than they shall be just. We allow that Mr. Tobin had an extensive acquaintance with the old writers ; with the structure of their versification, and their peculiar modes of expression ; that his mind was strongly impregnated with a true poetical taste, and that he had language at command, smooth, elegant, bold, and impassioned, to clothe his thoughts in the very garb of his favourite authors, without any appearance of labour or stiffness. But it does not appear that he possessed any creative faculty. Originality he has shewn none. Every thing is borrowed, though certainly with a grace and dexterity which seldom in a degree so remarkable attend the process of imitation.

Yet we cannot applaud the practice of going two hundred years back for our dramatic dialogue. Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger and Shakspeare, adopted the phraseology of their own time. We admire and must ever feel its force and beauty in their original works, but distilled through the limbeck of imitation, much of its spirit must inevitably evaporate. The diction of a poet is inheritable, but not his mind. Of what service, then, are imitators to the stage ?

The PROLOGUE is much superior to Prologues in general, and the Epilogue by Mrs. Opie does her very great credit.

We shall next month give some specimens of the composition ; and offer a few remarks on the acting.

A COMPARISON BETWEEN MILTON AND SHAKSPEARE,

By Dr. Symonds.

Among the compositions of our own country, *COMUS* certainly stands unrivaled for its affluence in poetic imagery and diction ; and, as an effort of the creative power, it can be paralleled only by the *MUSE OF SHAKSPEARE*, by whom, in this respect, it is possibly exceeded.

With Shakspeare the whole, with exception to some rude outlines or suggestions of the story, is the immediate emanation of his own mind : but Milton's erudi-

tion prohibited him from this extreme originality, and was perpetually supplying him with thoughts, which would sometimes obtain the preference from his judgment, and would sometimes be mistaken for her own property by his invention. Original, however, he is; and of all the sons of song inferior in this requisite of genius only to Shakspeare. Neither of these wonderful men was so far privileged above his species as to possess other means of acquiring knowledge than through the inlets of the senses, and the subsequent operations of the mind on this first mass of ideas. The most exalted of human intelligences cannot form one mental phantasm un compounded of this visible world. Neither Shakspeare nor Milton could conceive a sixth corporal sense, or a creature absolutely distinct from the inhabitants of this world. A Caliban, or an Ariel; a devil, or an angel, are only several compositions and modifications of our animal creation; and heaven and hell can be built with nothing more than our terrestrial elements newly arranged and variously combined. The distinction, therefore, between one human intelligence and another must be occasioned solely by the different degrees of clearness, force, and quickness, with which it perceives, retains, and combines. On the superiority in these mental faculties it would be difficult to decide between those extraordinary men, who are the immediate subjects of our remark: for, if we are astonished at that power, which, from a single spot, as it were, could collect sufficient materials for the construction of a world of its own, we cannot gaze without wonder at that proud magnificence of intellect, which rushing, like some mighty river, through extended lakes, and receiving into its bosom the contributory waters of a thousand regions, preserves its course, its name, and its character, entire. With Milton, from whatever mine the ore may originally be derived, the coin issues from his own mint with his own image and superscription, and passes into currency with a value peculiar to itself. To speak accurately, the mind of Shakspeare could not create; and that of Milton invented with equal, or nearly equal, power and effect. If we admit, in the *Tempest*, or the *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, a higher flight of the inventive faculty, we must allow a less interrupted stretch of it in the *Comus*: in this poem there may be something, which might have been corrected by the revising

judgment of its author; but its errors in thought and language, are so few and trivial that they must be regarded as the inequality of the plumage, and not as the depression or the unsteadiness of the wing. The most splendid results of Shakspeare's poetry are still urged, and separated by some interposing defect: but the poetry of the Comus may be contemplated as a series of gems strung on golden wire, where the sparkle shoots along the line with scarcely the intervention of one opake spot.

ORATORIOS.

To the Bishop of London,

My Lord,

IT is now near twelve years since I publicly addressed your Lordship, through the medium of a popular periodical work, on the disgraceful and impious *melange* which is suffered to be exhibited in the theatre on the Wednesdays and Fridays throughout Lent. My appeal was ineffectual, and this repetition may, perhaps, be equally successful. But as the practice which I then reprobated still continues, and my sentiments respecting it remain unaltered, I shall once more discharge my duty by directing your Lordship's attention to a subject which is so well worthy of it, in the hope that some remedy may be applied to an evil which no pious man can observe without shuddering, and which, as it amounts to little short of *blasphemy*, must be grievously offensive in the eyes of God.

My Lord, I presume that the prohibiting the performance of *plays* on those nights, arose from the consideration that the solemnity of the Lent Festival ought not to be disturbed by any amusements calculated to divert the mind from those serious and devout reflections which, at such a season, it is incumbent on every sincere Christian to indulge. But if I prove to your Lordship, as I trust I shall, that the "Lenten Entertainment" offered to the public with the avowed and admitted design of celebrating the passion of OUR SAVIOUR, and of exciting our devotions and gratitude by means of "*sacred music*," is polluted by a mixture of words and subjects which, so far from being allied to any thing *sacred*, are, in the

strictest and most legitimate sense of the word, *profane*, often an *incitement to mirth*, and sometimes *obscene*; I shall then be entitled, I think, to demand of your Lordship that this abominable offence against morality and religion be prohibited for the future, unless some sufficient reason can be assigned why it has been permitted to continue so long.

Of SACRED MUSIC I am a fervent admirer, and my soul has often yielded to the 'divine enchanting ravishment' of Handel's *Messiah*. The composer has caught the sublimity of his subject, and I have felt myself agitated, during the performance, with alternate emotions of grief, awe, gratitude, delight, and adoration. But how have I been shocked with the intrusions which, not unfrequently, break in upon the sensations so appropriately excited. I speak now of the evenings when there are given what they call *Grand Selections*. When transitions are made from *Holy, holy, Lord*, to the *Soldier tir'd; I know that my Redeemer liveth*, to Sir John Stuart and the *Battle of Maida; Glory to God in the highest*, to *England's King and England's Glory;—Pious orgies*, to *O the pleasure;..Endless, mighty God*, to *Mad Bess*. These transitions, my Lord, you must admit, are as abrupt to the imagination, and as grossly sacrilegious, as if your Lordship were to dance a *hornpipe* in the middle of a charity sermon, or the organist to strike up a *jig tune* after the first verse of an anthem. Let us see how well such a selection of *sacred* music accords:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill towards men."

"O the pleasures of the plains.
Happy nymphs and happy swains,
(Harmless, merry, free, and gay,)
Dance and sport the hours away."

"I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand in the latter days upon the earth."

"O ruddier than the cherry!
O sweeter than the berry!
O nymph more bright
Than moon-shine night,
Like kidlings blithe and merry."

Again

"He shall feed his flocks like a shepherd, and shall gently lead those that are with young."

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring
with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton
wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed
smiles;
Sport that wrinkled care derides;
And laughter holding both his
sides."

"O God when thou appear'st, &c."	"Bacchus' blessings are a treasure, Drinking is the soldier's pleasure."
"Tears such as angels weep "	"The prince unable to conceal his pain,
"The Lord is a man of war"	Gaz'd on the fair, Who caus'd his care,
"He was eyes unto the blind"	And sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd and look'd,
"Lord what is man"	Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
"He gave them hailstones"	At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
"Where is this stupendous stranger"	The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Here we have in this *musical masquerade* the most affecting and awful passages of Scripture combined with the fables of the heathen mythology, and the mirthful rhapsodies of our own poets: *The Lord is a man of war*, and a British army defeating the French in Sicily; the King of Kings, and George the Third; The mighty God, and *Mad Bess*; *Tears such as angels weep*, and *Laughter* holding both his sides; Christ feeding his flocks like a shepherd, and Dancing nymphs and merry kidnings; soldiers and drinking; Bacchus and Polyphemus; Our Saviour expiring on the cross, and a drunken hero sinking on the breast of a Grecian courtesan!!

And this, my Lord, is *sacred music*! This is the blasphemous *hodge-podge* at which your Lordship (not without serious and repeated notice) has connived; which the Legislature sanctions; and which the Lord Chamberlain, who seems to be satisfied with holding his office without discharging its duties, has not thought proper to interrupt. Such is the celebration of that great event in which all the Christian world is interested, and to make way for which the actors are driven from their own boards; as if a moral drama, inculcating virtuous sentiments, were not infinitely preferable to an *Oratorio*, which, while it affects to praise and to adore, treats the Divine Majesty with a species of mockery and insult, worse a thousand times, in my opinion, as coming from *believing* CHRISTIANS, than that which the *disbelieving* JEWS offered to the MESSIAH, when they 'spit upon

him, and bowing their knees in derision, worshipped him, and gave him gall and vinegar to drink.'

I am more particularly induced at the present moment to address your Lordship upon this subject, because a kind of *half measure* has been adopted, this *Lent*, to prevent its being violated by public exhibitions. Mr. Palmer, who last season was allowed to give Readings at the Lyceum, has been forbidden to repeat them. Other places of evening amusement, heretofore open, have also been closed. The public are debarred from enjoying a recreation in itself allowable and innocent, but they may go without impediment to the theatre; because *that place*, though shut against its rightful tenants is fully *authorized to burlesque* the Christian religion, its followers, its ministers, and its adorable Founder.

I shall expect next year to see the Bishop of London, and the Lord Chamberlain of the Household, standing at the Two Box Doors with the Crozier and White Staff, publicly inviting the people to assist at this *solemn mockery*.

I am, my Lord, .

Good Friday, Your Lordship's very humble servant,
March 27, 1807.

CLERICUS.

THE FIRST AND SECOND FOLIO EDITIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.

From Mr. Beloe's Literary Anecdotes.

PERHAPS there is no book in the English language which has risen so rapidly in value as the first edition of the works of our great natural poet.

I can remember a very fine copy to have been sold for five guineas. I could once have purchased a superb one for nine guineas. At the sale of Dr. Monro's books it was purchased for thirteen guineas; and two years since, I was present when thirty-six guineas were demanded for a copy.

I take this opportunity of correcting a mistake of Mr. Steevens, relative to the second folio edition of Shakspeare.

Dr. Askew had a fine copy of this book, with the autograph of Charles the First. Mr. Steevens purchased it at Dr. Askew's sale for 5l. 10s. In this book, Charles the First had written these words: *DUM SPIRO SPERO*, C. R. And Sir Henry Herbert, to whom the King presented it the night before his execution, had also written, "Ex dono serenissimi Regis Car. Servo suo Humiliss. T. Herberts."

Mr. Steevens has been guilty of an error concerning this Sir Thomas Herbert, which could hardly have been expected from so very accurate a pen. He affirms that this Sir Thomas Herbert was Master of the Revels, the following words being copied from his own handwriting: "Sir Thomas Herbert was Master of the Revels to King Charles the First." Whereas it was a Sir Henry Herbert who had that office. This mistake was immediately detected and rectified by his present Majesty, in his own hand, by which circumstance this book possesses the autographs of two sovereigns of England. Beneath the above words of Mr. Steevens, his present Majesty has written thus:

"This is a mistake, he (Sir Thomas Herbert) having been Groom of the Bed Chamber to King Charles I. but Sir Henry Herbert was Master of the Revels."

Dr. Askew purchased this identical copy at Dr. Mead's sale for two guineas and a half. For this book, says Steevens, I gave the *enormous* sum of 5l. 10s. It was purchased for the King's Library for eighteen guineas. I wonder what, under its present circumstances, it would produce at this time.

TOWN AND COUNTRY,

A Comedy by Thomas Morton, Esq.

TO this gentleman the public are infinitely indebted. His former comedies rank with the best which the age has produced, and will be selected by posterity from the perishable trash of the day, as the fairest specimens of our dramatic composition. The present is not his happiest performance, but its merits are nevertheless very striking, and in popularity and attraction it is likely to vie with the most favourite productions of his pen.

The plot is full of business and intricacy; perhaps it is rather too much involved. To follow it would be difficult, and as we find we have not the room to render it justice, we shall merely state the leading circumstances.

The strong interest consists in the supposed voluntary elopement of *Rosalie Somers* from her guardian in Wales, with a man of fashion, whom accident has brought into the family. *Reuben*, a man of strong feelings and the most honourable character, is ardently attached to her, and had reason to think his affection returned. The sudden departure of *Rosalie*, and her apparent preference of another, acts like a death-blow to his hopes. He sinks immediately into despondency, and almost into distraction; but tidings arrive that his brother, an officer in the army, the victim of London dissipation and vice, is on the verge of ruin; his virtuous feelings are again excited, and to save this unfortunate youth he hastens to London.

He finds his brother at the gaming table, having just lost the whole of his property, and on the point of self-destruction. The man who had by a villainous artifice seduced *Rosalie* from her friends, has, like another *Stukeley*, prevailed on *Captain Glenroy* to stake his last shilling on the dice, in order to accomplish his base views on the wife, who is virtuous, but indiscreet, and too fond of fashionable connections. *Reuben* has the satisfaction of rescuing her brother from impending ruin, of recalling *Mrs. Glenroy* to the duties of domestic life, of exposing and punishing the fashionable destroyer of private repose, and of recovering, still faithful and unpolluted, his beloved *Rosalie Somers*.

The character of *Reuben* has occupied the author's particular attention. All his scenes are most interesting and important, but particularly that in which he is apprised of *Rosalie's* flight, and the interview with her brother and *Plastic*. The warm and active interest he takes in the welfare of others, while he has himself so strong a claim on our sympathy, renders his character doubly engaging. The comic characters are powerfully drawn, and have as much originality as can reasonably be expected, considering that the track is so beaten and hacknied. *Cosey*, an honest stock-broker, prefers the comforts, or what others would perhaps call the miseries of London, to all the charms of a country life, but carries wherever he goes a feeling-heart and a charitable

hand. *Trot*, on the contrary, who is hurried by his wife, a *would-be* woman of fashion, to town, to squander in its multifarious diversions, some of the wealth he has amassed as a cotton-spinner, sighs to hear once more the clack of his mill, and rejoices at the loss of a considerable part of his fortune, because it makes it necessary for him to return to Staffordshire and rural felicity. Both these characters are pourtrayed with infinite humour.

The Language in the serious scenes is vigorous, elegant, and impressive. The lighter dialogue is easy and vivacious, and gleams occasionally with wit, particularly in the scenes in which *Mrs. Glenroy* is concerned. The sentiments are not interspersed merely to catch applause, they flow naturally from the incidents, and strike home to the heart. The vice and misery of *gaming* are exhibited in the strongest colours, and the wickedness and unnatural cruelty of tearing a child from its maternal pillow, to derive its nourishment from a stranger's breast, are marked with just and pointed reprehension. The foibles and depravities of high life, so often traced and censured, are lashed with an unsparing hand. They are a dramatic writer's fair game, and we know nobody who is better *qualified* to hunt them down, or is a more unerring marksman, than Mr. Morton.

Of the Acting we cannot speak too highly. Kemble played admirably, and treated us into the bargain with another specimen of his vicious orthoëpy, by pronouncing *legislature*, *leegizlitchure*: ("a plague of these antic, affected fantasticos, these *new tuners of accents*.") He dressed the character also with ridiculous and affected singularity. A man like *Reuben*, the son of a Welsh clergyman, and who delights to catch the breeze among his native mountains, would hardly wear a pair of fashionable Hessian boots, and fill his hair with powder. Fawcett, in *Cosey*, was, to use his own phrase, *what we call comfortable*. He brings out the part very boldly, and displays in it all his characteristic humour and spirit. Blanchard had the disadvantage of acting a part written expressly for Munden, and of studying it at a short notice; but he performed it in a very able manner, and was greatly applauded. The Author is particularly indebted to Mr. Charles Kemble for the judgment with which he supported so obnoxious a character as *Plastic*, which, in less respectable hands,

might have proved fatal to the piece. The Ladies, upon whom the Author has not made a very strong call, did every justice to their respective characters. A Song is introduced by Miss Tyrer, with a harp accompaniment. It is pretty enough, and was very sweetly sung, but both the *air* and the *accompaniment* should have been in the style of the Welsh music.

Upon the whole, the new comedy possesses every recommendation to render it attractive, both in *Town and Country*.

LULLI,

THE CELEBRATED FRENCH MUSICIAN.

THIS great Musician was one day reproached with setting nothing to music but the languid verses of Quinault. He ran immediately to his harpichord, and with great violence of gesture, sang from Racine's tragedy of "Iphigenie" the following terrific lines:

Un pretre environné, d'une foule cruelle
Portera sur ma fille, une main criminelle
Dechirera son sein, et d'un œil curieux
Dans son cœur palpitant consultera les Dieux.

Lulli, thinking himself dying, sent for his confessor, who would not give him absolution unless he burnt the last opera he had composed, and which was in manuscript. Lulli disputed for some time, but all in vain; at last he threw it into the fire before the priest's face, and received absolution. On his getting better, the Prince of Condé came to see him, and told him what a simpleton he had been to destroy one of his finest compositions. "Do not condemn me, Sir, unheard," replied the musician to the Prince, "I knew very well what I was about: I have another copy." Lulli died at last of a wound which he had given himself in his foot, by beating time with too much violence with his cane. Agitated by the extreme remorse for the free life which he had led, he ordered himself to be placed upon ashes, and a rope to be put about his neck, and with tears in his eyes expired, chanting from the "*Prosa Ecclesiastica*" of the Romish church, "Oh wretched sinner, you must die!"

When Cardinal d'Estrées was at Rome, he praised Corelli's Sonatas very much before that exquisite Author. "Sir," replied Corelli, "if they have any merit, it is because I have studied Lulli." Handel himself has imitated Lulli in many of his Overtures.

POETRY.

CRIMORA AND CONNAL.

The Subject from Ossian.

CRIMORA mourn'd for Connal slain,
 Slain by her erring dart ;
 He bleeds—her Connal dies in pain !
 It bursts Crimora's heart.

With grief the pensive maiden died ;
 Together now they sleep ;
 Their tomb is yonder mountain's pride,
 Where rushing whirlwinds sweep.

Between its stones wild grass peeps forth.
 To catch the wind's rude sigh,
 From wildest regions of the North,
 It spreads its bitter cry.

Whilst autumn gives her darkest hue,
 Loud doth the storm-fiend rave ;
 Cold falls the sad and silvery dew,
 Upon their gloomy grave.

Feb. 3, 1807.

J. M. L.

LINES.

UPON A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY APPEARING AT THE
EXHIBITION.

WHEN lovely Delphine sought the crouded scene,
 The painter's mimic power no longer mov'd,
 All turn'd to gaze upon her beauteous mien ;
 None envied her, for as they look'd, they lov'd,
 Amid the proud display of forms so fair,
 Of each fine tint the pencil can impart,
 Nature with rapture seem'd to lead her there,
 To prove how she could triumph over Art.

I. C.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.

1807.

Feb. 19.—Curfew (first time]	March 3. Ib.—Tekeli.
Anatomist.	5. Ib.—Weathercock.
21. Ib.—Devil to pay.	7. Ib.—Tekeli.
23. Ib.—Tekeli.	9. Ib.—Weathercock.
24. Ib.—Emily — Virgin unmas'kd.	10. Ib.—Tekeli.
26. Ib.—My Grandmother.	12. Ib.—Young Hussar (first time)
28. Ib.—Tekeli.	14. 16. 17. Ib.
March 2. Ib.—Weathercock.	19. False Alarms—Ib.
	21. Travellers—Citizen.

With the exception of the *Curfew*, of which we have given a full account in a preceding page, the only New Piece produced at this theatre is the *Hussar*, an operatic entertainment, by Mr. Dimond. It is evidently from a French original, and is so far unfortunate, that, besides its being unskillfully adapted to our stage, it follows, though at an immeasurable distance, incidents of a similar nature, already more forcibly, and more interestingly represented in the *Escapes* and *Tekeli*. The dialogue is tedious and trite. The musick by Kelly, like his other compositions, is simple and pleasing, and the duet between Mrs. Mountain and Mrs. Bland extremely spirited; but in general the airs were rather heavy, and what is remarkable on a first night, not one of them was *encored*. The *Hussar* was performed by Mr. Elliston, who plays too incessantly for his fame. Mrs. Mountain looked, sung, and acted charmingly.

A Melo-Drame by Mr. Monk Lewis, called *The Wood Demon*; or, *The Clock has Struck*; and a Comedy by Mr. Cherry, are expected very shortly.

COVENT GARDEN.

Feb. 21. Wheel of Fortune.	March 5. Tempest
23. Richard III.	7. Hamlet.
24. Jealous Wife.	9. Richard III.
26. Tempest.	10. Town and Country (first time) Quaker.
28. Every Man in his humour.	12. 14. 16. 17. 19. 21. Town and Country.
March 2. Oroonoko.	
3. Man of the World.	

* * Except on the first night of the new Comedy, *Mother Goose*, was acted on all the above nights.

The comedy of the *Town and Country*, of which some slight mention is made in another department, and the popular pantomime of *Mother Goose*, have brought crowded houses to every night's performance. The *golden eggs* are gathering into the treasury in prodigious quantities.

A grand Ballet or Melo-drame (we know not which) is in preparation against Whitsuntide. The subject is from the *Fairy Tales*. Mr. Cherry has an opera at this theatre; Mr. Allingham, a farce; and the Honourable Mr. Lamb, an operatic drama, called *Whistle for't*, which has been acted once or twice at Lord Abercorn's private theatre.

THE COUNTRY THEATRES, &c.

Theatre Royal EDINBURGH.—The beautiful Mrs. Orger continues to delight us as an actress in lively singing characters, she, like many of the old company, having contrived to make up matters with the manager, after their quarrel. Notwithstanding her great merit, which I feel happy in declaring, I cannot help remarking deficiencies which I trust she will endeavour to remedy. Her enunciation is quick, snappish, and consequently indistinct; hence in ballad singing, notwithstanding the sweetness of her tones, a defective articulation too often renders her unintelligible. Her action and deportment, in consequence of repeated tossings of the head, and sudden jerkings of the body, are often girlish and ungraceful; and hence she appears at times even awkward, notwithstanding the captivating vivacity, and fascinating gaiety she can so well exhibit, and these joined to one of the loveliest figures and faces in the universe. When she has attained a more dignified, or a more respectable deportment, an articulation less varied and rapid, and action more graceful, more impressive and more varied, she will be an excellent actress. The gifts of nature, however lavishly bestowed, are not alone sufficient to the theatrical candidate.—The wild rose wastes its sweetness unnoticed or disregarded; cultivated by art it becomes the ornament of the garden, nature's proudest boast, and the object of universal admiration and desire.

In dignified tho' elegant deportment, spiritedness and sprightliness of action and manner, *Dwyer* (at the head of our comedians) yields to few in Britain. In certain characters—Belcour, Charles, Wilding, &c. I really think him, (when in the humour to do them justice) almost equal to any on the British boards.—He is not however at all times equal, or rather, *will* he always attempt to be so.

Evatt, a sound actor, always perfect, unremitting in his attention to professional duties, and filling respectably an almost universal range of characters, continues more and more to gain ground in the public estimation. Knox is turning out a tolerable actor, and a more than tolerable singer: Shaw's uncommon accuracy and judgement as a singer would entitle him to the attention of any audience in Britain.

Notwithstanding a short, squab, dumpling like figure, a face broad, round, and capacious as that of a full fed jolly son of the whip, with, a coarse loud voice, Berry possesses such flexibility of features and powers of imitation as frequently to procure the applause of the galleries, and even at times to extort a smile from the boxes. He seems to have a pretty acute perception of the ridiculous, and in dress and appearance and in manner (indeed the judgment he shews in these augur very favourably of his understanding) can depict to admiration, the broad grin of idiotism, and the most marked distortions of vulgarity. He copies the comic grimaces of Munden, and the laughable whimsicalities of Fawcett so well, as to appear original to those who are unacquainted with those eminent performers : to the *pathos*, however, which they can so well assume, he is totally a stranger. Hence he *burlesques* many characters, by substituting or mistaking for real feeling his own distortions : hence in Job Thornberry, particularly in the great scene, he appears as a mimic taking off some favourite actor, in the broadest style of caricature. His seamen, however, feeling excepted, are from his judgment in dressing, and looking the character, pretty respectable. Indeed on seeing him perform these and similar characters with effect (no matter whether he imitates or not) we are apt to think that some *management* has been used to induce him to *mount* others, in which he is necessarily ridiculous. On seeing such a round squab figure with such a face and voice, decked out as a fop, with ribbons and nosegays, frisking and capering, or rather rolling about the stage, we are irresistibly led to think of the awkward gambols of the jackass imitating the spaniel, by jumping upon and caressing his master. But he is an acquisition to a *country* company, being an excellent buffoon, a good mimic, and of course well adapted for a number of *low* comic parts, which he makes in *his* way a treat to the galleries. But as I consider, with Churchill, the whole merit of mimics to consist in *distortion* ; as I view a low comedian who either has not, or never displays original powers, and who is incapable of feeling, as only a respectable *jack pudding*, it cannot be expected that the merits of Berry should find in me a warm admirer. (It is but fair to state, however, that there are others whose opinions differ much from mine respecting this little son of the comic muse.) I confess, indeed, I would almost in every case dispense with gallery courtiers in legitimate comedy, and consign them to farce, or farcical plays, without much regret. While they, though in the most paltry character of the piece, are as usual capering about the stage, thrusting themselves prominently forward, making mouths to their gallery friends, and to make themselves noticed by them, using all the tricks of a scaramouch ; this too in the most interesting pieces,—the unity of the scene is totally broken, the grouping of characters spoiled, stage effect destroyed, and the progress of passion wholly interrupted. I cannot close my letter without testifying my approbation *generally* of Rock's Sir Peter Teazle, and my admiration, not unmingled with surprise, of the pathos displayed by him in the scene (the screen one) with Joseph Surface.

VERUS.

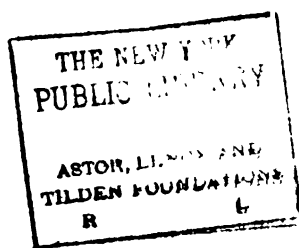
GLASGOW.—On the 24th of December last, this theatre opened for the winter season, and I regret to say with a company but very *mediocre*, indeed the greater part of the new *levies* possess fewer stage requisites than their predecessors, and for several characters, such as *Dan*, *Tyke*, &c. we have no representative at all. Neither (with the exception of Mr. Dwyer. whose negligence and defects are great) have we a *genteel* comedian. No doubt Messrs. Megget and Archer are a valuable acquisition to the company, but then both their abilities appear to most advantage in what is called the heavy line of business, and of course neither of them are fit to represent the *accomplished* gentleman. In consequence of Mr. Hollingsworth possessing a little round figure, similar to Mr. Rock's, he has been, it is said, dismissed, because the stupid multitude, frequently mistaking one of these gentlemen for the other, *foolishly* bestowed their applause! In the characters of low comedy, Berry continues to be the darling of the public; but Mr. Rock has usurped *Nipperkin* and some other parts of his. In justice no manager ought to be an *active* performer. On all occasions when company is expected at the theatre, we uniformly found Mr. Rock assuming the principal character in both play and farce. Some of these he performs with much credit to himself, and to the satisfaction of the public; others he entirely burlesques. His low Irishmen are in general good, but then he is so greedy of applause—to him it is like meat and drink—he must have it. Let the character be what it may, his usual tricks must be played off, viz. turning up his eyes to the *Gods*, pulling up his small cloaths—turning himself from the audience and twirling his fingers behind his back *ad captandum vulgus*. These he finds never fail to produce, from above, a thunder of applause.

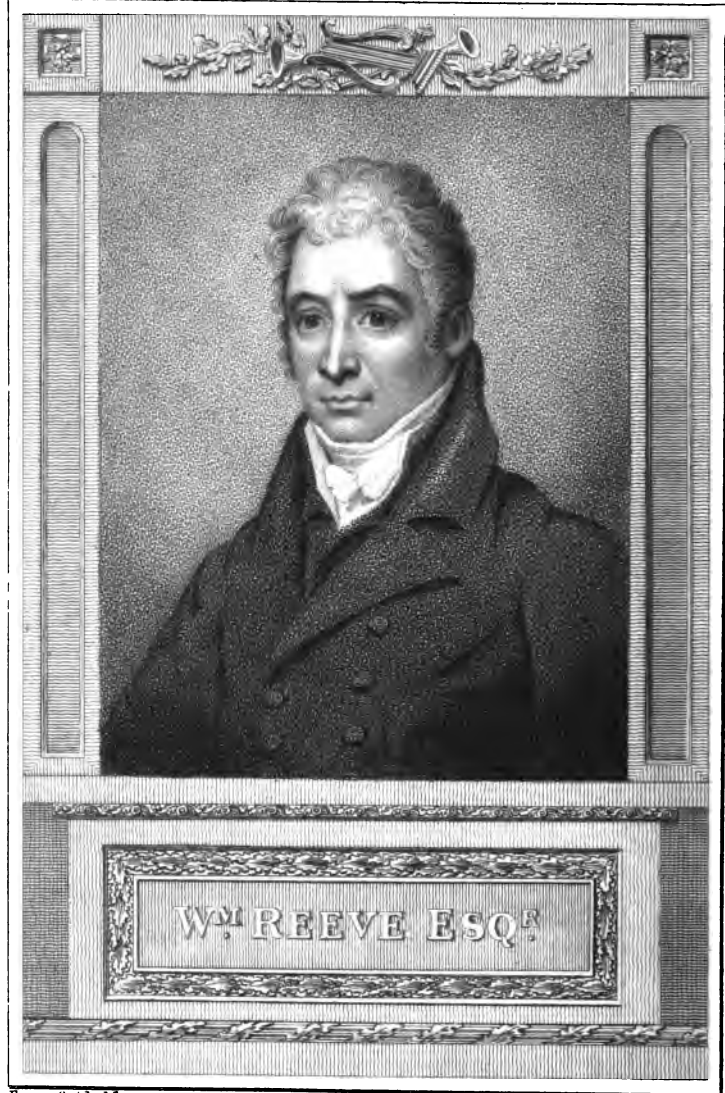
The female department is also, still very defective. The accomplishments of Mrs. Young (late of Drury Lane) as an actress are too well known to require any eulogium from me, LYNX.
GLASGOW, Feb. 1807.

ITALIAN OPERA.

In the new Opera of *Il Ritorno di Serse* Madame Catalani has much increased her reputation, deservedly high as it was before. The part she performs, is admirably calculated for the display of her transcendent, we may say unrivalled talents as a Vocal Actress. In the songs, and in the accompanying Action and Expression she produces the most powerful dramatic Effect. Her first Song is a most beautiful composition, and her Execution of it is beyond all praise. She enters fully into the spirit of her Character; but in the second Act, when her despair is wrought to the greatest height, she exerts her voice so much beyond its natural power, that we can scarcely distinguish the sound she produces from a scream. Her manner here is highly characteristic, but it exceeds all the musical bounds which should be preserved in an Opera. It is certainly surprising, but it does not please, and the natural compass of her voice is fully competent, without "straining harsh discords and displeasing sharps," to the most violent expression of the passions.

On the whole our admiration of her talents is carried to a much higher pitch, from her performance in this Opera, which we sincerely think has never been equalled, and will never be excelled.





Emma Smith del.

Hopwood sculp.

Published 1 May 1807, by Mathews & Leigh.

THE
CABINET;

OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF

POLITE LITERATURE.

MAY 1807.

WILLIAM REEVE, Esq.

MR. REEVE is a native of London. His father was an auctioneer of much reputation in his time, and the son was destined for the same occupation; but having discovered at an early age a taste for music, and expressing a strong desire to study that science, he was placed under the late Mr. Richardson, Organist of St. James's Church, and one of the pupils of the celebrated Dr. Pepusch. At the expiration of his articles he commenced a teacher of the piano forte, but becoming particularly attached to theatrical pursuits, he undertook, in the year 1781, the management and tuition of the chorus singers at the King's Theatre, at the time when Giordani was composer of the comic opera. Giordani was to have been the conductor of this concern, but owing to party cabal, he was obliged to relinquish his claims in favour of M. Le Texier; and Mr. Reeve, after wasting much time and labour in preparing pupils for the business of the Italian Opera, felt himself under the necessity of retiring with his principal.

In consequence of this disappointment, he accepted the situation of organist at Totnes in Devonshire, where as a teacher he had full employment, and was greatly respected in the county. But his ambition was not to be satisfied with provincial fame; and in this remote situation, he could have no opportunity of trying the

talents which he had cultivated as a composer. At the end of about two years, therefore, he returned to London, and produced some comic burlettas at Mr. Astley's Amphitheatre, during the first season of its stage exhibitions. He succeeded so well, that the late Mr. Palmer engaged him as Composer of the Royalty on his opening that unfortunate theatre.

Here Mr. Reeve had the advantage of composing for some eminent vocal performers, and soon acquired considerable celebrity. He composed and selected the music of *Don Juan*, *Hero and Leander*, *Harlequin Mungo*, &c. which completely established his reputation; and when Mr. Shield, two or three years after the close of the theatre in Goodman's Fields, quitted Covent Garden, Mr. Reeve was engaged by Mr. Harris, as composer and conductor of the musical department. *Oscar and Malvina* was produced in the first season of his engagement. Mr. Shield, previously to his resignation, had selected the greater part of the Scots airs for the action of the piece, and Mr. Reeve furnished the overture, and all the vocal music that was new. The great merit of this overture is evinced by its popularity; and the sale of it has been almost unexampled. His subsequent compositions for this theatre are uncommonly numerous: *Raymond and Agnes*; *Harlequin and Oberon*; *The Round Tower*; *Joan of Arc*; *Harlequin Quixote*, and many other pieces of a similar description. In conjunction with Mr. Mazzinghi, he supplied the music of *Ramah Droog*; *Paul and Virginia*; *The Blind Girl*; *Turnpike Gate*, and *Chains of the Heart*: he also joined Mr. Braham in the composition of the *Cabinet*; *Family Quarrels*; *Thirty Thousand*; and *Lake of Lauzanne*; and is the author of the whole of the music of the popular after-piece of the *Caravan*, produced at Drury Lane.

All these operas having been eminently successful, the sale of the music has, of course, been highly profitable to Mr. Reeve, and as he has constantly been mindful of those prudential maxims, without a proper attention to which the best talents merely serve to reduce their possessors to poverty and contempt, he has now the satisfaction of finding himself in possession of a respectable independence, the fair acquisition, and honourable reward, of his own genius and exertions.

Though the talents of Mr. Reeve, as a composer, are not limited to any particular style of performance, there is certainly one department of operatic music in which he is successful almost without a rival: we mean, in the adapting comic songs and duetts for the stage. He is perfectly aware of the wants and wishes of an English audience, and knowing where the airs may be fitly introduced, as well as the peculiar capabilities of the performers who are to sing them, his compositions are always full of character, and produce a very pleasing *theatrical effect*; a knowledge in which our composers, in general, are exceedingly deficient.

Four years ago, Mr. Reeve purchased a share of the Theatre at Sadler's Wells, which has also proved a lucrative speculation.

JOHN OPIE, Esq.

[We had made some arrangements for obtaining a memoir of this eminent and lamented Painter for our next *Cabinet*; but as Mr. Hoare has devoted the seventh Number of his *ARTIST*, (which appeared just as we were preparing this sheet for the press,) to the memory of MR. OPIE, and given some biographical anecdotes of him, on the authenticity of which we can rely, with an eulogium on his character, as just as it is ingenious and elegant; we have taken the liberty of making the following extract from that valuable publication; and in our ensuing number we propose to carry on the Biography from the period where Mr. Hoare has dropped it.]

JOHN OPIE was born in May, 1761, in the parish of St. Agnes, about seven miles from the town of Truro. His father and grandfather were reputable master carpenters in that neighbourhood. His mother was descended from the ancient and respectable family of Tonkin, of Trevannance in Cornwall, and amongst his ancestors in that line, is mentioned the author of a valuable history of Cornwall, which was left nearly finished, and is at present in the possession of Lord De Dunstanville.

He was very early remarkable for the strength of his understanding, and for the rapidity with which he acquired all the learning that a village school could afford him. When ten years old, he was not only able to solve

many difficult problems of Euclid, but was thought capable of instructing others; and such was his increasing confidence in his own superior powers, that he had scarcely reached his twelfth year, when he set up an evening school in St. Agnes, and taught arithmetic and writing, for the latter of which he was excellently qualified, as he wrote many various hands with admirable ease and accuracy; and he reckoned among his pupils some who were nearly twice his own age.

His father was very solicitous to bring him up in his own business, and to this end bound him apprentice to himself, but the soaring mind of the boy could not submit itself to drudge in the employment of a common man. The love of drawing and painting seems to have given a very early bias to his inclinations; and the manner in which it disclosed itself cannot be considered as uninteresting.

Emulation appears to have first lighted up the ready flame. About the tenth year of his age, seeing one of his companions, whose name was Mark Oates, (now a captain in the Marine Service) engaged in drawing a butterfly, he looked eagerly, in silence, at the performance; on being asked what he was thinking of, he replied, "he was thinking that he could draw a butterfly, if he was to try, as well as Mark Oates." He accordingly made the experiment, and triumphed; and he returned home to his father's house in high spirits, on account of the victory he had obtained.

From this moment the bent of his talents was determined. It happened soon afterwards that his father being employed in the repairs of a gentleman's house in Truro, young Opie attended him: in the parlour hung a picture of a *Farm-yard*, probably of humble execution, but of sufficient merit to attract his notice; and he took every opportunity of stealing from his father's side to contemplate the beauties of this performance, which, in his eye, were of the highest class. His father, catching him in one of these secret visits, corrected him; but this had little effect; he was soon again at the door of the parlour, where being seen by the mistress of the house, he was, by her interference, permitted to view the picture without interruption. On his return home in the evening, his first care was to procure canvases and colours, and he immediately began to paint a

resemblance of the *Farm-yard*. The next day he returned to the house, and again in the evening resumed his task at home. In this manner, in the course of a few days, by the force of memory only, he transmitted to his own canvas a very tolerable copy of the picture.

Nearly by the same methods, he copied a picture of several figures hunting, which he saw in the window of a house-painter. In his copy, however, he had, in compliance with the *costume* of his neighbourhood, placed a *huntress* upon a pad instead of a side-saddle, and being laughed at for this mistake, he some time afterwards destroyed his copy.

The love of Painting had thus so thoroughly established its dominion over his whole mind, that nothing could now divert him from engaging in it as a profession: his father, however, still treated his attempts with great severity, and used his utmost endeavours to check a pursuit, which he considered as likely to prove injurious to his son's future prosperity; but the aspiring views of the young artist met with a zealous supporter in another part of his family; his father's brother, a man of strong understanding, and moreover an excellent arithmetician, continued to view his progress with pleasure, and encouraged him in his desire of learning, by jocularly complimenting him with the name of *the little Sir Isaac*, in consideration of the knowledge he displayed in mathematics.

He therefore followed his new studies with ardour, and had already attained a competent skill in portrait painting, and had hung his father's house with the pictures of his family, and of his youthful companions, when he became accidentally known to Dr. Walcot, then residing at Truro, (and since so celebrated under the title of *Peter Pindar*) who having himself some skill in painting, a sound judgment, and a few tolerable pictures, was well fitted to afford instruction, and various advantages, to the young scholar.

Thus assisted and recommended, his fame found its way through the country, and so rapid was his progress, that he now commenced professed portrait-painter, and went to many of the neighbouring towns, with letters of introduction to all the considerable families resident in them,

One of these expeditions was to Padstow, whither he set forward, dressed, as usual, in a boy's plain short jacket, and carrying with him all proper apparatus for portrait-painting. Here, amongst others, he painted the whole household of the ancient and respectable family of *Prideaux*, even to the dogs and cats of the family. He remained so long absent from home, that some uneasiness began to arise on his account, but it was dissipated by his returning dressed in a handsome coat, with very long skirts, laced ruffles, and silk stockings. On seeing his mother, he ran to her, and, taking out of his pocket twenty guineas, which he had earned by his pencil, he desired her to keep them; adding, that, in future, he should maintain himself.

The first efforts of his pencil, though void of that grace which can only be derived from an intimate knowledge of the art, were true to nature, and in a style far superior to any thing in general produced by country artists. He painted at that time with smaller pencils, and finished more highly than he afterwards did when his hand had attained a broader and more masterly execution: but several of his early portraits would not have disgraced even the high name he has since attained. Towards the end of the year 1777, when he was sixteen years of age, he brought to Penryn a head he had painted of himself for the late Lord Bateman, who was then at that place with his regiment (the Hereford Militia), and who was an early patron of Mr. Opie, employing him to paint pictures of old men, beggars, &c. in subjects of which kind he was principally engaged, and which he treated with surprising force, and truth of representation.

At length, still under the auspices of Dr. Walcot, he came to London, where his reception, and his continued progress, are the fit objects of the biographer. It is the purpose of this paper to delineate solely his *character*, as a man, a scholar, and an Artist.

Mr. Opie's ruling passion was ambition, but ambition tending to the use and delight of mankind. It impelled him to eminence in his art, and it displayed itself in a resolution always decided, sometimes impetuous, to obtain every distinction which his path in life laid open to him. Accustomed in childhood to prove himself superior to his companions, the desire of com-

petition became unextinguishable. Wherever eminence appeared, he felt and eagerly shewed himself its rival. He was forward to claim the honours which he was still more diligent to deserve. He regarded every honourable acquisition as a victory, and expressed with openness the delight he experienced in success. On the professorship of painting in the Royal Academy becoming vacant by Mr. Barry's dismissal, he offered himself a candidate: and being told that he had a competitor, whose learning and talents pre-eminently entitled him to that office, he replied, that he abstained from further interference, but that the person who had been proposed was the only one in whose favour he would willingly resign his pretensions: consistently with his declaration, on Mr. Fuzeli's appointment to the office of keeper, he renewed his claim, and was elected.

Examples of a mind more open to the reception of knowledge, more undaunted by difficulty, more unwearied in attainment, are rarely to be found. Conducted to London, by the hand of one who discerned his yet unveiled merit, he approached the centre of an exalted country with the liveliest hopes: he met its flatteries with trembling; and he viewed its unfeeling caprice with the sensitive emotions of genius, but with the unconquerable force of sense and judgment. An intellect, naturally philosophic, soon discovered to him that he was not born to depend on the frivolous conceit of crowds, but command the respect of the great and wise. He bent his powers to the formation of his own mind: he applied himself to reading: he sought the society of the learned: ardent in his researches, boldly investigating truth, pertinacious (though not overbearing) in argument, while he elicited light from his opponent, and steady to principles which he found could not be shaken by controversy: in this manner, while an unremitting perseverance, superior to the neglect of the multitude, maintained the cunning of his hand, he became a scholar and a *painter*.

The Life of Reynolds, published in Dr. Walcot's Edition of Pilkington's Dictionary, was the first specimen of his literary ability. In this he displayed a profound knowledge of the subject, a quick and powerful perception of distinctive character, and a mastery of lan-

guage little to be expected from a youth, who was supposed to have been destitute of learning.

He next published a letter in the *Morning Chronicle*, (since republished in "An Inquiry into the requisite cultivation of the Arts of Design in England,") in which he proposed a distinct plan for the formation of a *National Gallery*, tending at once to exalt the arts of his country, and immortalize its glories.

His lectures at the Royal Institution followed ;— These were a spirited attempt to display the depths of his professional knowledge, amidst a circle assembled for entertainment and fashionable delight. His lectures impressed respect on his audience: they were full of instructive materials; they taught the principles of painting, and presented an accumulation of maxims founded on history and observation. But to whatever praise they might vindicate a claim, they never satisfied their author; and he declined the continuance of them. His election to the professorship of painting at the Royal Academy happening nearly at this time, he resolved to perfect what he had perceived defective; and he read at Somerset House four lectures, which, avoiding any collision with the brilliant specimens of erudition and imagination which had immediately preceded him in that place, appeared to have been unequalled in their kind.

In his former lectures at the Royal Institution, he was abrupt, crowded, and frequently unmethodical; rather rushing forward himself, than leading his auditors, to the subject. In the latter lectures, he was more regular, progressive, distinct, instructive; and delivered a mixture of humorous and impassioned sentiment in a strain of clear, natural and flowing eloquence. Here he found his genius roused, and his whole faculties adequately excited; and he shone more as professor at the Academy, than as lecturer at the Institution, because he was more formed by nature and application to address the studious and philosophic, than the light and gay. He possessed no superficial graces, either in his conversation or professional practice. Every thing in him was manly, resolute, energetic; yielding little to fashion, nothing to caprice; less addressed even to fancy than to judgment; in no measure adapted to catch a careless glance, but fitted to awaken thought, and gratify reflection. P. H.

THE PLEASURES OF A NEWSPAPER.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

EVERY man, when he awakes in the morning, finds that the reflections suggested by the preceding day have been, if not wholly obliterated, at least suspended by sleep; that new topics of conversation are wanting, and that surprise is on tip-toe for new calls; he is unwilling to recur to the business of the preceding day, because it has been exhausted; or ashamed to recollect it, because it has disappointed him. A family thus met together, would drink the tea of *Lethe*, and eat the toast of taciturnity, were they not happily relieved from torpor of thought, and immobility of tongue, by the entrance of a *Newspaper*.

It is possible, indeed, that the weather might furnish a brief subject of debate, but the wind must blow a hurricane, and the rain descend in torrents, to be worth more than a moment's conversation. When the *Newspaper* appears, however, all Europe is united to refresh the languid memory, to quicken the dull thoughts, and give expedition to the communicative tongue—even the breakfast-table is indebted to the presence of this lively guest. The tea acquires a more odoriferous flavour, the toast is handed about with a quicker velocity, and the sugar and butter, though less white and sweet than could be wished, escape without censure, in the multiplicity of reflections which the *Newspaper* suggests.

No publication surely was ever so fertile in sources of reflection to those who chose to think, or of conversation to those who prefer the humbler, though more noisy, business of talking. First, a long list of extensive amusements presents itself, fraught with every tempting inducement. Here it is important to observe how a play is *cast*, what great performers are concerned, and what farce or entertainment is to follow; if a concert, what pieces are to be performed, and by whom; if an opera, whether the divine Signora ——— bears a part. From amusements there is a transition to works of charity, to subscription of names and sums of money for benevolent purposes: whether the arrangement here be judicious, or whether these ought not to precede amusements, I shall not stop to inquire. Perhaps the Editor

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trusts to the good sense of his readers, that what he mixes heterogeneously, they will separate and arrange judiciously. Otherwise, there would be a *designed* confusion in the advertisement part, which would not be easily reconciled to common sense and would serve rather to perplex our reflections than to employ them to any purpose. Attentively observed, Newspapers will be found very correct pictures of the times, and very faithful records of the transfer of property, whether by sale or fraud.

I hinted, that the arrangement was apparently confused. We see books and pills, estates and lap-dogs, perfumery and charity sermons, crowded together by one of those accidents by which we may suppose *chaos* would be produced. Here a disconsolate widow advertises that she carries on business as usual, for the benefit of her orphan family, and there a lady of quality offers five guineas for the recovery of her lap-dog, which answers to the name of Chloe. A person wants to borrow 5,000l. on undeniable security, and a stable keeper offers to sell a horse for 100 guineas upon his bare word. Servants want places, in which "wages are *no* object," and a place under government may be heard of, where wages are the *only* object. Humphry Jenkins lost his pocket-book in coming out of the play-house, and Sarah Howson has eloped from her husband, who will pay no debts of her contracting, "as witness his mark." In one place we have notice of a main of cocks, and just by it, the candidates for a vacant chaplainship are desired to apply. But of all persons "that on earth do dwell," the sick find the greatest relief in Newspapers. Why it is that disease should prevail in spite of the infallible medicines that are, in a manner, *thrust* down the throats of the sick, is astonishing. It would appear that the only disorder patients are troubled with, is an incurable obstinacy, which prevents them from taking medicines that have "cured thousands who have been dismissed from the hospitals in a most deplorable state." Do we not find that, in some cases, a single box of pills will effect a cure; and, in others, that the patient will be relieved by the smell only? Will not these medicines "keep good in all climates?" Is it not notorious that they perform their cures "without loss of time, or hindrance to business?" Why then do we hear of the sick and the

dying? Why are not our hospitals turned into almshouses for decayed physicians, and apothecaries who have no business?

Nor is the information respecting the preservation of health less important than the cure of disease. If we turn our eyes to the sales of houses and estates, we shall find that they are all situated in counties remarkable for the salubrity of the air, the fertility of the soil, and the purity of the water, charmingly sheltered, richly wooded, hill and dale, meadow and grove, where the east wind is not permitted to chill, nor the thunder to roll. These, it is true, are chiefly calculated for persons who can afford to pay rather extravagantly for the preservation of health; but this can be no object with those who know that health is the greatest of all blessings, and that in this way, it may be handed down to the latest posterity. The clergy, I must observe, are particularly interested in these advertisements. The rectories are all "situated in remarkably healthy spots," and the present "incumbent is nearly eighty years old." What greater encouragement to a man who wishes to do good, and to do it long, especially when it lies "in the vicinity of a pack of hounds"—a circumstance of which we are frequently reminded, although the connexion between the business of the pulpit, and the sports of the field, is not quite so obvious as might be expected from the eloquence of our fashionable auctioneers—a race of men to whose inventive genius we owe the conversion of horse ponds into beautiful sheets of water, ditches into canals, and gibbets into hanging woods; but the ablest men cannot do every thing. There are bounds, even in these times, to human genius.

Now, when all these subjects are introduced at the breakfast-table, what a copious source of conversation for the rest of the day, especially if any of those should create a desire to be a bidder or a purchaser! What hopes, what fears, what consultations! But this is not necessary to the pleasure a Newspaper affords. A man may give a very able account of an estate without the least desire of purchasing it; and the whole family may dispute on the merit of an entertainment, which not one of the party means to partake of. It is possible to compassionate the distresses of an orphan family, without contributing sixpence to their relief, and even to read of the

cures performed by a "famous syrup," without desiring to taste a drop of it. Conversation and action are different things, and if a Newspaper furnishes the former, it is doing much.

Before quitting the advertisements, it may be necessary to mention two descriptions of persons who never appear to meet, and yet who never ought to separate, namely, those who "are equally desirous to lend money," and those who "are equally desirous to borrow it."—Why people that might be so mutually serviceable, should stand in opposite columns in a Newspaper is very extraordinary. There must be some secret in this, which we, who know not the parties, are unacquainted with. That the party wishing to borrow should conceal his name is easily accounted for. Prudential reasons require that a man's temporary embarrassment should be concealed as much as possible; but that he who "would be happy to lend," or, as it is sometimes called, "to accommodate," should court obscurity, is not so easily explained. If it be from a motive of modesty, it is highly praiseworthy, but it prevents us from handing down the names of these benevolent persons to future ages as they deserve. Posterity can only know, that all the letters of the alphabet from A B to X Y have been eminent for their benevolence in accommodating distressed persons with sums of money "lying at their bankers, from 500 to 20,000 pounds;" and thus I close my meditations on the advertisements. I might mention more indeed, but as the Poet says—

The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion—roses for the cheeks,
And lillies for the brows of faded age :
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heaven, earth, and ocean, plunder'd of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, Olympic dews,
Sermons and city feasts, and fav'rite airs,
Ætherial journies, submarine exploits :
And Katterfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders—wand'ring for his bread !

But yet all these would probably fail of their effect, were they the only contents of a Newspaper. There are thousands who are indifferent to a change of situation, who are confined to business and cannot leave it, who are gormandizing a breakfast and loathe medicine, who are blooming and want no washes, who are cheer-

ful and want no amusements, who are charitable and want no puffs or quackery to prompt their benevolence; yet, with all that, the rest of a Newspaper supplies that dear and exquisite food—**NEWS**. This part of a paper, though I have considered it last, is generally consulted first; and what can equal the glad-some inquisitiveness that appears in the eye, when it gently rolls over the columns of a fresh Newspaper? Such is the variety of this department, and such the attachment of every man to his favourite pursuit, that a tolerable guess may be formed of what a man is, by attending to what he first reads in a paper. The sturdy politician, indeed, is a general reader. He can find out a political allusion in every paragraph. If a lady of quality makes a false step, he can descant on the privileged orders; and, if the price of bread has risen, he can censure Parliament for the insufficiency of the corn laws. But others confine themselves to their favourite articles—the Court news delights the man of fashion, because he knows the parties—the ladies are anxious for the marriages, because they may know the parties—the young and the old are for the fashionable tattle of marriage, dances, duels, and dress, elopements, and other articles of the *amusing* kind; while the grave citizen casts a solemn glance at the price of stocks, wishes he had bought in, or hopes he shall soon be able to sell out; and there is a pretty numerous class to whom burglaries, murders, and picking of pockets afford a considerable gratification in the *detail*.

A Newspaper being thus perused, by every man according to his taste, the wheels of conversation are again set a-going, and the dullest has something to say, or some remark to make, on what he has read. If Newspapers, then, are undervalued, it is either because they are common and cheap, and we know that things that are common and cheap, are always undervalued; but this, perhaps, may not always be the case, for, in point of *cheapness*, the objection has been *gradually removing* for some time.

To appreciate their true value, therefore, we have only to suppose that they were totally to be discontinued for a month. I turn with horror from the frightful idea! I deprecate such a shock to the

circulation of table talk. It would operate more unfavourably than the gloom of November is said, by foreigners, to operate on the nerves of Englishmen—and after such a suspension of news, I am afraid the papers would contain nothing but accounts of sudden deaths, which had happened in the interval, with the deliberate opinion of the coroner's jury:—"Died for want of intelligence!!"

"Let us praise Newspapers," says Dr. Johnson. "One of the principal amusements of the idler is to read the works of those minute historians, the writers of news, who, though contemptuously overlooked by the composers of bulky volumes, are yet necessary in a nation where much wealth produces much leisure, and one part of the people has nothing to do but observe the lives and fortunes of the other." L.

THE MELANGE.

No. II.

CHACUN A SON GOUT.

PRECIOUS RELICS... A Monke preaching to the people, having founde a verye rich feather of some strange foule, intended to make his parishoners beleve it was a plume of the angel Gabriel: certaine good companions, his familiars, noting his knaverie, secretlie stole out of his casket the feather, and put in coales. Well, Mass Monke come once into his pulpit, after a long exordium, tolde to the people what a relique he had, one of the feathers of the angell Gabriell; but, putting his hande into his caskett, and finding nothing but coales, straight founde the knot in the rush, and said hee had taken the wrong caskett; but yet brought them a relique no less precious, which was the coales that Saint Laurence was roasted on: so that making crosses with them upon their garmentes, he departed with monkish credit. *Spanish Masquerado*, by Robert Greene, 1589.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.. The following copy of an original letter from this Queen to Heaton, bishop of Ely, is taken from the Register of Ely :

“ Proud Prelate,

“ I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement : but I would have you to know, that I, who made you what you are, can unmake you ; and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement, by — I will immediately unfrock you. Yours as you demean yourself,

ELIZABETH.”

Heaton, it seems, had promised the Queen to exchange some part of the land belonging to the see for an equivalent, and did so ; but it was in consequence of the above letter.

JUDGE FORSTER.. A short time before this great lawyer's death, he went the Oxford Circuit, in the hottest part of one of the hottest summers that had been remembered. He was so far advanced in life as to be scarce capable of doing the duties which belonged to his office, and when the grand jury of *Worcester* attended for the charge, addressed them as follows :

“ Gentlemen, the weather is very hot, I am very old, and you are very well acquainted with what is your duty : I have no doubt but you will practise it.”

LORD THURLOW AND MR. PITT.. Mr. Pitt was sufficiently notorious for the positiveness with which he delivered and supported his opinions. Lord Thurlow, when Chancellor, once rebuked him in his own way. The Chancellor of the Exchequer was disputing at a cabinet dinner, on the energy and beauty of the Latin language. In support of the superiority which he maintained it to have over the English, he asserted, that two negatives made a thing more positive than one affirmative possibly could... “ Then,” said Lord Thurlow, “ your father and mother must have been two *negatives*, to have made such a damned *positive* fellow as you are.”

LAW AND EQUITY.

JUSTICE, “ the mistress and queen of all the virtues,”* the basis of all social virtue as well as happiness, the very corner-stone on which society is built—this very justice, if exercised too rigorously, would often be found, amidst the combinations and entanglements of human affairs, even to border upon injustice ; inso-much that the civilians have established it into a maxim, that, “ extreme justice is extreme injustice”—*summum jus summa injuria*.

It should seem therefore, that the magistrate, to whom the execution of justice is committed, must not only *do justly*, but (in the language of the Prophet) also *love mercy*. I do not mean, that he should ever act otherwise than the laws direct, or at any time dispense with the right execution of them ; but only, that he be governed therein, as often as he can, by the *spirit* rather than the *letter* of them. For in the law, as well as in the gospel, the *letter* frequently *killeth* : as when any statute, from a new and different situation of things and persons, gradually brought on by course of time and change of manners, enforceth proceedings different from, or, it may be, contrary to, the true original intent and meaning of it. The office, therefore, of a magistrate, a justice of peace for instance, should be in part a kind of a petty chancery ; a court of equity, as well as a court of justice, where a man, although pursued by *law*, may yet be redressed by *reason*, so often as the case will admit of it ; and that will be as often as the *spirit* of any law or statute shall be found to clash with its *letter*.

Mean while, it must be carefully noted, that the magistrate has no power to decide according to equity, when it is opposed to written and positive law, or stands in contradistinction to it—no, not even the judge, much less the justice. It is a maxim, *ubi lex non distinguit*,

* *Omnium domina et regina virtutum*. Cicero de Offic. III. 6.—According to an ancient Greek moralist, every other virtue is comprehended in that of justice: ‘Εἰ δὲ δικαιοσύνη συνάγειται πᾶσι ἀρεταῖς. Theognis.

nec nos distinguere debemus ; and again, *judicandum ex legibus, non de legibus* : and an ancient pronounced it very dangerous for a judge to seem more humane than the law ; *φαινομέναι φιλανθρωπότερον τῷ νόμῳ*. The danger consists in its opening a latitude of interpretation, and thereby giving room to subtlety and chicanery, which, by gradually weakening, would in time destroy the authority and tenor of law : for, “ though all general laws are attended with inconveniencies, when applied to particular cases ; yet these inconveniencies are justly supposed to be fewer, than what would result from full discretionary powers in every magistrate.” *Hume*.—So that the dispensation of equity seems reserved, and with good reason, not to the judge who is tied down by his rules, but to the law-giver or supreme legislator : according to that well-known maxim, *ejus est interpretari cujus est condere*. Thus Constantine the emperor : *Inter æquitatem jusque interpositam interpretationem nobis solis et oportet et licet inspicere*. Cod. l. 14. 1.—See also Taylor's *Elements of Civil Law*, p. 90, &c.

It is not meant, therefore, as is said above, that the magistrate should ever dispense with law, or act against it ; but only, that he should, as far as he can, temper it with lenity and forbearance, when the *letter* is found to run counter to the *spirit*. For instance ; our ancient Saxon laws nominally punished theft with death, when the thing stolen exceeded the value of twelve pence : yet the criminal was permitted to redeem his life with money. But, by 9 Hen. I. in 1109, this power of redemption was taken away : the law continues in force to this very day ; and death is the punishment of a man who steals above twelve-pennyworth of goods, although the value of twelve pence now is near forty times less than when the law was made. Here the *spirit* is absolutely outraged by the *letter* : and therefore might not a justice, when a delinquent of this sort is brought, endeavour to soften the rigour of this law ; or rather to evade it, by depreciating the value of the thing stolen, by suffering the matter to be compromised between the parties, and, where the character of the offender will admit of it, instead of pursuing the severities of justice, by tempering the whole procedure with *mercy* ?—This, and similar modes of acting, may be said indeed to

be straining points; but, unless such points be strained occasionally, magistrates must often act, not only against the *spirit* of the laws, but against the dictates of reason, and the feelings of their own hearts.—Sir Henry Spelman took occasion, from this law, to complain that “while every thing else was risen in its value, and become dearer, the life of man had continually grown cheaper.” *

Fortescue has a remarkable passage concerning this law. “The civil law,” says he, “where a theft is manifest, adjudged the criminal to restore fourfold; for a theft not so manifest, twofold: but the laws of England, in either case, punish the party with death, provided the thing stolen exceeds the value of twelve pence.” † But, is not this comparison between *Civil* and *English* law astonishingly made by a man, who was writing an apology for the latter against the former? What?—is it nothing to settle a proportion between crimes and punishments? and shall one man, who steals an utensil worth thirteen pence, be deemed an equal offender against society, and suffer the same punishment, with another, who plunders a house, and murders all the family?—See *Beccaria*, an Italian marquis, *Upon Crimes and Punishments*.

ERRORS OCCASIONED BY OUR PASSIONS.

THE Passions lead us into Error, because they fix our attention to that particular part of the object they present to us, not allowing us to view it on every side. A King passionately affects the title of conqueror. Victory, says he, calls me to the remotest part of the earth: I shall fight; I shall gain the victory; I shall load mine enemy with chains, and the terror of my name, like an impenetrable rampart, will defend the entrance of my empire. Inebriated with this hope, he forgets that fortune is inconstant; and, that the victor shares the load of misery, almost equally with the vanquished. He does not perceive, that the welfare of his subjects is

* *Glossar.* in voce *Laricinium*.

† *De Laud. Leg. Angliæ*, c. 46.

only a pretence; for his martial phrenzy; and that pride alone forges his arms, and displays his ensigns: his whole attention is fixed on the pomp of the triumph.

Fear, equally powerful with pride, will produce the same effect; it will raise ghosts and phantoms, and disperse them among the tombs, and in the darkness of the woods, present them to the eyes of the affrighted traveller, seize on all the faculties of his soul, without leaving any one at liberty to reflect on the absurdity of the motives for such a ridiculous terror.

The passions not only fix the attention on particular sides of the objects they present to us, but they also deceive us, by exhibiting the same objects, when they do not really exist. The story of a country clergyman and an amorous lady, is well known. They had heard, and concluded, that the moon was peopled, and were looking for the inhabitants through their telescopes. If I am not mistaken, said the lady, I perceive two shadows; they mutually incline to each other: doubtless they are two happy lovers.—O fie! Madam, replied the clergyman, these two shadows are the two steeples of a cathedral. This tale is our history, it being common for us to see in things what we are desirous of finding there: on the earth, as in the moon, different passions will cause us to see either lovers or steeples. Illusion is a necessary effect of the passions, the strength, or force, of which is generally measured by the degree of obscurity into which they lead us. This was well known to a certain lady, who being caught by her lover in the arms of his rival, obstinately denied the fact of which he had been witness. How! said he, have you the assurance—Ah! perfidious creature, cried the lady, it is plain you no longer love me, for you believe your eyes before all I can say. This is equally applicable to all the passions, as well as to love. All strike us with the most perfect blindness. When ambition has kindled a war between two nations, and the anxious citizens ask one another the news; what readiness appears, on one side, to give credit to the good; and, on the other, what incredulity with regard to the bad? How often have Christians, from placing a ridiculous confidence in monks, denied the possibility of the antipodes! There is no century, which has not, by some ridiculous affirmation or negation, afforded matter of laughter to the following age.

A past folly is seldom sufficient to shew mankind their present folly. S.

HUMAN MISERY !

A FRAGMENT.

—— I was obliged to wait for relays at ——, “an’ please you,” said the post-boy, “it will be a full hour afore we can set off again.” The poor fellow seemed to dread my anger, and with a fearful anxiety looked in my face. “Thank Heaven, I am not an *angry* traveller,” I inwardly exclaimed: “Very well, my lad, I will walk till that time.” It was an autumnal evening, the last rays of the bright orb of day still lingered on the surrounding foliage, as I entered a pleasant grove. The birds offered up their evening song of gratitude, and afforded a lesson of humility to upstart man. I was in a contemplative mood. I thought of absent friends, of my native home. A soothing serenity occupied my mind, and I exclaimed, “Why is man ungrateful? the protecting Providence that guards the trembling sparrow from the ravaging hawk, is mindful of the welfare of his creatures.” A loud sigh roused me from my soliloquy; it proceeded from a man seated under the canopy of a spreading oak. He was far advanced in the vale of years—his silver locks, parted on the forehead, disclosed the traces of what he had been; his eyes beamed with a mild glow of pious resignation; his uplifted hands discovered that his thoughts were elevated far above this world; his beard flowed over his breast, and gave an awful air of majesty to his figure. On seeing a stranger, he bowed and courteously pointed to a seat beside him—I accepted it, and we entered into conversation. On every topic he spoke with wisdom, but still a deep melancholy rested on his countenance, and dimmed the fire of his age. “Sir,” said he, “your face bespeaks you to be possessed of humanity; you doubtless have had your trials, for who in this world are exempt; but perhaps (for I perceive you are English) you still have tender ties that link you to society; perhaps you have blooming sons and daughters, the idols of your love; a wife, the soother of your cares, the

prop of your existence—while I——” I saw he could not proceed; drops of bitter anguish chased each other down his furrowed cheek. I endeavoured to whisper a few words of consolation, and joined my hand to his. A scalding drop of misery fell upon it; he groaned piteously for some time; at last, seeming to acquire fortitude, he arose, and, waving his hand, said, “Come with me, Sir, and in the abode of sorrow learn a lesson of wisdom.” I followed instinctively. Embosomed in an almost impervious glen stood a cottage. It was in the midst of a little garden, in a corner of which was raised a hillock; over it waved a drooping willow. We entered a small parlour; in the window seat was a female, apparently about the age of twenty; she was tall and elegantly formed; the pallid hue of sickness was spread over her features. She was looking intently on a miniature portrait, and when we entered a hectic flush suffused her cheek, and she regarded me wistfully; then returned to the portrait—and then looked again. “Father,” said she to the old man, “I thought he was Frederick—I did indeed.”—“Hush.”—She approached me—“I was to have been married to Frederick to-morrow, but they tell me he is dead—and see, there he lies!”—continued she, pointing to the hillock. “But still I will see him—will kiss his cold cheek—for he *did* love me; he swore he loved me truly—You weep—you seem affected; so am I, but I cannot weep—now I’m better, see—” She laughed hysterically, and sunk exhausted on a sofa. I shuddered. “This is the lesson I would teach,” said her father; “beware how you trifle with the happiness of a young female—Once we were happy; in the society of my wife and daughter, I knew sorrow but by name. A fell deceiver came—his face wore the marks of honour, but his heart was of the blackest dye: he triumphed over the innocence of my daughter, and reduced her to the condition in which you now behold her.—My wife sunk under this accumulated misery—yet still I survive, and still I trust we shall be happy hereafter. Hence, Sir, and should you again behold the modest lily plucked by a libertine hand, remember us.” He conducted me again to the oak where we met, and in half an hour I was on the road to Paris.

COLVILLE BARRY.

ENTOMOLOGY:

With a short account of the principal Collectors of Cabinets of Insects in London.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

IN a work published in the year 1805, it is asserted that Entomology was in its infancy. At the time this book was written it might not have been in so flourishing a state as could be wished; but I certainly cannot admit that it was in its infancy. Entomology was first studied as a science upwards of two centuries ago; since which the students of this very pleasing branch of Natural History have greatly accumulated. Fabricci was the first person who may be said to have entered seriously into it. Sir Charles Linnè, every one will say, was a very great Naturalist, but he was more acquainted with any other study than that of Entomology. William Turton published a translation of *Linnaea Systema Naturæ*, with additions, which was very well received. At present, I am happy to say that the science of Entomology (independent of other subjects of Natural History) is much countenanced by Schoolmasters. But I proceed to give an account of the Collectors of Insects in London. The first collection is that of Sir Joseph Banks, a person universally beloved by all who know him, and who is justly considered as the patron of Entomology; but it does not follow, because a person has the greatest number of Insects, that he is the best Entomologist. Sir Joseph has amassed a vast collection of English and exotic Insects, though I will not pretend to say that he is the collector of them, or that he knows the names and uses of a third part of them. The next I shall name is that of Mr. Thomas Marshall, so renowned for his first volume of *Entomologia Britannica*. The collection of this gentleman, I may venture to say, was almost wholly made by himself. It is to be hoped that he will continue this work, but it must be some time before the second volume can be produced, as he has now another very arduous task to perform, being secretary to a large Trading Company. Mr. Donovan intends giving plates of the insects described in the first volume, in the work he is now publishing, entitled, "The Insects of Great Britain." Mr. M., was at one time Secretary to the Lin-

nean Society, in which situation he acquitted himself to the satisfaction of all the Fellows of that most respectable circle. The Cabinet of Mr. Francillon of St. James's-street makes a great figure among the Collections of the day, it being allowed to be the finest assemblage of foreign Insects in the metropolis. His American Insects were collected by Mr. James Abbot, who published a History of the Insects of a particular Order in Carolina. I might make mention of several others, but I shall only add at present, that Mr. Donovan has also an extensive Collection of Foreign, but more particularly of English, Insects.

I am, Sir,

London, 29 March, 1807. W. F. G. *Fellow Lin. Soc.*

WESTMINSTER HALL.

When I enter (says Mr. Stephen, in his *Dangers of the Country*) that venerable hall which for many centuries has been the seat of our superior tribunals, and contemplate the character of the courts which are busily exercising their several jurisdictions around it, I am almost tempted to forget the frailty of man, and the imperfection of his noblest works. There, justice supported by liberty and honour, sits enthroned as in her temple, elevated far above the region of all ignoble passions. There, judicial character is so strongly guarded by ages of fair example, by public confidence, by conscious independence, and dignity of station, that it is scarcely a virtue to be just. There, the human intellect nourished by the morning dew of industry, and warmed by manly emulation, puts forth its most vigorous shoots, and consecrates them to the noblest of all sublunary ends.

If the rude emblems of heavenly intelligence with which our pious ancestors have adorned that majestic roof, were really what they were meant to represent, they might announce to us that they had looked down upon an administration of justice, advancing progressively, from the days of our Henries, at least, in correctness, liberality, purity, and independence, till it has arrived at a degree of perfection, never before witnessed upon earth, and such as the children of Adam are not likely ever to surpass.

This blessing, the fairest offspring of freedom, or rather its purest essence, may like all other advantages, be undervalued by those who have always enjoyed it, and know only by report the evils of a different lot. But those Englishmen who have travelled far enough, to see ignorance, prejudice, servility, and oppression, in the seat of justice, know how to appreciate and admire the tribunals of their native land.

Nor is the protecting power of our superior courts, less distinguished than their purity. In what other realm can an independent judge, deliver him whom the government has consigned to the darkness of a dungeon? Where else is the sword of the state chained to its scabbard, till drawn by the sentence of the law? And who but an Englishman, can defy, while judges are incorrupt, the proudest minister, or most insidious minion of a court!

The unique and inestimable institution of trial by jury, is an item only, though a proud and precious one, of this glorious account. The Englishman's life, his honour, and, with some reasonable exceptions, his property too, are placed not only under the protection of the laws, but under the further safeguard of his neighbours and equals in private life, without whose sanction, solemnly given upon oath, he cannot be condemned.

MATERNAL LOVE.

IT appears that the Creator has been careful to compensate the too fleeting enjoyments of love by a most valuable benefit, in consequence of which even the meanest living creature seems to be animated by an emanation from the Deity. This blessing is the tender affection of parents toward their offspring; and this sentiment is divine, for it is disinterested, and remains undiminished, though often repaid with ingratitude. It is celestial, because, ever entire, indivisible, and incapable of envy, it can extend to several objects at once. It is eternal and infinite, for it triumphs over love, and subsists beyond the grave. What an execrable monster would that mother appear, who should prefer a lover to her infant, to that helpless, innocent, and amiable being, whose existence nothing but maternal tenderness can preserve. Many species of animals, that sacrifice their

own lives for the sake of their young, would reflect disgrace on such an unnatural parent. They not only give them birth, but caress them even amid the agonies of death; and the occupation, in which the females of brute animals seem to take most delight, is that of suckling their offspring. Maternal affection is the pledge of love, by which nature derives from the heart of a mother an ample compensation for all her sufferings. Nothing equals the anxiety with which a mother seeks her lost child: nothing can exceed her transport when, after fatigue and search, after a tedious separation, she at length recovers it, and embraces it as if it were just then born. The desire of fecundity is the brightest charm in the cestus of Venus; nay, it seems to be the only one that can be valuable in the estimation of chaste and virtuous women. These are the priestesses who keep alive the sacred fire of Vesta; and perish that contemptible wretch who, instead of being warmed with this pure flame, burns with a gross and brutal lust! Love has dipped only the point of his shaft with desire; when the whole weapon is envenomed by it, misery must attend those whom it wounds.

P.

THE CORONATION OATH, AND THE OATH OF A PRIVY COUNSELLOR.

THESE Oaths having been so often adverted to in the late interesting Parliamentary Discussions, and having both been published in the daily prints imperfectly and inaccurately, particularly the latter, our readers will, perhaps, not be displeased at this re-publication of them in a correct form.

THE CORONATION OATH.

The Archbishop or Bishop shall say,

“Will you solemnly promise and swear to govern
“the People of this Kingdom of England, and the
“Dominions thereto belonging, according to the
“Statutes in Parliament agreed on, and the Laws and
“Customs of the same?”

The King and Queen shall say,
 " I solemnly promise so to do."

Archbishop, or Bishop. " Will you to your power
 " cause Law and Justice, in Mercy, to be executed in
 " all your Judgments?"

King and Queen. " I will."

Archbishop, or Bishop. " Will you, to the utmost of
 " your power, maintain the Laws of God, the true pro-
 " fession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed
 " Religion established by Law? And will you preserve
 " unto the Bishops and Clergy of this realm, and to the
 " Churches committed to their charge, all such rights
 " and privileges as by Law do or shall appertain unto
 " them, or any of them?"

King and Queen. " All this I promise to do."

After this, the King and Queen, laying his and her
 hand upon the Holy Gospels, shall say:

" The things which I have here before promised I
 will perform and keep. *So help me God.*

THE OATH OF A PRIVY COUNSELLOR.

You shall swear to be a true and faithful servant unto
 the King's Majesty, as one of His Majesty's Privy Coun-
 cil; you shall not know or understand of any manner of
 thing to be attempted, done or spoken against His Ma-
 jesty's Person, Honour, Crown or Dignity Royal; but
 you shall lett and withstand the same to the uttermost
 of your power; and either cause it to be revealed to His
 Majesty himself, or to such of his Privy Council as shall
 advertize His Majesty of the same. You shall in all
 things to be moved, treated, and debated in council,
 faithfully and truly declare your mind and opinion ac-
 cording to your heart and conscience, and shall keep
 secret all matters committed and revealed unto you, or
 that shall be treated of secretly in council.

And if any of the said treaties or councils shall touch
 any of the counsellors, you shall not reveal it unto him,
 but shall keep the same until such time as by the con-
 sent of His Majesty, or of the council, publication shall
 be made thereof. You shall to your uttermost bear faith
 and allegiaunce unto the King's Majesty, and shall assist
 and defend all jurisdictions, pre-eminences and authori-
 ties granted to His Majesty, and annexed to the crown
 by act of parliament, or otherwise, against all foreign
 Princes, Persons, Prelates, States or Potentates. And

generally in all things, you shall do as a faithful and true servant ought to do to His Majesty. So help you God, and the holy contents of this book.

THE ARTS.

No. III.

MR. BARRY.

ON Friday the 10th of last month, was sold by Mr. Christie, at his rooms in Pall-mall, the paintings, &c. that belonged to the above celebrated artist, who proved to the world, what might be done without the patronage of the great. But when can we expect to find another man cast in a similar mould, possessing a mind of more than usual vigour, blessed with an uncommon share of good health, fully capable of appreciating the merits of the works of the learned in his own profession, and well acquainted with literature in general; living in a house in which no human being resided but himself, performing all the domestic offices with his own hands, and at the same time supporting himself with a dignified and an independent spirit.

To enter into many particulars of his life would occupy more space than we can at present afford; but as we feel assured that even the stumps of the pencils that belonged to so great a master, would be a valuable present to many of our readers, we intend, at a future period, to resume the subject, being promised some anecdotes that Mr. Barry related of himself, and which will strongly elucidate his singular character.

It is with regret we relate, that the produce of the sale did not equal our expectations, for which we can only account by observing that the pictures were painted by a *modern*; if they had possessed the tinge of age, had received the salutary applications of the Spaltham pot, and been covered over with a coat of varnish that would almost put out of countenance the sun at noon day, then would all the rich and titled brokers have been there, (who deceive and are deceived themselves) attended by their *disinterested* advisers; then many of the lots would have brought nearly as much as the whole

collection produced, and the lucky purchaser would have deemed himself in possession (to use connoisseurs' language) of an inestimable jewel, while *great! amazing! divine!—I am ravished!—I am transported!* would have been echoed by the whole tribe of dependents and independents, belonging to the mystery of *picture-craft*.

The fate of poor Barry's pictures is not a singular case, for the works of a great man are seldom estimated by the age he lives in, and we prognosticate that his productions, like many others, will be held in proper respect, a century or two hence.

We must own, that the paintings lost much by not being better known; their excellencies do not lie upon the surface, but require more knowledge than falls to the share of common beholders, and their merit is not to be estimated on a cursory view. The following extract from the life of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by Malone, will illustrate this assertion; and what is there said of Raffaele, we foretel will happen hereafter to our countryman's series of paintings, in the great room belonging to the society of Arts and Sciences in the Adelphi.

“ It has frequently happened, (says Sir Joshua Reynolds) as I was informed by the keeper of the Vatican, that many of those whom he had conducted through the various apartments of that edifice, when about to be dismissed, have asked for the works of Raffaele, and would not believe that they had already passed through the rooms where they are preserved; so little impression had those performances made on them. One of the first painters now in France, once told me, that this circumstance happened to himself, though now he looks on Raffaele with that veneration which he deserves from all painters and lovers of the art. I remember very well my own disappointment, when I first visited the Vatican; but on confiding my feelings to a brother student, of whose ingenuousness I had a high opinion, he acknowledged that the works of Raffaele had the same effect on him, or rather that they did not produce the effect which he expected. This was a great relief to my mind; and on enquiring farther of other students, I found that those persons only who, from natural imbecility, appeared to be incapable of ever relishing those divine performances, made pretensions to instantaneous raptures on

first beholding them. In justice to myself, however, I must add, that though disappointed and mortified at not finding myself enraptured with the works of this great master; I did not for a moment conceive or suppose that the name of Raffaele, and these admirable paintings in particular, owed their reputation to the ignorance and prejudice of mankind; on the contrary, my not relishing them as I was conscious I ought to have done, was one of the most humiliating circumstances that ever happened to me. I found myself in the midst of works executed upon principles with which I was unacquainted: I felt my ignorance, and stood abashed. Notwithstanding my disappointment, I proceeded to copy some of those excellent works. I viewed them again and again; I even affected to feel their merit, and to admire them, more than I really did. In a short time a new taste and new perceptions began to dawn upon me; and I was convinced that I had originally formed a false opinion of the perfections of the art, and that this great painter was well entitled to the high rank which he holds in the estimation of the world. The truth is, that if these great works had really been what I expected, they would have contained beauties superficial and alluring, but by no means such as would have entitled them to the great reputation which they have so long and so justly obtained.”

In returning to the account of the sale, which produced no more than 1600*l.* we cannot do better than give a few extracts from the catalogue, with the prices annexed which the principal pictures brought.

In the commencement it is stated that Mr. Barry was, * late professor of painting, in the Royal Academy; and member of the Clementine Academy at Bologna :

* “ The recollection (says a spirited writer) of, I believe, the only instance on record, of the exercise of the extraordinary power of expelling obnoxious Academicians, fills me with deep concern, and makes me wish, more than I wished before, that this law had never found place in the Academic code. From those who had attained the honour of occupying the first rank among the votaries of the liberal arts we expect a corresponding principle of appreciation; and the friends of genius might rationally hope that he who had decorated and led forth the triumphal procession of Art and Philosophy, should have been regarded, at the Royal Academy, rather by the magnitude of his merits, than his freedom

In this institute, among the rarest exemplars of the best schools, is deposited this great painter's celebrated picture of Philoctetes; considerably larger than life: the hero is seen suffering on the isle of Lemnos, under the persecution of the Atridæ. The subject is from Sophocles; and was painted by Parrhasius, a Greek of Ephesus—vide the elder Pliny:

— — — — — “ Here for ten years
Have I remain'd, whilst misery and famine
Keep fresh my wounds; and double my misfortune.
This have the Atridæ, and Ulysses done,
And may the Gods, with equal woe, repay them.”

FRANKLIN'S SOPH.

This production of epic art, matured by extensive knowledge, and by cultured genius, raised the British character among foreigners: and having gained the applause of the present, it will descend with increasing admiration to future ages! The Philoctetes of Barry, was engraved at Bologna by an Italian, soon after the picture was finished; and impressions from the plate were dispersed over every part of the continent.

Edmund Burke demonstrating his positions on the Sublime and Beautiful, painted about the year 1771.

9l. 9s. 0d.

Cupid instructing Mercury to string the Lyre from his Bow.....13l. 2s. 6d.

Mr. Barry's Portrait, sitting at the Base of the Statue of Hercules, who is crushing Envy, holding the picture of the Cyclops, a subject painted by Timanthes.

12l. 12s. 0d.

A Study from the picture of St. Jerome at Parma, by Corregio.....17l. 17s. 6d.

Dido and Æneas, from Virgil. The first picture

from defects; yet on that distressing occasion did the Royal Academy of Arts, instituted by the best of sovereigns for the protection and culture of talent, expel from their society (and with an ignominy which time seems now to retaliate upon their laws) an artist of the highest class—one, whom posterity, if not his cotemporaries, will proclaim, in the words of his own Lear, “ a man more sinned against than sinning,” and the independence of whose principles, and the greatness of whose mind, made the errors of his enthusiasm seem far too trivial to call down such mighty resentment.”

Barry painted at Rome, and the only Landscape, which he quitting in pursuit of nobler game, it was flung by unfinished. 14l. 14s.

Temptation of Adam, by Eve. 105l.

" Thus Eve with count'nance blith her story told,
But in her cheek distemper flushing glow'd—
On the other side, Adam soon as he heard
The fatal trespass done by Eve, amaz'd,
Astonied stood and blank ; while horror chill
Ran through his veins, and all his joints relax'd :

— — — — —
On my experience, Adam, freely taste,
And fear of death deliver to the winds."

After long choosing, and beginning late, Barry, prepared for the undertaking by sedulous studies after the Greek marbles, the great labours in the Vatican, and in the best repositories of the arts at Rome, settled the doubts long fluctuating in his active mind, whether to select his subject from Homer, or from Milton: 'twas decided in favour of the latter ! and the temptation of Adam by Eve was committed to the canvas ; from whence it issued with a purity of form, combined with attic perception, that gained universal eclat among the cognoscenti of all nations (where the fame of *Paradise Lost* had attracted no less attention than the *Iliad*) ; but it was particularly spoken of by the French, undoubtedly at that time (with a very few exceptions) the best artists at Rome, who were fast regenerating from fluttering, and frothy compositions ; or what is still more base, insipid mediocrity of design, which they had been accidentally thrown into from the nature of their debilitating establishment, and the frivolous usages of a voluptuous city. From Rome this picture was consigned to the care of the late Edmund Burke, for exhibition in this metropolis, where it obtained the highest encomiums from the first of our British artists, and from all intelligent judges in works of virtue : it not only met admirers, but competitors for purchase : But it was set aside, with others, merely from the singularity of this unique artist.

Venus Anadyomene. 115l. 10s.

This production from the celebrated pencil of Barry, was painted upon his return from Italy, and exhibited publicly as soon as it came from his easel. It claimed,

and met with decided approbation ! In this picture, the candid, and the judicious, see combined, attic fire, with the most chaste and captivating contour of bewitching forms : this subject had been treated by Apelles, the merit of whose performance may be estimated by the following epigram :

“ Si nunquam Venerem Cois pinxisset Apelles,
Mersa sub æquoreis illa lateret aquis.”

Jupiter beguiled by Juno. 26l. 5s.

This picture was placed by Augustus in the temple dedicated to his father, which was also named the Anadyomene, from the fine work of art it contained.

“ To Ida's top successful Juno flies,
Great Jove surveys her, with desiring eyes.”

This truly sublime and classic representation from the great Iliad, carries with it a moral lesson of the highest importance ; the poetry of Homer is finely embodied by painting ; and while the figures from their magnitude possess all the sublimity of the feast of the Gods in the Ghigi Palace, they are treated with considerably more learning and comprised within a size adapted the space of a common apartment.

“ In omnibus ejus operibus intelligitur plus semper quam pingitur ; et cum ars summa sit, ingenium tamen ultra artem est.”

Pandora, or the Heathen Eve. 230l. 9s.

The last production of the great, and of the extraordinary BARRY, was carried on, under every circumstance of discouragement ; and the artist was borne out in the undertaking, solely by the perseverance and fortitude of his enlarged and independent mind : what would have subdued most other men, raised and invigorated the exertions of Barry to a pitch of knowledge in the art he loved, seldom attained, and never exceeded.

“ Non vidit Phidias Jovem, fecit tamen, velut tenantem ; nec stetit ante oculos ejus Minerva, dignus tamen illa arte animus, et concepit Deos et exhibuit.”
Senec. Rhet. lib. 20.

Of the Pandora, the author gives the following narration.

“ While I was studying the Greek statues at Rome, and comparing them with the gods and goddesses of Raffaele at the Ghigi, I felt myself impelled to try how far my own will and strength would carry me in a parallel

subject with this of Raffaele : the advantages of living in the 18th century, after so much intervening, and very essential criticism, and Greek illumination in the articles of beauty, character, sublimity, &c. these essential advantages appearing to me, if not a sufficient counterpoise, yet at least a considerable accession of weight in the light scale of a tramontane, and a modern : emboldened by this, I sat down, with great avidity, to a subject from Hesiod, which is more interesting, and fuller of action than that of Raffaele's from Apuleius.

"It is Pandora or the Heathen Eve, who having been brought by Venus into the assembly of the Gods, is emblematically seated : while she is attiring by Cupid, and the Graces : the former is demanding from his mother, the powerful Cestus ; Minerva is discoursing of the domestic duties of a wife, with a shuttle in her right hand, and in her left a tapestry robe, with the story of Jove fulminating the Titans, or the punishment of pride and arrogance, likely too soon to become apparent in the descendants of poor Pandora. Vulcan is reposing from his labour, surveying the beauteous mortal : the hammer in the hands of Vulcan, the fire, egg, water, tadpole, frog, serpent, &c. near him, are allegories allusive of the general design. Mercury is putting on his talaria, to carry her down to Epimetheus the destined husband ; the Loves and Horæ are scattering flowers ; Hebe carrying round nectar on the occasion—Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, and Pluto form the principal group—behind Juno, are seated Cybele, Ceres, and Diana ; two of the Parcæ, in a cave of clouds behind Jupiter, are employed upon her destiny, whilst the other is coming forth with the well-known casket, which contains her portion, &c. near lies (sleeping) Cerberus. On the opposite side of the picture, Apollo is singing the Hymeneal ! upon his right are the muses Urania, Euterpe, Clio ; on the left of Apollo, in the middle ground, Bacchus, Pan, Mars, and Venus (intriguing, though the goddess is somewhat pouting with jealousy). Between Minerva and Pandora stands Hymen. In the back ground upon the left, the coursers of the sun and other Muses, are preceded by Aurora, whose "rosy morn" throws ruddy gleams throughout the various groups that compose the majestic Synod of Olympus, and close the interesting scenery of the epic drama.

“Except the mere mention which Pausanias makes of a Basso Relievo carved by Phidias upon a pedestal of Minerva at Athens, this is altogether a virgin subject, and perhaps one of the finest remaining of the ancients; as I had this subject much at heart, and the whole of my studies, whilst I was abroad, were one continued preparation to the painting of it, (which might indeed well satisfy me, as it included the whole of the art,) it was with great mortification I found myself necessitated to decline two very flattering offers, which were made for the painting of it, one by his Grace the Duke of Richmond, the other by Mr. Lock, but it was impossible for me to comply, as I was thoroughly persuaded that this subject, would, from the very nature of it, lose much of the grandeur of its effect, by being reduced to too narrow limits.”

The following observations of a French critic of celebrity, who has written much upon the art, are suited to most ages of civilization, and are therefore humbly submitted.

“New performances are approved of at first by judges of a very different character; by men of the same profession, and the public; they would soon be rated at their just value, were the public as capable of defending and maintaining their sentiment, as they know how to espouse the right party: but their judgment is easily perplexed by persons who make a profession of the art. Now these persons are frequently subject to make a false report of things: for reasons which we shall give hereafter. They therefore throw such a mist over the truth, that the public continue frequently for some time in a state of uncertainty or error; though such artists cannot impose on others, so as to make them believe that those excellent things are but indifferent with respect to others; the error into which they throw the public by this means with respect to a new performance, is a long while in removing. Till the work becomes more generally known the prejudice which the decision of such artists has caused in the world, balances the sentiments of judicious and disinterested persons; especially if it be from the hands of an author, whose reputation (from habits natural to the studious) is not yet established. Boileau’s prediction in favour of Racine’s Tragedies, is fully accomplished! an impartial posterity has declared

itself in their favour! the same may be said of painters. Not one of them would have attained, after his death, to the degree of distinction due to his merit, were his fate to be always in the power of other painters; but by good fortune, his rivals are masters of his reputation but for a short time: for the public take the cause by degrees into their own hands, and, after an impartial inquiry, render every one justice, according to his merit.—If great artists are so sensible of jealousy, what must we think of indifferent ones!"

Crit. Reflec. Ch. 21. 23, 24. and 27.

The Portrait of Dr. Johnson was sold for thirty guineas; the Prince of Wales, in the character of St. George, for twenty five guineas; *King Lear*, *Cordelia*, &c. for twenty guineas.

INTELLIGENCE.

Five more numbers of *The Artist* have been published. No. II. contains an admirable essay, by Northcote, on originality in painting, on imitation, and the frauds of collectors. No. III. a spirited reply to a satire called the *Flytap*; with some remarks on the attempt to introduce a Foreign Artist to execute a monument to the memory of Lord Nelson. This paper, from the initials, appears to be the production of Mr. Hoppner. In No. IV. is an essay by Mr. Hoare, on the premature exercise of taste, and its effects on works of genius. "We are led" says the ingenious writer "by taste, thus prematurely formed, to condemn from partial motives; we exclude from our consideration every thing that our own minds have failed to embrace, and we disapprove of one another, merely because we happen to have taken different turnings from the right road. The surest basis on which our critical taste in any art can be founded, is a thorough investigation of what has been actually performed by human endeavours in the subjects before us." The whole paper is excellent. No. V. contains a letter by Mr. Cumberland on Dramatic Style, which we have obtained permission to insert in another department of our present Number. No. VI. exhibits a compendious statement of some of the scientific improvements of the last century, and their extensive influence towards promoting the comforts, the security, and the happiness of the human species.

Amongst the pictures for the next Exhibition by J. R. Smith in crayons, we have seen a small whole length of a lady who imagines she has desecrated the ship in which she expects the return of her husband. This will be found a most interesting picture. When portraits have strong resemblance, and convey sentiment, as this eminently does, they are doubly valuable. Mr. Smith has another picture of a Gardener who has just obtained the consent of his sweetheart. The man's joy, and the woman's modesty and diffidence, are beautifully expressed.

A charming picture by Mr. Westall is now on exhibition, from Cuthbert Shaw's beautiful monody to the memory of his wife, who is making her dying address to the husband, and imploring him not to suffer a second attachment to diminish his affection for their only child—

“ And oh ! be tender for its mother's sake.

“ Wilt thou ?—

“ I know thou wilt—sad silence speaks assent

“ And in that pleasing hope thy Emma dies content.”

In the countenance of the female there is a most interesting expression of mingled affection, solicitude, confidence, and resignation, that rivets the attention, and touches the feelings. The face of the husband is concealed, but the position of the figure is attractive, and the drawing and colouring of the whole picture in the most fascinating stile of the artist. This concealment of the features cannot but remind the spectator of the account of Timanthes' picture of Agamemnon, in which the painter got great credit for not exhibiting the countenance of the distracted father, though it afterwards appeared that he only copied Euripides. “ Agamemnon saw Iphigenia advance towards the fatal altar ; he groaned, and turned aside his head, he shed tears, and covered his face with his robe.” Sir Joshua Reynolds, alluding to this circumstance, observes that “ whoever does it a second time, will not only want novelty but be suspected of using artifice to evade difficulties.” The latter suspicion cannot well attach to a painter so capable of conquering the difficulties of art as Mr. Westall.

Romney's paintings and sketches are shortly to be put up to sale at Christie's. They include, besides his *Lear*, and *Ophelia*, many of his happiest productions both in the way of portrait and history.

We have to mention, with the deepest regret, the death of John Opie, Esq. R. A. and professor in painting, an artist who materially increased by the vigour of his genius the reputation of our English school of painting ; whose mind was distinguished by strong powers of original thinking, and who possessed a warm, open and benevolent heart. His funeral was attended by many of the principal nobility, and leading public characters of the country.

The pall-bearers were, Lord De Dunstanville, Sir J. St. Aubyn, Sir J. F. Leicester, Hon. Mr. Elphinstone, Mr. Whitbread, and Mr. W. Smith. The President and Members of the Royal Academy followed, with other numerous friends.

We are happy to understand that the exquisite picture of Chaucer's Pilgrims by Stothard, noticed at length in our last number, will continue to be shewn to the public during the exhibition of the Royal Academy, and in the immediate neighbourhood of Somerset House.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

The Stranger in Ireland; or, A Tour in the Southern and Western Parts of that Country, in the year 1805. By John Carr, Esq. of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple. Author of a Northern Summer; or Travels round the Baltic; the Stranger in France, &c. &c. 4to. 2l. 5s. pp. 530. Phillips. 1806.

Though constantly associating with the natives of Hibernia, and three or four days will convey us to the Irish metropolis, the knowledge which Englishmen in general possess of the sister kingdom is extremely superficial; and the information they will derive from a traveller like Mr. Carr, whose stay there did not exceed six months, and who visited only the south and south-west parts of the country, cannot be expected to satisfy very inquisitive minds:—they will nevertheless find in this volume, a body of very useful intelligence respecting the Irish character; the present state of society, political economy, national manners, public buildings, &c. of Ireland. Strangers, it must have been observed, are much more curious than native inhabitants, and the citizens of London often hear the first accounts of its curiosities from a country guest. Mr. Carr seems to be this sort of *Stranger* in every country he visits.

He would be busy in the world, and learn,
Not, like a coarse and useless dunghill weed,
Fix to one spot, and rot just as he grows.

Besides what his own diligence and penetration have collected, he has had the advantage of corresponding with some of the most able, impartial, and distinguished persons of Ireland, and Englishmen resident there. Though in one sense he went thither a *Stranger*, and they “as a stranger gave him welcome” yet his former highly interesting and entertaining volumes, could not fail to recommend him strongly to many persons of rank and intelligence, and of course to facilitate the principal

object of his visit. Thus qualified he entered upon his task of describing Ireland, and he accomplished it so much to his own credit and the satisfaction of the Irish people, that their vice-roy, the Duke of Bedford, soon after the publication of the work, conferred upon its author the honour of knighthood.

Sir John Carr has another very important recommendation as a writer of tours, especially when they stretch out to upwards of five hundred quarto pages; he is never tedious. We who, as reviewers, set out with a travelling author, and feel it our duty to go the whole way with him, can never overlook this most agreeable, if not most essential of all qualifications. Though we found the road now and then a little rugged, we never wanted to get rid of our companion.

Our notice, however, of this volume, must be necessarily brief. The first chapter is occupied with a description of that part of Wales which conducts the traveller to Holyhead. The account of "the most noble city of Dublin" as it is styled in the preface to King Edward's charter, is highly interesting. From the following extract it appears, that the church establishment of Ireland is very defective.

"There are 2436 parishes, 1001 churches, and only 355 glebe or parsonage-houses. The benefices or union-parishes amount to 1120: so that there are 2081 parishes without any residence for the clergymen, and 1435 parishes without any churches. Where there are no glebe-houses, the resident clergyman rents a house; where he does not reside, his curate performs the service, and I was informed with tolerable regularity: but the inconvenience must be great, and residence from necessity rare."

We are glad to find that this important subject is now under the consideration of parliament.

Some excellent remarks are made upon the condition of the poor in the capital; the parochial establishments; the state of the coin, paper money, &c. The author proposes as a remedy for the exchange "a consolidation of the English and Irish bank." This is a subject which, we believe, has embarrassed government not a little; but whatever objections may be made to Sir John Carr's plan, we heartily concur in his concluding reflection.

"Uniting Ireland to us in her advantages, and leaving her the gloomy dignity of unenvied independence in her wants and inconveniences, approaches a little too closely to the selfishness displayed in the fable of the Two Travellers, in which the friendly pronoun *we* with respect to the treasure found was only recognized

by the finder, when the hue and cry of the country were raised for the loss of the treasure."

With these matters, however, at present it is almost dangerous to meddle. We hope the true policy of this country toward Ireland may not be too long neglected, The Houses of Parliament; the Post Office; Trinity College Library, and University, next engage Sir John's attention. An anecdote of Curran here occurs, which we shall transcribe.

"An examination at this college produced the following circumstance, with which I am sure every mind of liberal feeling and classical taste must be delighted. When Curran was in the college, it happened that a fellow-student and friend of his had to repeat in public a Latin thesis which he had written. Unfortunately for the orator, the word *nimirum* occurring in it, he pronounced it *nimirum*, (sounding the second *i* short,) which so wounded the critical ears of the learned auditory, that a general buz was heard in the room, and the words "false quantity" were whispered by one and another to the utter confusion of the speaker. To divert the attention of the assembly, and relieve the embarrassment of his friend, Curran had recourse to the following generous and brilliant expedient: "Gentlemen," said he, "it is by no means extraordinary that the student should have mistaken the quantity of this word; for according to Horace, there was only one man in all Rome that understood the word, and that was Septimius:

"Septimius, Claudii, nimirum intelligit unus."

This apposite and ready application of the first line of one of Horace's Epistles, it is needless to say, produced universal good humour, and effectually extricated the young student from the awkward situation into which he had fallen.

After describing every object worthy of notice in Dublin and its vicinity, our agreeable tourist proceeds towards the South. Nothing escapes his observation; scenery, mansions, customs and morals are descanted upon alternately with peculiar vivacity and elegance. Some particulars of the battle of Arklow in the rebellion of 1798 are given in page 162. Sir John Carr is of opinion that the resolution of Colonel Skerrett on this occasion not only saved Arklow, but the kingdom.

The chapter on the low Irish, and on bulls, is full of lively anecdote and strong character; the author has also collected some beautiful specimens of the eloquence of Grattan and Curran, the great senatorial and forensic orators of Ireland. The *general remarks* which form the concluding chapter, the most valuable perhaps in the volume, include many just and forcible observations on

these interesting topics—party opinions—high and middling classes—the lower classes—the catholic priests—the absentee landholders—their agents—cabins—tillage—unlicensed distilleries—porter breweries—exchange of militia—magistrates—subordinate courts of justice—oaths—registers—linen manufactures—and the celebration of the 4th Nov. in College Green Dublin.

Sir John Carr thus concludes his account of a country which, “he visited with delight and quitted with regret.”

The last wish of my heart with respect to the incorporation of Ireland with Great Britain is, that the description given by that great master of lyric poetry, Horace, of an union of another kind, may become every day more and more applicable to these twin stars of the western hemisphere.

“Felices ter et amplius
Quos irrupta tenet copula, nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis
Suprema citius solvet amor die.

Lib. 1. Od. 13:

We heartily join in this benevolent wish, and now take leave of our lively and intelligent traveller, hoping that it will not be long before we have an opportunity of renewing our acquaintance, and of accompanying him in another journey, the length of which he can so agreeably beguile. The plates are in number seventeen, and very finely aquatinted by Medland and others, from the author's drawings.

My Pocket Book; or, Hints for “a Ryght Merrie and Conceitede” Tour, in quarto, to be called “The Stranger in Ireland,” in 1805. By a Knight Errant, 12mo. 4s. 6d. Vernor, &c. 1807.

This is the preceding work *travestied* by some ‘fellow of infinite jest’, who has thought Sir John Carr's volume sufficiently popular and important to merit a *pocket edition*, i. e. an edition by which the author might *pocket* something. It is the *mousing owl* hawking at the *eagle*—pecking at it with his beak, and now and then fetching a little blood, but not *killing* the noble bird, who will sustain his steady and dignified elevation, and perhaps not once turn round to notice his diminutive assailant.

To those who have not read the “Stranger in Ireland” the *Pocket Book* will not be intelligible, and to those who have, it will be very obvious that the mischievous wag has purposely dislocated the author's words to put

his own "ryghte merrie" interpretation upon them. We must confess we have laughed heartily at this whimsical arrangement, or, more properly speaking, *derangement* of Sir John Carr's sentences; but any work by a similar process might be rendered equally ridiculous. The writer's *wit*, however, is some apology for his want of candour, though we think his talents might have been more usefully and more honourably employed.

Turf-house, a Poem; founded on the success of William Pearce, a poor man, who reclaimed Twelve Acres of Swamp to cultivation and fertility, for which he received the silver medal and fifteen guineas from the Society for the encouragement of arts, &c. with an appendix, containing the particulars of the interesting fact, 8vo. pp. 40. Bagster, 1807.

The conduct of William Pearce affords an example of which, it would be well for the country if there were many imitators; a more remarkable instance of persevering and indefatigable industry is no where recorded. A quantity of land lying waste was thus improved by his unassisted exertions. The land was chiefly swamp; the surface for the most part was less than six inches, under which was a bed of loose stones of various sizes, from half a pound to three cwt. or thereabouts; but the latter generally appeared above the surface. To clear away these, was certainly a work of great trouble; but still it assisted him in another respect, and on this account it was so far an advantage: for, on removing these stones from their natural bed, they were carried to places in which they might be handy to face his banks, the extent and labour of which was very great.

His method was first to inclose a part; to do which he was obliged to collect materials, that is, turfs and stones, as he could procure them; which cost him great labour. After which, when he came to clear away to improve the grounds, the stones by being used as before mentioned, separated his *extreme* enclosures; and divided the grounds into different departments, and assisted him in the two grand objects, of clearing the ground, and making the banks, which were between five and six feet high, and four feet broad, as he built them to be durable. In the spring, as the land became dry, he began to cut up the surface of the ground, exactly the same as turfs

for fuel ; which being placed upright, with their upper ends touching, were left in this manner to dry.

As soon as this was accomplished, they were placed in piles, loosely together, and burnt. He then proceeded to clear under the surface the loose stones, which being removed, he came to a stratum of rather light loose clay, among which, at times, stones were likewise found. For this reason it became necessary first to break up all this ground by hand, not being able to use the plough, which, when done to a convenient depth to answer the purposes of tillage, was manured with the before mentioned burnt materials, to which at times, something more was added. The corn was then sown, and turned in with the plough, wheat, oats, and barley in succession, with the latter of which grass seed was sown. It was then suffered to lie fallow for three or four years, at the end of which time, it was managed by the common methods of ploughing, harrowing, and manuring. After this, a regular succession of different kinds of grain, fit to keep the ground in the best state for cultivation, was carried on. Having improved as much as required his more immediate attendance, and the produce of which tended greatly towards the support of his family, he began to erect a dwelling on the spot, the walls of which were composed of turfs, the roof rafted and thatched by himself; to which he added, a barn, stable, cart-house, and other convenient out-houses for his cattle, &c.

Such is the process by which this industrious poor man, accomplished his laborious, but most creditable and useful task, which he commenced at fifty years old, at a time when he was obliged to work hard as a labourer, for a shilling a day, to support himself, a wife and seven children; with the disadvantage of a natural infirmity in one of his hands, which rendered it nearly useless. For some years he could only attend to his improvements at the conclusion of his hard day's work; and for part of his manure consisting of sea sand, besides the trouble of loading and procuring it, he travelled two hundred miles annually.

The Society of Arts in the 22d volume of their transactions, very justly observe, that this man's industry tacitly reflects upon those persons who lead a life of indolence, by contrasting it with the great powers im-

planted in man by the All-wise Creator, and the general advantage arising to individuals and the public, by the proper use of such powers. The society have brought this man from obscurity to public view, as an example of what can be done under material personal disadvantages; and it would afford an interesting employment for the mind to calculate in how short a period the waste lands of this united empire might acquire a complete state of culture, if men, equally capable, would be equally industrious.

Of the poem which is written to celebrate this agricultural exertion, a labour almost *Herculean*, we can do little more than applaud the intention.

"From critics—should they deem her [the Author's muse] not
beneath
Their sapient notice, she anticipates
Her condemnation."

The Author is a good *prophet*, though a bad poet. Some attempts at new compounds are made, which however, we cannot recommend as very felicitous, "an immortal-soul'd race;" "Achille-nerv'd activity," &c.

The rising Sun, a Serio-Comic Satiric Romance. By Cervantes Hogg, F. S. M. 12mo. 2 vols. pp. 368, Appleyards, Wimpole Street. 1807.

This production of Mr. *Hog*, is calculated to please the *swinish multitude*. It is a satire upon a certain ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGE his connections and adherents, who, with some other public characters, will be easily recognised, without a key, under the names of *Squire Gildrig*, the eldest son of *Farmer George Gildrig*, *Edmund Quirke*, *Charles Brush*, *Billy Vortex*, *Thomas Hareskin*, *Richard Merryman*, *Major Cutlass*, *Mrs. Billingsgate*, a singer; *Mrs. Villars*, *Mrs. Fitzwaddle*, &c. It is also an *Abstract and brief Chronicle* of the events which have occurred from the year 1760 in the Manor of *Freeland*, and among its tenantry. In point of style and decorum, the work is worthy of the name of its author, who has notwithstanding granted out many dreadful truths, of which, however unwelcome they may be to some ears, the public have daily the most disgusting and lamentable evidences such as must occasion murmurings, "not loud but deep," that may one day

break forth into open indignation and remonstrance, Let them be prevented in time.

The author is well acquainted with public characters and incidents; his romance is ingenious and whimsical; and the satire is "boldly levelled against those vices which are beyond the reach of the law, and those persons who are too great for it."

The Progress of Love. A Poem, by Martin Kedgwin Masters. 12mo. pp. 136. Longman, 1897.

The author candidly confesses, in his preface, "that he wrote this poem with an intention to publish, in the hope of obtaining literary reputation," and we shall candidly state, as our opinion, that his intention was well judged, and that his hope is likely to find accomplishment. The poem is divided into three books. The author commences with the usual invocation to the Muse; he then deprecates the severity of criticism, in consideration of the disadvantages of his education—

Me, nor the streams of Cam, nor Isis saw
Stray on their classic banks, to taste the fruit
Which lib'ral culture ripens on that soil,
For those more blest of heav'n.

The subject is next proposed :

Of Love I sing, mysterious theme ! be mine
Through all the labyrinthian wild to trace
Its changing forms, or hostile or benign,
Of pain or pleasure, to the perfect hour
When mingling souls in mystic union link'd,
Quaff unalloy'd th' ambrosial cup of bliss.

The progress of Love is thus traced. The poet first points out the general effects of love, as the first cause of the creation; reclaiming man from barbarism, producing social order, the arts, civil government, &c. The history of poetry as the offspring of love, and the rise and progress of music, as deduced from the same principle. After having thus treated of the effects of love in its most extensive sense, as the operations of benevolence in the Deity; love is next considered as a passion of the human heart: and first, lust is described as opposed to love; he next gives the particular history of the rise and progress of love, as it appears in both sexes: cautions, and instances are then adduced of the various ways in which misery results from love, in its

usual operations from the effects of vice, folly, or thoughtlessness, mixed with it.

In the second book, the position is maintained and illustrated, that contrast of temper is best adapted to produce comfort in the married state. This is a very questionable hypothesis, and the poet's illustration of it is inadmissible. A sensible woman does not reject an effeminate man because he is so *like herself*, "so feminine, so delicately weak" but because he is so *unlike a man*. The *masculine female* is obnoxious to the other sex upon a similar principle. By the maxim which Mr. Masters combats "in love select your like" it was never meant more than that in a partner for life, we should endeavour to choose one who from equality of years, and similarity of taste, disposition, and sentiments, is most likely to afford happiness to the married state. That in wedded life *contraries* do sometimes *commix* is no doubt true, and a *mild spirit* yoked with an *impatient one*, may by forbearance assuage the anger of its furious companion; but how does this prove that the parties thus "join'd, not match'd" are so much the *happier*? we must first believe that

"Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agui."

We have next the philosophy of love at first sight; an allegorical description of its characters and effects, and a tale exhibiting its mischievous consequences;—the description of a prostitute, and general picture of seduction, with a tale also in illustration;—warnings to young persons trusting themselves in dangerous situations with those they love before marriage, followed by another tale proving the fatal result of such conduct, where no vice existed,

The third book paints the miseries of unrequited love; the various resources of lovers where affection is reciprocal, to support the pain of absence or disappointment, from the tyranny of relations; the harsh interference of parents; jealousy; the different effects of love upon different dispositions, exemplified by instances and anecdotes. The general causes of unhappiness in wedlock, disparity of years, interest, mutual deception; virtuous and successful love before marriage. The poem concludes with a picture of connubial happiness.

Having exhibited the plan, we shall enable our rea-

ders to judge of the execution, by selecting a few short passages. The rise and progress of love is delicately described in these lines,

—————the stricken youth exults
 At her approach, and when departure robs
 Of its lov'd idol his adoring eye,
 As fades her length'ning shade, his spirit sinks ;
 Again he's blest ; across his loit'ring path,
 Where sedulous he woo'd the lucky chance,
 She re-appears ; fresh palpitations beat
 Increas'd alarm ; with timid tenderness
 He breathes a falt'ring salutation out,
 Then shudders lest his speech hath been too rude,
 For him all other beauties vainly shine,
 She only amiable, lovely, wise :
 At each fresh interview some novel charm
 Breaks with increasing splendor on his sight :
 To her his absent musings swift revert.
 Whether he drink the liquid blaze of noon,
 Or mark the shadowy car of wheeling night ;
 Throng'd in the clam'rous city, or at large
 Imprint his lonely footsteps on the dews,
 All-beauteous starts her image to his eye ;
 Her silver tones still tremble on his ear.

The sympathy of absent lovers is no less beautifully imagined and expressed :

And oft the solemn compact cheers their gloom
 Whom many a tedious league hath sunder'd wide,
 That each revolving day, the self-same hour
 Be sanctified to solitude and love.
 Say ye whose vows harsh interdiction meet,
 And driven, perhaps, by adverse fate afar,
 How 'midst the hollow moanings of the wind,
 Or tempest's mingled fury, have ye joy'd
 When your keen spirits piercing through the storm
 Have leap'd the envious space that interpos'd,
 And caught the whisp'rings of the voice ye lov'd.

The *Death of Sappho* by taking the lover's leap, is very poetically described :

First in the Pythian fane her votive lyre
 Now mute, she hung, then march'd unfalt'ring on
 To where the beetling surge old ocean mocks.
 One palm outspread to heaven in dumb reproach,
 The other bent presageful o'er the wave,
 Sublime 'twixt earth and sky a moment's space
 She gaz'd on fate ; with desperation wing'd
 Then from the craggy summit plung'd on air,
 And hid her sorrows in th' Aonian tide,

We are only prevented by our limits from making more copious extracts ; but these will be sufficient to shew that the author possesses the fancy and sensibility of a poet in no ordinary degree. We think however it may be objected that his descriptions are sometimes too glowing. "The work" doubtless "bears internal evidence of moral intention," but in describing the incitements and effects of love, the colouring may be made too vivid : if the passions are first inflamed, the moral deduced by the author will make no fit impression. We therefore are almost afraid to say that the *moral intention* is "unpolluted by any thing of an opposite tendency."

Mr. Masters has been careful to distinguish the passages he has borrowed, by quotations, and has even marked "charities," as an expression which he is unwilling to claim as his own. In this instance he carried his horror of plagiarism to a needless excess, while with respect to some other expressions where the imitations are more obvious, he has been silent ; "moody madness" (58) "such a chilling calm as might be felt." (75) "*Death's pale ensign, planted on his cheek*" (93). "*A look of such rebuke as angels wear*" (94). Let parent never *sin against his soul* (96). These however are trifles, and we should not have noticed them, if the author had not rendered it in some degree necessary, by his observation in the *preface*.

The Beauties of Antiquity; or Remnants of Feudal Splendour, and Monastic Times, Engraved by J. Hassel. large 8vo. vol. 1. pp. 56.

This volume of a work, which we believe is publishing in monthly numbers, presents an elegant series of views of some of the most picturesque remains of Gothic antiquity which attract the curiosity, and interest the feelings of Englishmen, as they travel through England and Wales. The engravings, which are well executed in aquatint, are accompanied by written descriptions of the several castles, priories, monasteries and abbies, and a brief review of the historical incidents and traditions which attach to the respective ruins.

The work is well entitled to public encouragement.

The Miseries of Human Life; or the last Groans of Timothy Testy and Samuel Sensitive; with a few Supplementary Sighs from Mrs. Testy. With which are now for the first time interspersed, Varieties incidental to the principal matter, in prose and verse. In Nine Additional Dialogues, as overheard by James Beresford, A. M. Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. 12mo. pp. 292. Miller, 1807.

The first volume of this publication appeared before the commencement of our labours. The originality of the design gave it popularity; and the merit of the execution was considerable; but we were satiated with *miseries* long before we reached the end of them, and we gave the author *groan* for *groan* in numberless instances. This second volume, like most supplementary performances, is inferior to its predecessor in whimsicality, and what enhances its demerits, it is superior to it in bulk.

We hope they are really "*last groans*," for we have already endured one of the *miseries of reading*, by several times falling fast asleep over Mr. Beresford's pages, particularly the introductory dialogues.

The Dangers of the Country. By the Author of War in Disguise. 8vo. 5s. Butterworth, 1807.

Mr. Stephen, the Barrister, is the author of this tract, which was partly sent to press soon after the fatal battle of Auerstadt. The danger of invasion may have been diminished by subsequent events, but the author "deems it, on this account, only the more necessary to raise his feeble voice against the indifference and supineness which prevail in regard to our public defence: since the apprehension of immediate danger no longer tends to correct these faults, and they may, by a false sense of security, be fatally confirmed!"

Mr. Stephen first assumes, what it would be folly to deny, that *we may be conquered by France*. "Let us mark (he says) in the page of history the periods which immediately preceded the subjugation of Greece, by Philip and Alexander, the dreadful overthrow of Carthage, by Rome, and of Rome herself by the barbarians, and we shall perceive that their fate was long very visibly approaching, that it might probably have been averted by vigour and prudence, but that the de-

voted nations strangely neglected the obvious means of self-preservation, till the opportunity of using them was lost." Having demonstrated the possibility of our being conquered by our Gallic enemy, he proceeds "to analyze the tremendous mischief which is possibly impending over us, to exhibit some of its elements, and point out the exquisite wretchedness which it would entail upon our country."

The picture drawn by the author is a frightful one, but we do not think it overcharged. The first part of the pamphlet is divided into sections, which treat of the usurpation or destruction of the throne; the overthrow of the constitution; the subversion of our liberty and laws; the destruction of the funds, and the ruin of property in general; the dreadful extent and effects of the contributions that would be exacted; the rigorous and merciless government that would certainly ensue; the subversion of our religious liberties; and the dreadful corruption of morals. Such, Mr. Stephen believes, would be the inevitable consequences of a conquest of this country by France. His arguments are drawn from the conduct of the French in other countries; from the system pursued in their own; from their open threats and private insinuations; and from the natural inveteracy they entertain towards the constitution and liberties of this country.

From this fearful detail, the author makes a pleasing transition in Part II. *to the means by which these dangers may be averted*. We agree with him that "these painful anticipations would be worse than useless, if the sad fate which seems to be impending over the country were such as no possible efforts could avert" for in thus minutely specifying the calamities which might befall us, the enemy is taught the *mode* by which they are to be effected. Before he proceeds to suggest The public measures which appear to him to be essential to the salvation of the country, he discusses this most important question, *ought we to make peace with France?* the author rejoices in the failure of the late negotiation, because he is decidedly of opinion that no *safe* peace could have ensued; and he thinks that the great and insuperable objections to a treaty of peace with Buonaparte in the existing state of Europe, are first, that it will enable him to prepare new means for our

destruction; secondly, that it cannot abate his inclination to use them; and thirdly, that it can bring us no pledge or security whatever, against his pursuing the most hostile and treacherous conduct. Mr. Stephen discusses this point with all the ability of a statesman. As an effectual means of security, he insists upon a *great increase of our military force*, and with this view proposes several new measures for the better regulation of the army, and particularly of our volunteer corps. "To advance the discipline, meliorate the physical character, and enlarge the number of the latter, are beyond doubt, the best defensive expedients we can possibly resort to, if such improvements can be made." The *youth* of soldiers he considers a quality of the utmost importance.

To those who have felt indignant at the contempt with which the volunteers have been treated, or who themselves think that their exertions would be very insignificant in the field of battle, the following quotation will afford no small satisfaction.

"To suppose that these patriotic bands are not capable of being made fit for the secure defence of their country, because they can have no actual employment in war till the event of an invasion, is to adhere to old theories, in contempt of the most decisive experience. The French officers, are said to express astonishment at our having a diffidence in our volunteers on this exploded principle; and so they reasonably may; for by whom have the most brilliant exploits of their own campaigns been performed, but troops that had never seen service? We ourselves, however, might have learnt to correct the old prejudice earlier, by our experience in America; and what a glorious refutation was lately given of it by the 78th regiment at Maida!

"The brave young Scotchmen who composed that corps, were raised in 1805, and sent to the Mediterranean in September of that year. Till they landed in the Bay of St. Euphemia from Sicily, on the first of July last, they had never seen a musket-shot fired in actual service; and yet they confounded by their steadiness, as well as by their intrepidity and ardour, the bravest battalions of France."

Reformation he considers as another *essential basis of our national safety*. Not the correction of abuses of a financial or constitutional kind, because a wish to reform such abuses, where they admit of safe correction, is not wanting in His Majesty's Councils; but a reformation which we have too long owed both to God and man; *the abolition of the slave trade*. Considered

morally, religiously, and politically, Mr. Stephen contends, that the abandonment of this horrible traffic, would be more essential to the salvation of the country, than her volunteers, her army, or her navy. Upon this interesting subject, as well as upon all the others which have occupied his attention in these pages, he expatiates with admirable ingenuity, and with an earnestness that does honour to his feelings; "it is good to be zealous in a good cause." Few will go all the length of Mr. Stephen's argument with respect to this trade, but no one can fail to be struck with the instances he has adduced in support of his hypothesis. The calamities of other nations, and some that have befallen this country he looks upon as providential chastisements for the slave trade, while the United States of America which have long since (one of the States excepted) finally delivered itself from the guilt of this trade, have been distinguished with unusual blessings.

"Let us turn our eyes (says our author, in this fine passage) to the rising Western Empire, and we shall see a people, whose fortunes furnish a striking contrast to the calamities of European countries. As the autumnal storm, while it strips the grove of its leaves, and lays prostrate some of its more ancient trunks, favours the young and hardy pine, by opening to its aspiring point and expanding base, a freer course, and more copious sunning; so have those revolutionary tempests which have laid waste the ancient realms of Europe, given an accelerated growth to the United States of America, both in their strength and stature—Population, agriculture, commerce, maritime power, how rapidly have they all increased in that country!"

The legislature having, since the publication of the *Dangers of England*, passed a vote for the extinction of the African trade; if we admit the justice of our author's reasoning, we may now hope with him that the measures to be adopted for the security and defence of the nation will be truly efficacious!

Socrates: a Dramatic Poem. Written on the Model of the Ancient Greek Tragedy. 8vo. 3s. Wilkie, 1806.

This drama is neither written in verse nor prose, and if the ancient Greek tragedy be the model on which it has been written, the names of Sophocles and Euripides must be expunged from the catalogue of Greek poets.

words of a favourite air: he certainly has produced an elegant and well-accompanied melody, but such a one as must sink in comparison with that which we have so long been accustomed to admire. The Sonatina is worthy to be about *Lesson*, No. 4, in Mr. Hook's "*Guida di Musica*."

Three Sonatas for the Piano Forte, with Accompaniments for a Violin and Violoncello; composed by J. F. Hering. Op. 3.

Mr. Hering is a composer of very considerable respectability. These sonatas bespeak a correct taste, a cultivated fancy, and an intimate knowledge of the various styles of harpsichord and piano forte music. The first opens with a bold prelude in C minor, evidently formed on the style of the first movements of many of Handel's *vertures* and concertos: it introduces with considerable effect a sprightly modern vivace. The subject of the andante is easy and flowing, and the concluding rondo lively and animated. The second sonata in D minor will not be found so generally pleasing as the first; it nevertheless possesses many striking passages, and some bold modulation. The first movement of the third sonata is a good deal in the florid style of Pleyel: a *thema* follows with variations which display much fertility of invention, and will be found excellent practice. The accompaniments are adapted with care, and with every attention to effect. Points led off by the piano forte are judiciously answered by the violin, and *vice versa*: an obligato passage for the violoncello, is also well introduced in one of the variations of the last sonata. On the whole we feel justified in recommending these sonatas to the attention of the public, as displaying many proofs of genius, of judgment and of science.

No. 2. *The Vocal Magazine, consisting of Canzonets, Madrigals, Songs, Duets, Trios, Quartetts, Quintetts, Glee, &c. Composed by Joseph Kemp.*

The present number justifies the opinion which we gave of this work at its commencement. We shall separately examine each of the pieces it contains. The first, is a song in a pastoral style, which if not distinguished for novelty of design, is at least pleasing, and assisted by a judicious accompaniment;—it is a good deal in the manner of one of the songs in the first number. The second song "*O nymph of fortune's smiles beware*" is rather common; it ranks with that class of compositions in which there is nothing to censure, and not much to commend. The ballad, "*Forever Harry*," which follows is not of this cast: simple, yet elegant and expressive, it is sufficient to establish Mr. Kemp's claim to superiority as a composer of ballads: perhaps it is not fair to decide after so short an acquaintance, but we are quite of opinion that this style of composition is Mr. Kemp's forte—we advise him to cultivate it. The last piece of this number is a pastoral canzonet for two voices. It is a bold experiment for a composer to reset words which have been long sung to any popular air. Jackson failed more than once in this attempt; his "*Black ey'd Susan*" has been long forgotten, while the original air is as popular as ever. In the duett before us Mr. Kemp has chosen the ballad of "*Dear is my little native vale*;" now though we never saw much in that

ballad to admire, yet among the class of amateurs to whom Mr. K's work will be most acceptable, it certainly has been popular, and is not yet forgotten: we think therefore he would have acted more judiciously to have chosen some other words, especially as his duett does not possess any strong claim to general approbation. We expected that this number would have contained a glee, a trio, or a quartett. Mr. Kemp must not give us too much of one dish.

Overture, No. 15, for the Piano Forte, in which is introduced the admired air of "With lowly suit," composed, and dedicated to Lady Caroline Bertie, by Mr. Latour.

We cannot find any thing in this overture, as it is called, but a repetition of common passages, lengthened out to eight pages. Storace's elegant air of "*With lowly suit*" is introduced in the midst of a rondo, as if it had been dropped there by accident, or inserted by a blunder of the engraver; it certainly would have come in with equal effect at any other part of the overture.

Nos. 5 and 6. Recreations for the Piano Forte composed by Mr. Latour.

Both of these recreations, and especially the latter, we prefer to the overture just mentioned. No. 5 is a pleasing rondo, and No. 6 an air from "*The Travellers*" with variations, which are well conceived and skilfully arranged. We can recommend both numbers as useful exercises for young performers.

Pretty Susan the Water Cress Girl, a favourite Ballad, as sung with the greatest Applause at Bath; composed and dedicated to Lady Elizabeth Richardson, by J. Terrail, jun. the Words by W. Miele.

If "*Pretty Susan*" was personated by a pretty woman, prettily dressed, a Bath audience could do no less than applaud her, but we unfortunately have not had the advantage of hearing Mr. Terrail's song so performed; in despite therefore of the opinion which he quotes in his title, we must withhold our applause. Nevertheless, to give "*Pretty Susan*" her due, we think her quite equal to "*Lovely Kate who sells sweet briar*," "*Sweet Polly, the Marjoram Girl*," or indeed any of the fair venders of herbs who have from time to time made their appearance.

A Recreation, composed of a Scene or Introduction, an Aria and a Rondo, for the Piano Forte, with an Accompaniment for the German Flute, dedicated to Miss Caroline Cole of Bath, by L. Von Esch.

This recreation opens with a movement in B minor, which introduces the simple and elegant air that follows with peculiar effect; the style and the subject of this movement are pleasingly varied in the minor, which again introduces the original air. The concluding rondo is lively, and is considerably improved, as indeed is the whole sonata, by the addition of a flute accompaniment.

A Collection of Madrigals is about to appear under the care of the Rev. R. Webb, of St. Paul's. The publication will contain twenty madrigals for three, four, five, and six voices, selected from the works of Bennett, Wilbye, Morley, Prentissini, Weelkes, Gibbons, and other celebrated writers, as they are preserved in the books of the Madrigal Society.

(Notices of musical publications will be thankfully received, and inserted in this department of our work.)

THE DRAMA.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.—*Shakspeare.*

ON DRAMATIC STYLE.

IN A LETTER TO PRINCE HOARE, ESQ.

From Richard Cumberland, Esq.

From the ARTIST.

To P—— H——, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

You wish me to contribute to the literary work in which you are engaged ; and, if I have hesitated to obey your wish, it is because I very much doubt whether, circumstanced as I am, it can be in my power to suggest any thing that may be useful to your purpose, and worthy of your acceptance. In this scruple I am perfectly sincere, for my avocations at this moment are extremely urgent ; however, lest I should be suspected of assuming a feigned self-diffidence for the sake of evading a friendly exertion, I send you a few thoughts, in which you must not look for much method, having thrown them out as they occurred to me, without resort to books, which, in my present situation, are not within my reach : they will not ornament your essays, but if they shall be of any service to those who consult them, I must hope your readers will take my good will in good part, and recollect that the polish of a button does not add to the use of it.

As you have written very amusingly for the stage, and I hope will amuse yourself by writing for it again, I will devote the remainder of this letter to a few familiar remarks upon Dramatic Style.

That there is an appropriate and peculiar style, to which the comic writer should endeavour to conform, I take for granted. It is so difficult to convey rules for

writing, through the vehicle of definition, that I should at once absolve myself from the task, if I could refer your readers to any one dramatic author on their shelves, whose style I could fairly recommend as comprising all the properties that definition can embrace. But there is no such author in my recollection, (none such at least that I am prepared to set up as a model) and, presuming therefore that the whole has not been attained in its perfection, I must endeavour to make my conception of it understood by parts.

As I am about to talk to my contemporaries, I will confine my idea of dramatic style to such only as I conceive those writers ought to study and adopt, who propose themselves to be writers for the present day. The old masters are gone by; they must not aim at following them; not because it is impossible to overtake them, but because they get nothing from them to their present purpose, if they join their company. I must be understood as speaking simply and exclusively of style; I have all reasonable veneration, and quite enough to say, for them as examples in another sense; but that would be talking out of my subject, not within it.

The writers of the middle comedy are *Congreve*, *Vanbrugh*, *Farquhar*, *Steele*, *Cibber*, and some few others; these are to my purpose, and the best of these, in point of style, is *Congreve*. There are great good properties, and well worthy the attention of the dramatic student, in the writing of his four comedies: it is also a style peculiar to himself, defineable, uniform, and fixed; it is therefore a proper object of contemplation; it may be studied; it is a whole, and as such is capable of dissection. The examiner will find it terse, compressed, pointed; but having used the figurative term *dissection*, I must warn the novice to beware he does not cut his fingers with his lancet in the process; for there are tainted and unwholesome parts in that fair body. These for the present I shall put aside: his merits are the more agreeable discussion.

I have said his style is terse, compressed, and pointed; his works are doubtless in the reader's memory, and it hardly signifies to which of them I refer, or which passage I select. Take one from the *Way of the World*—*Fainlove* says to *Mirabel*—

"Fain. *Are you jealous as often as you see Witwould entertained by Millamant?*

"Mira. *Of her understanding I am, if not of her person.*

"Fain. *You do her wrong; for, to give her her due, she has wit.*

"Mira. *She has beauty enough to make any man think so; and complaisance enough not to contradict him who shall tell her so.*

"Fain. *For a passionate lover, methinks you are a man somewhat too discerning in the failings of your mistress.*

Mira. *And for a discerning man, somewhat too passionate a lover,---&c. &c.*

In this short specimen the dramatic student will discover all that I have hitherto described of Congreve's style; he will also observe how he builds one speech upon another, and works his climax point by point: this way of working is the very mastership and mystery of his art. It is worth an author's utmost pains to trace him in this very peculiar faculty of drawing out his dialogue without breaking its thread; an operation, in which he is unrivalled, and distinguishable from all other dramatic manufacturers, that ever took a tool in hand. But let the disciple of this great master be aware how he makes any of his characters copy Fainlove, who announces Millamant as a woman of wit; let no author commit himself to his audience for the introduction of a witty character, unless he is perfectly well provided to make good his promise. This is a stumble at starting, that is very much against a man for the rest of the race, and many, whom I could name, have made it.

One more specimen, as illustrative of this peculiar art in Congreve's dialogue, will suffice, and I take it from the same comedy---*Mirabel, Fainlove and Millamant*, are on the stage.

"Mill. *One no more owes one's beauty to a lover, than one's wit to an echo; they can but reflect what we look and say,---vain, empty things, &c.*

"Mira. *Yet to those two vain empty things you owe two of the greatest pleasures of your life.*

"Mill. *How so?*

“Mira. *To your lover you owe the pleasure of hearing yourselves praised; and to an echo the pleasure of hearing yourselves talk.*”

This we might conceive is quite point enough; and if an ordinary poet had got so far, he might consider himself in a happy vein; but Congreve's *Echo* has more replications than one, and Witwoud—“*knows a lady, that loves talking so incessantly, she won't give an echo fair play; she has that everlasting rotation of tongue, that an echo must wait till she dies, before it can catch her last words.*”

I need not give any more quotations from this author to the point in question. Let the pupil of dramatic style digest this thoroughly, and put himself upon a regimen after this prescription, and he will find his constitution much the better for it.

But I alluded to certain parts, that I conceived could not be handled without danger, or, to speak in simpler terms, where Congreve is no model for an author to follow; and I must go a little about to come precisely to the point I aim at. In common life there is nothing so out of character as an under-bred man, when he grows familiar, and puts himself at his ease with you. This remark ought to be everlastingly kept in sight by writers for the stage. If they have not obtained a knowledge of the style and manners of people in high and elegant life, by consorting with them before they set about to represent them on the stage, they had better never think of making the attempt; for if they look to Congreve for their prototypes, they will not find them with him: if they resort to his table for clean and wholesome fare, they will only be entertained with tainted fragments, disguised by high-seasoned sauces and stimulating spices. Let an author also recollect that, whilst he is copying the style of Congreve, he must be well aware how he copies his indiscrimination in the management of it. Every character is not to sing in unison like a Russian chorus, and let him be assured it is not in the power of style to compensate for the sacrifice of character.

As for the rest of the comic writers above mentioned, I see very little in the style of any one of them, which distinguishes it from that of any other. *The Conscious Lovers* of Steele is very properly denominated a *moral*

essay in dialogue. If a man was to dilate upon a simple incident to his company, as Sir John Bevil does to his servant Humphry, he would set them asleep. Cibber is somewhat rounder and closer in his *Careless Husband*; but all his characters love talking, and there is very little point in their dialogue: Vanbrugh's period is not epigrammatic, and Farquhar's conversation is the ribaldry of a mess-room.

The dramatic writer should consider that he has a great many things to do, and a number of characters to display in a small compass. He has not the expanse of a novel to give him room for proposing story-tellers, and dealers in description. His fable is never to stand still; nor his characters to languish and forget themselves; he is therefore to take a close review of every scene after he has written it; and calculate how he could conduct it with equal clearness in fewer words: if he does this, he will find that, whilst he compresses it into brevity, he will work it into point; and at the same time that he brings his periods into a smaller compass, he will be able to give them a more brilliant polish. If he would produce a striking character before his audience, let him have something to say so marked that the audience may remember it, and take it home with them: when he has effected this, let him take heed how he talks too much; for if he drenches his wine with too great a dose of water, it will be but a mawkish draught. A fertile imagination will oftentimes run away with a man's style, and render it as thin, as bullion when drawn into wire, or beaten into leaf; if he has not temper and self-denial to control these impulses, he is not fit to be a writer of the drama, which requires two qualities, that rarely meet in the same man, a vivid fancy and a cool deliberate judgment.

I am,

Dear Sir, &c. &c.

RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

THEATRICAL MISERIES;

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

BY LACHRYMAL GLUM.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

I AM one of those who, shutting their eyes and ears to what are *miscalld* the *comforts* and *enjoyments* of this life, are doomed to exist only upon its delightful *miseries*. Ejaculations! interjections! and aspirations! are the food by which my vitality is supported. When at Westminster School, my favourite book was Ovid's *Tristibus*, and the Anatomy of *Melancholy*. I was called by my class-fellows *Don Dismallo*; and whenever I was out in my *repetition*, I supplied the deficiency with the following line—

“O miserere mei miseri, miserere meorum.”

Where I picked it up, I know not, but the ‘burthen’ of it was *miser*y, and it came as pat to me as “*the cloud-capt towers*” to honest Sylvester Daggerwood, of Dunstable memory. The *horrors* and *sorrows*, *moans* and *groans* of a sonnet to a *tear*, gave me a turn for poetry, and I have written no less than six *Odes to Grief*; five *monodies*; and twice the number of *elegies*. A *funeral* is my delight, a *church-yard* my solitary retreat, a *fire* my grand holiday, and at an *execution*, as Lady Townly says, “I expire!” In my cabinet of curiosities I have preserved in a phial, one of the *tears* shed by Charles Fox in the House of Commons on his separation with Burke; and a *congealed sigh*, which my dear friend Munchausen Curious, brought with him from Lapland. I seldom visit the theatre but when a *Tragedy* is acted, and deaf to distraction on the quivering *ah’s* and protracted *oh’s* of the Kembles—They are performers after my own heart. I have lived weeks upon Mrs. Siddons’ *shriek* in *Isabella*, and John Kemble’s O! in Cardinal Wolsey. “O!!! Cromwell” is a treat almost beyond expression. The last time I saw him he was at least *three minutes and a half* before he came to an end of the *fluctuation*, and I would not part with a *second* of the time for the wealth of the

Indies. What an effect would he produce with my friend Thomson's line—

Oh! Sophonisba! oh Sophonisba! oh! h! h! h! &c.

With proper management it might be made to last a *quarter of an hour*. I lament exceedingly the retirement of my favourite Bensley. There was a fine *nasal horror*, if I may be allowed the expression, in his speaking, which gave me inexpressible delight. O sir, there is nothing like *toning* in tragedy. What with *mouth-toning*, *throat-toning*, and *nose-toning*, never was there a *trio* so exquisitely dismal as that in which Kemble, Bensley and Mrs. Siddons were the performers. But those delicious times are past. The *terrible graces* of German plays were indeed my chief delight for some time, but they too are becoming *comical*.

My imagination being thus deprived of its proper food, I have lately begun to eat *raw-pork*, like Fuzeli, that I may enjoy the agreeable delight of *frightful dreams*. This is now "the constant prologue to my sleep," unless I go to Monk Lewis's *Wood Damon*, when "I sup so full with horrors," that even Fuzeli's supper can be dispensed with. When shall we have *raw-head and bloody-bones* upon the stage?—"To soothe the gloomy temper of my soul," I shall pick from my port-folio a few trifling *theatrical distresses*, the perusal of which, in the dearth of more *solid misery*, is some slight *consolation* to me: and I shall feel great pleasure, should they suggest any more *uncomfortable recollections* to the readers of your *too-agreeable miscellany*.

LACHRYMAL GAUM.

Attending three country cousins to the Opera, who after staring at the figures painted upon the ceiling, &c. &c. constantly and audibly ask you, who such and such a person is with a star, at the same time, to prevent all possibility of your mistaking the object, directing their finger towards him.

A very thin house at Drury Lane.

Attending private theatricals, where the gentlemen-performers always press near the prompter's side, always hurry over passages in order to catch every word before it slips from the memory, one performer not giving the cue-word, or giving it, not remembered by the other

who plays with him, standing like posts when they have nothing to say, and using their legs and arms as if they had been just bestowed upon them.

A fine overture playing, and a noisy audience.

To hear nineteen prologues out of twenty.

Going to the theatre on a very crowded night, waiting an hour in the pit passage half jammed to death, receiving a dreadful kick on the ankle, in making a desperate effort to stoop down to rub it, finding your hand in the coat pocket of the man who stands opposite to you, and gradually withdrawing it with indescribable horror, so as just to escape being taken up for a pick-pocket.

Going to the theatre to see some distinguished play and performer, having places kept; owing to some of the party not being ready in time, entering your box just as the first act is over, and observing the last bustle of a number of persons who have just descended into your front seats, and are all smirking and smiling to think themselves so very fortunate.

Attending a school play.

Being annoyed by the venders of bills of the play, in going to the theatre, having a party of fine ladies to attend to.

Paying at the theatre in a hurry, and being obliged to change a bad shilling.

[To be continued.]

PERFORMERS OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

MR. GIFFARD; MR. JEFFERSON; MRS. WHITE; and Mrs. R.

KEMBLE, the Mother of Mrs. SIDDONS.

By the *old school* we mean the school of Garrick, and his contemporaries, both in London and the country. The persons above-mentioned have lately quitted the *stage of life*, and it is part of our plan to watch the *exits* as well as the *entrances* of public performers.

Mr. William Giffard died at Cockerunouth in March last, aged 96. He was, as he himself believed, since the death of *Macklin, the father of the English stage*. He was the son of Mr. Giffard, proprietor of the theatre in

Goodman's-fields, who first introduced Garrick to a London public ; and had himself the honour previously of exhibiting that phenomenon at Ipswich in a summer excursion to that place, with a company of his father's comedians. Mr. Giffard performed on the different London theatres for upwards of twenty years, and it is understood with considerable applause. He had quitted the stage upwards of forty years, and previous to his retiring to Cockermouth, (which he did about fourteen years ago) had resided at Southampton, and in the island of Guernsey. It is somewhat singular to relate at his time of life, that since he came into Cumberland, his almost only occupation and amusement was the reading of Latin, and he used to speak with a sort of fastidious contempt of what he called "mere English readers." His knowledge of Latin was but slender, but he could enjoy the beauties of the principal Roman authors, and used to dwell with great triumph on their superiority to the moderns in the arts of composition, and on the unspeakable obligation which the latter owed them.

Mr. Giffard abounded in the theatrical anecdotes of his day, and liked much to be questioned about them. He used to relate one which exhibited in a strong point of view one of those failings by which it is well known the lustre of Garrick's transcendant merits was somewhat obscured. He and that little great man were performing together in *Hamlet*, and Giffard had the part of the *Player-king* assigned him, which he acted to admiration, and with unceasing and rapturous applause from all parts of the house. On his retiring behind the scenes, he was greeted with the cordial congratulations of his fellow-performers, but one more sage than the rest observed, that though he could not but see his success with pleasure, yet, he feared, that *that* might prove one of the most unfortunate days of his life, and that David and he would never be seen on the same boards again. And, said Mr. Giffard, "his fears were but too well founded, we never were."

His subsistence of late was a small annuity, his good fortunes having, from unknown causes, declined in the latter period of his life.

MR. JEFFERSON was the son of a Yorkshire farmer, and was a short time with an attorney, in that county. He came to London under the following circumstances:—

His master had told him to prepare for a journey to London. This was the summit of his wishes; but, to his great mortification, the night only before he was to set out, he was told by his master, that he had altered his intention, and meant to perform the journey himself. This was a sad disappointment to the lad, whose mind was set on the expedition so much, that, a very few days after his master's departure, he resolved to take French leave of his friends, and follow him. A remarkably fine charger having been purchased in the neighbourhood for General Fawkes, young Jefferson offered to ride it to London, and obtained permission for that purpose, under the promise that he would take great care of the animal, and not ride it more than twenty miles a day. Thus mounted, without the consent or even knowledge of his friends, he bent his course towards the metropolis, where he arrived in safety in January 1747. One of his relations was the person who kept the Tilt Yard coffee-house, and while on a visit to him, on Tuesday the 7th of April, 1747, he had the misfortune to be blown up there, with the powder allotted for the soldiers who were to guard Lord Lovat to his execution the Thursday following. His life was miraculously preserved by the intervention of a falling beam, which halted immediately over his head. From this perilous situation he was fortunately very soon rescued, for had he remained in it many minutes, he must have been suffocated with the smoke. Several lives were lost, and many limbs shattered. A short time after this he was present at the performance of the *Committee*, when the beautiful Woffington, in *Ruth*, so captivated his heart, that he resolved from that period, to drop every other pursuit for the stage. His first appearance on the stage was at the Haymarket in the character of *Horatio* in the *Fair Penitent*. The entertainments were intended for the benefit of the well-known Charlotte Skinner; but the performance being prohibited, the *amateur* actors opened the house *gratis*, and at the end of the third act sent her 100 guineas, which they had collected from the audience. He married a Miss May, who became an actress, and played *Anna Bullen* at Drury Lane in 1758. Her death was very sudden. On the 18th July, 1766, at a morning rehearsal of a comic dance, at Plymouth, she burst into a violent fit of laughter, which brought on a cough, and

terminated in the breaking of a blood-vessel. She retired to the green-room, and expired a very short time after. Mr. Jefferson was on board the ship in which Theophilus Cibber, Maddox, the wire dancer, and others, were lost, on the passage to Ireland. Mr. Jefferson, Arthur, the comedian, and his family, Mrs. Chambers, and some others, leaped into a small boat, and were saved. Mr. J. performed many seasons on the same stage with Garrick, and as an actor was more than respectable. In conjunction with Arthur and another, he built a theatre at Plymouth, and was a long time the manager and favourite actor there. In 1796 he sold the property for a clear annual benefit, which was always productive, and on these occasions, he appeared on the stage in parts which would permit him to be *seated*, the gout having deprived him for many years of the use of his feet. He was about 76 at the time of his death, which occurred two or three months ago. He has left several children, all on the stage, except one, who is in the navy. The eldest daughter is the wife of Mr. Butler, the manager of the Harrowgate theatre.

Mrs. WHITE, the wife of an actor, died lately in Ireland. She was one of the infant pupils of Garrick; and her father (a Mr. Simpson, of Aberdeen, in Scotland,) was Mr. G's assistant and particular friend. Garrick brought her out in the character of Violante in "The Wonder, a Woman keeps a Secret," at the age of 14, with his Don Felix, in which she proved very successful; having in her infant years performed all the principal children's characters with that great man. She continued but a short time in the profession, when she was married to Charles Fleetwood, Esq. a son of the old patentee of that name, of Drury Lane theatre, who soon after died at Bengal, in the East Indies; where on his arrival, he was informed of the decease of his wife's brother a short time before at Madras, a Captain John Simpson in the army.—Mrs. White, being defrauded of all the property left her (which was considerable) both by her brother and husband, was necessitated to return again to the stage.

Mrs. SARAH KEMBLE.—This venerable lady, the mother of John, Stephen, and Charles Kemble; Mrs. Whitlock; Mrs. Twiss; Mrs. Mason, and Mrs. Siddons, expired on the 25th of April. She was the daughter of Mr. Ward, an actor in the time of Betterton, but who

quitted the London boards to undertake the management of a strolling company. Mr. Roger Kemble was engaged as one of the actors, and a mutual attachment taking place between him and Miss Ward, the lovers eloped, and were married. Mr. Ward, though he disapproved of the match, became at length reconciled to the young couple, and when he died, the theatrical crown and sceptre fell into the hands of his son-in-law. The following is one of his play-bills, in which the names of Mr. and Mrs. R. Kemble, Mr. Siddons, the present Mr. John Kemble, Mrs. Twiss, and Mrs. Siddons, appear among the *dramatis personæ*.

WORCESTER, February 12, 1767.

Mr. Kemble's Company of Comedians.

At the Theatre at the King's Head, this evening, will be performed a Concert of music, to begin exactly at six o'clock.

Tickets to be had at the usual Places.

Between the Parts of the Concert will be presented, *gratis*, A celebrated Historical Play (*never performed here*) called

CHARLES THE FIRST.

The Characters to be dressed in Antient Habits, according to the fashion of those times.

The part of King Charles, Mr. Jones;

Duke of Richmond, Mr. Siddons; *

Marquis of Lindsay, Mr. Salisbury;

Bishop Jaxon, Mr. Fowler;

General Fairfax, Mr. Kemble;

Colonel Ireton, Mr. Crump;

Colonel Tomlinson, Mr. Hughes;

The part of Oliver Cromwell, Mr. Vaughan;

Servant, Mr. Butler;

James Duke of York (afterwards King of England)

Master J. Kemble.

The Duke of Gloucester (King Charles's younger Son)

Miss Fanny Kemble;

Serjeant Bradshaw (Judge of the pretended High Court of Justice) Mr. Burton;

The Young Princess Elizabeth, Miss Kemble;

Lady Fairfax, Mrs. Kemble;

The Part of the Queen, Mrs. Vaughan.

Singing between the Acts by Mrs. Fowler and Miss Kemble.

* The husband of Mrs. Siddons, who followed her mother's example, and married a performer in her parents' company, without their sanction.

To which will be added a Comedy, called
THE MINOR.

And on Saturday next, the 14th. inst. will be again presented the above Tragedy, with a Farce that will be expressed in the Bills for the day.

* * The days of Performance are Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays.

Mrs. Kemble had a very commanding figure, and it is said, possessed great merit as an actress both in tragedy and comedy.

POETRY.

CANZONET.

WHEN Sickness, scourge of sorrow's race,
Has sped its fate-wing'd dart,
When health, at most, of trivial space,
Sinks in the sallow fiend's embrace,
Nor leaves behind one blooming trace,
Then throbs the heart !

The livid lip, the hollow eye,
And drooping head of pain,
For those we love, excite a sigh,
Bid softest pity linger nigh,
And prompt a pray'r beyond the sky,
For health again.

Then holy Hope asserts her sway,
Man's latest friend below ;
She pictures health's returning ray,
To cheer the gloom of sorrow's day.
And seems to point a speedy way,
To steal from woe.

But should the damps of death appear,
Nor leave the pow'r to save ;
Let holier Hope still stop the tear,
For, lo ! to check each rising fear.
Religion whispers, heav'n is near,
The Good Man's grave.

Feb. 7, 1807.

J. M. L.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.

1807.

M

30. [EASTER MONDAY,
West Indian. Tekeli.
31. Honey Moon. Young
Hussar.
April 1. Douglas. The WOOD
DÆMON; or, "THE
CLOCK HAS STRUCK."
(first time.)
2. School for Friends. Ib.
3. False Alarms. Ib.
4. Soldier's Daughter. Ib.
6. Lovers' Vows. Ib.
7. False Alarms. Ib.
8. Wonder. Ib.
9. A DAY IN LONDON,
(first time.) No Song
no Supper.
10. Ib. Wood Dæmon.
11. Ib.
13. [Signora STORACE'S
Night,] Inkle and Ya-
rico.—Inkle, Mr. Ellis-
ton; Campley, Mr.

- Braham; Yarico, Mrs.
Dickens; Wowski, Sig-
nora Storace.
14. Curfew. Wood Dæmon.
15. Cabinet. Ib.
16. As you like it. Ib.
17. Inkle and Yarico. Ib.
18. Children in the Wood.
Young Hussar. Ib.
20. Romeo and Juliet. Ib.
Willikind, (1st time,) by
Mr. Russell.
21. False Alarms. Ib.
22. School for Scandal. Ib.
23. Curfew. Ib.
24. Haunted Tower. Ib.
25. Iron Chest. Ib.
27. [Mr. Bannister's Be-
nefit,] Travellers. Prize.
28. Curfew. Wood Dæ-
mon; Una, (1st time,)
Miss Boyce.

The *Wood Dæmon*.—This "grand romantic melo-drama" is the production of Mr. M. G. Lewis, and is taken from one of his own *tales of wonder*. *Count Hardyknute*, (Mr. Decamp,) the hero of the piece, has stipulated to sacrifice a human victim to *Sangrida*, the *Wood Dæmon*, on a particular day in each year, before the clock strikes one. In return for this favour, the *Dæmon* makes him very rich and very handsome, who, before these articles of agreement, was poor and ugly. On failing to fulfil the conditions of this "merry bond," he is himself to become *Sangrida's* prey. The child whom he fixes upon for the tenth annual supper of his principal, is *Leolyn*, (Miss C. Bristow,) the rightful heir to the title and estates which *Hardyknute* has usurped. This child is dumb, and has been secretly brought up by *Clotilda* (Mrs. Harlowe,) as her own; but the barbarous Count recognizes him by the mark of a bloody arrow on his wrist, and therefore instantly resolves to offer him as a *bonne bouche* to the hungry *Dæmon*. The arts by which he endeavours to get the boy into his power are counteracted by the vigilance of *Clotilda*, and *Una*, (Mrs. H. Siddons,) a beautiful lady, to whom the Count pays his addresses, but who is selected by the guardian spirit of *Holstein* (Miss Lacy,) to be the preserver of little *Leolyn*, and the instrument of vengeance on the authors of this dia-

bolical compact. The time approaches for the fulfilment of the agreement. It is almost one o'clock, and the boy has eluded his search. *Una* is therefore to supply his place, but just as *Hardyknute* is going to dispatch her, *Leolyn* climbs up the clock, and advances the hand. It strikes one; the Wood Demon immediately appears, and whipping up her friend the Count, down they both go to settle their differences in another apartment.

Monstrous and horrible as is this story, it is managed so as to have a powerful effect in the representation. There is, at times, considerable interest, particularly in the scene of the bed-chamber, and the concluding incident is very dramatic. It might be justly objected, that the useful purposes of the stage are frustrated and perverted by exhibitions of this kind; that they are calculated only for the eye of childhood, and to scare old women out of their wits, if they have any: but as these facts are known and admitted by those who are pleased with, and run after them the most, we may spare ourselves the trouble of admonition. The scenery is upon a grand scale, and the decorations are very splendid. The dialogue provoked much disapprobation on the first night, and it is certainly not worthy of Mr. Lewis's pen; but he has shewn much ingenuity in the contrivance of the plot, and the conduct of the principal incidents. *The Tale of Mystery*, *Deaf and Dumb*, and other favourite productions, will supply the spectator with frequent resemblances. *Leolyn* is a mixture of *Francisco* and *Julio*. *Clotilda* is almost precisely *Fiametta*. *Willikind* and his old father, are *Solomon* and *Peter* in the *Stranger*.

Mrs. H. Siddons was extremely impressive in *Una*; and the acting of Mrs. Harlowe is entitled to more than ordinary praise. The little Bristow was full of fascination and interest. A Miss Feron was introduced to sing a song. She surprized us by her execution, but did some violence to our ears. Miss Lacy, who spoke some lines of which we could not catch a single word, is the young lady who performed *Zamora* in the Honeymoon, two seasons ago, at Covent Garden, for Mr. H. Johnston's benefit.

Kelly has not been very happy in his selection of the music, which seems to be chiefly taken from the Opera ballets. Much of it is but poorly adapted to the business of the scene. The overture, which is excellent, is said to be the composition of Winter.

Of *Douglas*, which preceded the melo-drama, we must say, that it was never so badly acted, nor was the language of poetry ever more shamefully mutilated.

The Day in London is a comedy by Mr. Cherry, but as it died on the third night, we need not devote many lines to it. The dialogue of some of the scenes does him very great credit, and makes us regret that the piece was so short-lived. The writing certainly displayed considerable force, point, and elegance, but while the characters spoke, the business flagged; and language, unsupported by passion or incident, cannot keep long possession of the scene. The two leading characters, *Sir Sampson Import* and *Lady Mary*, followed, also, too closely the track of *Sir Peter* and *Lady Teazle*.

Mr. Lewis's tragedy of *Adelgitha*, or the Fruits of a single Error, is to be introduced on these boards for the benefit of Mrs. Powell.

COVENT GARDEN.

March 30 [EASTER MONDAY.]
Town and Country. Har-
lequin and Mother Goose.
31. Ib.

April 1--2 Ib.
3. School of Reform. Ib.
4. Man of the World. Ib.
6. Richard III. Ib.
7. Every Man in his
Humour. Ib.
8. Speed the Plough. Ib.
9. Merchant of Venice. Ib.
19. Birth-Day. WHISTLE
FOR IT, (first time.)
11. Man of the World. Ib.
13--14--15. Town and
Country. Ib.
16. Man of the world. THE

OGRE and LITTLE THUMB,
OR THE SEVEN LEAGUE
BOOTS. (First time)
17, 18. Town and Coun-
try. Ib.
20. Othello. Ib.
21. New way to pay old
debts. Ib.
22. Macbeth. Whistle for
it.
23. Cymbeline. The Ogre.
24. Love in a Village. Har-
lequin and Mother Goose.
25. Every Man in his Hu-
mour. Ib.
27. Richard III. The
Ogre.
28. Man of the World. Ib.

WHISTLE FOR IT, a Musical Farce, is the production of the Honourable Mr. Lamb, and was first acted at Lord Abercorn's Private Theatre at Stanmore, where it was looked upon as a prodigy of genius, wit and humour. Not so at Covent Garden. The Cavern scene of *Gil Blas* seems to have supplied the barren plot which forms the construction of the piece. Two lovers are in the power of a banditti, and obtain their release by a *whistle*, on the sounding of which their friends, who have surrounded the cave, rush in and secure the robbers. The farce is completely destitute of interest or contrivance, and received much disapprobation. The galleries took the author's hint, and as a suitable return for the entertainment they received, treated him with the whistle of their musical cat-calls.

The music, by Lanza, is pretty, but quite irrelevant to the business and situations. Probably from his ignorance of the English language, his music never expresses a single line of his author. Miss Bolton has a neat air or two, which, however, she sung very much out of tune. Incledon's song was too cold for his spirited manner. The Overture is a masterly composition, and does M. Lanza great credit.

THE OGRE, and Little Thumb, or the Seven League Boots, is chiefly remarkable for the anxiety that has been shewn by the Dramatists of the Theatre to avoid the disgrace of being considered its author. Mother Goose has now we believe, been plucked of her last feather; but here the managers will find no *golden eggs*. Gaffer Thumb loses little Thumb and his brother Thumbs, and Gammer Thumb, as well she might, is very angry with Gaffer. Miss Thumb their daughter, attracts the attention of a Knight Errant, who, with Scamperini his squire, has lost his way, and enters the cottage of the Thumbs. We are next introduced to *Fee-fa-fum*, where the little Thumbs have taken up their lodging. The Giant is fond of *fresh meat*, and means to eat up his little guests in the middle of the night,

but instead of the Seven Thumbs, kills the Seven *Fee-fas*. Then he puts on his seven league boots, and sets forth in search of the fugitive Thumb. And then—and then—oh, then, there is a fine Cataract, and Master Anthropophagus (the giant) is pushed into it and drowned.

The audience was very indignant at the intrusion of this sad stuff upon them: but the managers persist in the exhibition, and, with the assistance of their *casades*, continue to boast of a nightly *overflow*.

The talents of the Bolognas, Grimaldi, Farley, Miss Searle, and a sister of the Drury Lane Bristow, who acted Little Thumb with admirable cleverness, were in vain exerted to give effect to the representation of this *worse than foolish* performance.

The overture and music are by Mr. Ware, and will increase his reputation. In this species of composition he is very happy; he fully understands the trick of the scene; his music always expresses the subject.

SADLERS WELLS.

Opened on Easter Monday with a new Harlequinade, which unites splendour with many situations of comic interest.—The changes of scenery and mechanism are unusually numerous and effective, and it is needless to say such a Clown as Grimaldi, must essentially aid the author's intention. Mr. C. Dibdin, jun. writes and superintends the productions at this theatre, and in addition to the pantomime, has revived the favourite aquatic spectacle of *An Bratach*. Mr. Reeves is the composer, and Mr. Andrews designs and paints the whole of the scenery. A new harlequin, two new male singers, and a lady of vocal talent, have this season been added to the former respectable corps—and a most superb and interesting melo-drama is in preparation, to give scope for their united talents. The Proprietors are entitled to some praise for the nightly exhibition of Daniel's Life Preserver; the grand body of water at the Wells, affords ample means of proving the wonderful effects of that valuable invention.

THE COUNTRY THEATRES.

Theatre Royal NORWICH. After a month's absence the company has returned to us. We were present at the representation of "*John Bull, with the Weathercock*"—but from the very scanty appearance of the house, we greatly fear the managers did not add much to their treasury account; still it should be remembered by the performers that notwithstanding there are only present the "*select few*," an actor is not warranted either in slighting his character, or appearing slovenly on the stage. With the exception of Grove and Fitzgerald, the performers were very culpable in these respects. On the following Saturday, Mr. Hinds presented the town, for his benefit, with the play of "*Adrian and Orrilla*," and "*Tekeli*." In the former

piece every justice was done by the performers to their respective characters.—Mr. Bowles, as the Prince, was powerful and impressive; Mr. Grove, in Count Rosenheim, blended the serio-comic, with the most happy effect; nor should Mr. Bennet, in the Silly Michael be forgotten—The Ladies all seemed to exert their utmost abilities for the Manager; it would be difficult to say, whether Mrs. Bowles, Mrs. Fancit, or Mrs. Grove, excelled the most; the Scenery in the After-piece reflects infinite credit on the taste and talents of Mr. Dixon.

It is with regret we hear that Mr. and Mrs. Grove are about to leave us. We do not pretend to know the secrets of the Green Room, but it seems strange, that as soon as performers in this company become favourites, we lose them.

The benefits at this theatre are under the following liberal restrictions. "*Who would not be a manager?*"

No person allowed a pantomime or ballet, except the harlequin, clown, and colombine of the company. Not a bill on the day of performance allowed to be set down to the manager's account. The charges, or security for the same, to be paid or given before the benefit night. No bill intended for representation or advertisement whatever printed or published 'until signed by the managers, or the benefit forfeited if published without such signature. If half a sheet of paper should be required on the night's performance, it is set down to the performer as an item among the extra expences: No bespeak allowed.

On the 23d April, 1807, were announced for the benefit of the Theatrical Fund, *Lovers' Vows* and the *Old Maid*. At the rising of the curtain there were 7 in the gallery, 5 in the pit, and 10 in all the boxes, making in the whole 22 persons, but in the aggregate the house was calculated to contain at this time only 22 shillings, for silver tickets are admissible even on benefit nights. Prior to the commencement of the performance the manager had some idea of dismissing the house, and allowing to the Fund the amount of the oil and candles, but distinguishing a *rush* of two more subscribers down to the first row of the shilling gallery, they determined to commence the play. At the conclusion of the night's entertainments, from conjecture there could not have been more than the sum of 2l. 5s. to be added to this institution.

N. B. It is to be observed, that managers both in town and country, always give the *best* night, and their *strongest* play, to the Theatrical Fund. Kind souls!

ITALIAN OPERA.

Madame Catalani is still the great Magnet of attraction at the Opera. *Mitridate*, produced for her Benefit, is got up with very great splendour. She sings a *Cavatina* in a most fascinating stile, which is peculiarly adapted to her fine powers. A Duett with Seboni attracted particular notice and was much applauded.

A new Grand Ballet called the Siege of Troy, with magnificent decorations, has lately been produced, and affords universal satisfaction. Mademoiselle Nora made her first appearance in this Country, and is to be considered as an acquisition of importance.



Opie pinx^t

Hopwood sculp

Published 1 June 1807, by Mathews & Leigh.

THE
CABINET;
OR, MONTHLY REPORT OF
POLITE LITERATURE.

JUNE 1807.

Mrs. OPIE.

THE Portrait which we here present to the public, is peculiarly valuable, as it exhibits a characteristic resemblance of a lady who is no less admired as a writer, than beloved as a friend and companion. Seldom have the graces of person, mind, and manner, been more happily united, or their attractive influence more generally felt and acknowledged. How much are the feelings with which we view a likeness so interesting in itself, increased from the recollection that it was traced by a hand eminently calculated to do justice to the subject, both by nature and by circumstances, and that this hand, alas! can trace no more. But we must refer our readers to those pages of our work, where so great a national loss is particularly mentioned, and proceed to a brief account of Mrs. Opie's early life.

She is the only child of Dr. Alderson, an eminent physician in Norwich, and of a lady whose ancestors were long since known in that city. Perhaps no two persons could have been more calculated to foster opening talents. Besides the improvements derived from them, their daughter was indebted to the instructions of the Rev. Mr. Bruckner for her accurate knowledge of the French language. Frequent proofs appeared of the

poetical genius and taste of Miss Alderson, before the death of her mother, which happened while she might yet be called a child. Some of her single compositions, were printed separately in newspapers or magazines, or in a periodical miscellany, called the CABINET.

Her marriage with Mr. Opie, took place on the 8th. of May, in the year 1798. The first of her works which was given to the world after that event, viz. "*The Father and Daughter*," not only received the sanction of the English public, but was greatly admired in different parts of the Continent, especially in France, where it has been several times translated. Of the *Poems*, which were afterwards collected in one volume, it is needless to speak; we may safely make our appeal to the hearts of their numerous readers; and her succeeding productions, "*The Mother and Daughter*," with "*A Collection of Tales*," lately published, possess the same power of touching the passions.

Mrs. Opie's musical talents, were early cultivated. Her first master was Mr. Michael Sharp, of Norwich; who, although not distinguished as a scientific musician, yet possessed a degree of love for, and ardour towards, his profession, which comparatively few of those who are employed in the drudgery of teaching enjoy. Mrs. Opie never arrived at superiority as a player, but she may be said to have been unrivalled in that kind of singing in which she more particularly delighted. Those only who have heard her, can conceive the effect which she produced, in the performance of her own ballads. Of these, "*The Poor Hindu*," was one of her chief favourites, and the expression of plaintive misery, and affectionate supplication, which she threw into it, we may with safety affirm, has never been surpassed, and very seldom equalled. Mrs. Opie may fairly be said to have created a style of singing of her own, which though polished and improved by art and cultivation, was founded on that power which she appears so pre-eminently to possess, of awakening the tender sympathies, and pathetic feelings of the mind. Mr. Biggs is indebted to her, for the poetry adapted to the *Hindu* and *Welsh* airs, which he collected and published. This difficult task of writing appropriate words to such various and singular

metres, she executed with an uncommon degree of ability.

Such accomplishments as we have enumerated, form merely the embellishment of a character, and sometimes, by the intoxications of vanity, and the delusions of flattery, greatly lessen its intrinsic value. Sometimes they cast a thin veil over dispositions naturally selfish and assuming, which can never wholly conceal their defects. In Mrs. Opie, they bestow additional charms upon a heart and mind distinguished by frankness, probity, and the most diffusive kindness. In her own house, where Mr. Opie's incomparable talents drew a constant succession of the learned, the gay, and the fashionable, she delighted all by the sweetness of her manners, and the unstudied and benevolent politeness with which she adapted herself to the taste of each individual.

Such is the testimony of the many; let the few bear witness to those sympathies which make the happiness of her friends, her own; and the unremitting ardour with which she labours to remove the miseries that come within her knowledge or influence: they are confident that in the hour of trial, her conduct will prove that the qualities and propensities which can preserve a character unspoiled, through the brilliant periods of human life, will dignify and support it, in those seasons when feelings of self-approbation, and conscious rectitude, are of more value than the applause of millions.

REPRESENTATIVES AND CONSTITUENTS.

THE term *representative* seems lately to have deviated from its original signification and import: for we hear of some, who consider themselves as "nothing more than the *attornies* or *delegates* of their *constituents*; and, regardless of their own, pride themselves in acting according to the *sense* of these constituents only." But this seems a very degrading idea of a representative, and surely exhibits him under a most servile point of view. A representative in parliament, is a person, deputed by individuals to execute their

portion of the public business in the national council or assembly, and vested by them with full and complete powers in order thereunto. In this situation, he is to use his best judgment towards knowing and ascertaining, and his best endeavours in promoting, what shall be most for the national good; and this, without any retrospective view upon the constituents, or any regard to their *sense* of affairs; for it may be, either that the *sense* of these constituents cannot be conveyed to him, or that they may have no *sense* to convey.

And that this independency of the representative is supposed by the constitution, appears plainly from hence, viz. that the powers with which he is invested, are not revocable at pleasure, or before the expiration of the term for which they were given; even though they should be employed, not only against the *sense* of his constituents, but even against the national weal itself. How far such an ordainment of things is eligible, I say not: but I say, that, if a representative be nothing more than a person, who sits in the House of Commons, to speak the *sense* of a certain number of people, as he receives it by the post out of the country, he is no better than a tube, an organ-pipe, a kind of wind-instrument, which sends forth sound mechanically. W.

STENOGRAPHY.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

AMONG the numerous votaries of polite and useful Literature, it is rather surprising that few have considered the art of Stenography, as a branch of learning sufficiently important for *their practice*, or the attainment of the juvenile scholar: certain it is, that until the appearance of *Dr. Mavor's* system, (which, by-the-by, is not *entirely* free from the errors of its predecessors) no system of this art merited the least praise; so far so, that more than one, two, or three systems, possessed not even so many requisites for expeditiously writing, as our *slow-creeping* long-hand,

while at the same time, some of the *best* systems were as unintelligible as Egyptian hieroglyphicks.

To these disadvantages, under which this useful art has long laboured, may be attributed the neglected state in which it is left; useful, I say, because it possesses, or ought to possess, among others, the advantage of rendering the practitioner capable of following the orator through the different mazes of elocution, in an intelligible and correct manner, without the necessity of being a more expeditious writer than the generality of men. In short-hand, we may write in a compass of the sixth part of the space in which we write long-hand, and notwithstanding the number of voluminous and lengthened systems extant, it is far more attainable than long-hand, which, unlike short-hand, possesses not the convenience of being a method of secret-writing.

To prove that such a system of the art can exist, I will here lay down such principles as a writer on this art should observe, and which will enable *any* person to judge of the merits or demerits of any system already extant, or which may hereafter appear.

1st. In forming the alphabet, superfluous letters should be omitted.

2ndly. The simplest characters in nature, should be chosen to represent the letters. These characters are, a right line, a curve, and a right line running out from the circumference of a circle; these to be put in such different positions, as will easily admit of any two of them being united in a natural and uniform manner.

3rdly. To give each letter a character, simple or compound, according to their ratio of occurrence in a sentence. The method I would observe in finding such ratio would be very simple; I would write the long-hand letters which I intend to have representatives in short-hand, down a column in the margin of a sheet of paper; I would then take a book of any sort, and, supposing the book began with the word *Constantinople*, I would place a dot against *k* or soft *c*, omit *o*, and all other vowels in the middle of words, then put a dot to *n*, another to *s*, &c. throughout the work, and to

those letters which have the greatest number of dots against them, I would assign the simplest characters, This is a method which no one seems to have hit upon ; yet undoubtedly an unerring one. A dot and a comma put in different places, might represent the vowels.

After which I would assign to each letter, two arbitrary words beginning with such letter, and which are either of common occurrence, hard to be written, or which would involve the writing in ambiguity if it were written in length. Taking care to put no two words to a letter, that the connexion of a sentence will not readily shew which of the said two words is intended by the contraction. The characters must be such as may be easily distinguished from each other.

Few or no prepositions and terminations should be expressed arbitrarily ; especially, if the union of the consonants therein contained be simple and intelligible,

To avoid a multiplicity of characters, figures might be represented by the simplest of the letters put over the line on which we write, or are supposed to write ; (this is only necessary when they occur among words :) The chief uses of such figures are, secrecy, uniformity, and dispatch.

Arbitrary, and unmeaning symbols, which disgrace so many modern systems, should be avoided, and the words which the letters represent, should not be technical ; otherwise, the system would be only serviceable to persons of particular studies.

A system of Stenography, formed upon these principles, would be found useful to persons of every class of literary society.

I am, Sir,

Your's respectfully,

T. B.

London, 4th. May, 1807.

MELANGE.

No. III.

Chacun a son gout.

ANECDOTE OF A PRINCESS OF BRUNSWICK.—This lively Princess (whose marriage with the Prince of Prussia, son of Frederick the Great, was soon dissolved,) having ordered some rich stuffs from Lyons, which pay a high duty at Stettin, the place of her confinement, the custom-house officer rudely arrested them until the duties should be paid;—the princess, incensed, let him know, that she would satisfy his demands, and desired that he would come himself with the stuffs, for that purpose. On his entrance into the apartment of the princess, she flew at him, seized the merchandize, gave the officer two or three cuffs in the face, and turned him out of doors. The proud and mortified excise-man, in a violent fit of resentment, drew up a memorial, in which he complained bitterly of the dishonourable treatment he had met with in the exercise of his office. The king having read the memorial, answered it as follows:—‘The loss of the duties belongs to my account.—The stuffs are to remain in the possession of the princess—the cuffs with him that received them:—as to the supposed dishonour, I cancel it at the request of the complainant,—but it is of itself null, for the white hand of a fair lady cannot possibly dishonour the face of a custom-house officer. Signed FREDERICK.’

Extract from a punning Sermon, preached in the reign of James the First:—‘Here I have undertaken one who hath overtaken many, a *Machiavillian* (or rather a *matchless villain*), one that professeth himself to be a *friend*, when he is indeed a *fiend*.—His greatest *amity* is but dissembled *enmity*. His *Ave* threatens a *væ*; and therefore listen not to his treacherous *ave*, but hearken unto Solomon’s *cave*; and though he speaketh favourably, believe him not. Though I call him but a *plain* flatterer (for I mean to deal very *plainly* with him), some compare him to a devil. If he be one, these words of Solomon are a *spell* to *expel* this devil. *Wring* not my words, to *wrong* my meaning; I go not about to crucifie the *sons*, but the *sins* of men. Some flatter a man for their own private benefit:—this man’s heart thou hast in

thy pocket; for if thou *find in thy purse* to give him presently, he will *find in his heart* to love thee everlastingly.' *A Caution for the Credulous. By Edw. Sulton, Preacher. quarto, pp. 44. Aberdeen printed, 1629. Edinburgh reprinted, 1696.*

Picture of Domestic Happiness, drawn by a female Indian. Extracted from a Letter addressed to the Ladies of *New York*.—"May each of you have, in your habitations, a fair shrub, or little tree, as a *family-tree* of peace, to bless your dwellings. May the exhalations from it be, as the sweet odours of incense to gladden your apartments, or as the leaves of the sweetest trees in the forest, when the vernal morn lifts her glistening forehead from the great lake, and darts the splendors of her eyes aslant the dewy earth. Let no rude sounds of discord or disquiet be as a blighting wind, to wither the leaves of this family tree; no distress or distrust, like a thick fog, cast an unkindly mildew to taint them; but may the *husband's* eyes, like the sun-beams, cheer its roots; and the *woman's* voice, as a gentle breeze, fan its branches and expand its swelling buds. Let her draw deep into her breast the balsam of its effluence, and her lips breathe forth and improve the fragrance. Thus, with purest flame, the *fire of concord* shall glow unextinguished upon your hearths, and domestic bliss shall every day add fresh fuel to increase its strength."

THE CALIPH MOHAMMED EMIR.—When this prince was walking one day in his gardens with one of his courtiers, the latter, looking around him, said, What a charming world is this! how happy should one be could one but escape death!—Death, said the caliph, is one of our best friends; should I have been here, if he had not removed my predecessor?—There was, certainly, a great deal of right philosophy in this answer;—why, it implied, should we be unwilling to quit the scene and to make way for the succeeding generation, when our ancestors have done the same for us? It would be impossible for the race of men to subsist upon the earth on other conditions, and death was a necessary part of the economy of that benevolent providence, which determined that a variety of beings should taste the blessing of life.

THE DYING WORDS OF
ELIZABETH WELLINGTON, .

An unfortunate woman who was found under a hay-rick, in a field near the great north road between London and Edinburgh.

IT was in one of the bitter nights during the severe winter of the year seventeen hundred and ninety-four, that the passengers of a stage-coach travelling to the north, were alarmed by groans which seemed to proceed from a field adjoining to the road.

The coachman could not be prevailed on to stop till he reached the top of a hill, which he was at the moment ascending; he then agreed that if something was given him to drink, he would wait while they went to see from whence the groans proceeded.

The travellers immediately alighted, and the guard, taking one of the coach lamps in his hand, walked back with them into the field; their search for some time was vain, but approaching a hay-rick at which cattle were feeding, a groan more feebly uttered again was heard; following the sound, they were at once interested and distressed by the object presented to their view.

Lying at length under shelter of the rick, in a dark and dismal night, apparently exhausted by hunger, fatigue and cold, thinly clothed, with a form and countenance which had once been pleasing, they discovered a female, almost frozen to death.

After gently raising her head, and rubbing her clay-cold limbs till a little warmth was perceived, they conveyed down her throat, with some difficulty, a small quantity of cordial, from a pocket case of one of the company.

Some faint signs of life at length appearing, encouraged them to persevere in their humane work; they then wrapped her in a great coat, and carried her to the coach, in which, having previously agreed to pay the fare, they were permitted to place her.

As the poor creature recovered, the change of situation was explained to her, when she thanked her de-

liverers for their kind offices, but, attempting to speak further, fainted away.

The motion of a heavy coach was too much for her weak condition, and the benevolent persons to whom Providence had assigned her, determined to set her down at the first public house they passed, and to direct that proper care should be taken.

It was not long before they stopped to change horses, and leave some of the passengers; the mistress of the house was called, who readily assisted in rendering every service in her power, but notwithstanding all their endeavours, they clearly saw, that the hand of death was on the unfortunate stranger.

Convinced also by her own feelings of the approach of that awful moment, which we all dread, though so few of us prepare to meet it, she earnestly intreated that a minister of the gospel might be sent for without delay.

The clergyman of the parish soon arrived; after examining the state of her soul, he opened to her the treasures of everlasting life, as contained in the Holy Scriptures, and poured on her wounded spirit the precious balm of comfort and condolence. He joined with her in prayer and supplication, and she received at his hands the restorative sacramental cup, of hope grounded on repentance, and mercy through an interceding Redeemer.

Though her mind was composed, her strength failed, and the fainting fits returned, but proper medicines being given by an apothecary of the village, after a short repose, she seemed a little better, and was very anxious to say something to the company collected in the chamber; conscious, that if the present opportunity was lost, her lips, in a short time, would be for ever closed.

Desiring her benefactors to draw nearer the bed, she addressed them in the following words, as well as her weak state permitted, and soon after resigned her breath:

"The kindness I have experienced at your hands, it is not in *my* power, but I hope the Almighty will repay; you must naturally be desirous to know something of a forlorn wretch, in whose behalf you have

so warmly interested yourselves, and whom, in the unjustifiable anguish of despair, I was tempted to consider as deserted by God and man; but the worthy minister has convinced me that **OURS IS A GOD OF MERCY**, and the treatment I have experienced from *you*, also proves that, although this is a wicked world, there are many worthy characters, who imitate their Creator in this glorious attribute.

"I was born of poor but honest parents in a northern county; myself and an elder sister were the whole of their family; my father did not repine at that state of life in which Providence had placed him, when after providing for the wants of the day, by labour, he retired to his fire-side in the evening, and found his wife and children clean and contented.

"I was caressed from my infancy by a widow lady who lived retired in our parish, on a small income, having seen better days; as I grew up, her regard for me increased, she taught me to read and write, and impressed early on my mind religious principles.

"Though my understanding was improved, and my ideas enlarged beyond what falls to the lot of most young women of my condition, I cannot help imputing to my acquaintance with this excellent woman the misfortunes of my future life; I spent the greatest part of the day with her, and whilst my sister was assisting my mother in the work of the house, and qualifying herself to perform the duties of a mother and a wife, I was poring over every book I could borrow, reading to my benefactress, or sitting down to ornamental needlework, but wholly ignorant of, and unable to mend my father's stockings, dress his dinner, or clean the house.

"I should not do justice to my mother, if I omitted acknowledging that she saw and reprov'd my conduct; she insisted that a sedentary genteel life was not proper for a girl with my humble prospects, and that to be *fine-fingered*, as she used to call it, was not calculated for poor people, particularly those who mean to live honest; I felt the truth of what she said, but had not the resolution to diminish the enjoyments of the present hour, by providing for circumstances in which I hoped never to be placed.

“When I was sixteen years of age, my valuable friend died, my sister, soon after, was married to a farmer, to whom she makes a good and useful wife, and I had no companions but my father and mother; for I looked down with secret contempt on the young men and women of the village.

“My parents saw with concern that I was not qualified to go through the drudgery of a cottage: I lost my appetite and spirits, they frequently found me in tears; it was the struggle of pride and vanity rebelling against the duties imposed on me by Providence.

“After consulting with a distant relation, a shopkeeper in a neighbouring town, who was for every body's trying their luck in London, his opinion prevailed, and I was conveyed to town in a road waggon, resolving to *better myself*, as it is called, and if possible *get an easy genteel place, with little work and high wages.* Thus pride and laziness were my ruin.

“I soon got into a creditable family in the city, where I had an opportunity of qualifying myself for a better place, as my mistress was kind and indulgent; but the constant toil of a house where only myself and a shop-boy were kept, did not suit a person used to an indolent life. I contrasted the dark back kitchen, and dirty drudgery of my present situation, with my pleasant walks, my books, my plain work, and easy life in the country; awkwardness increased my difficulties, and I was severely mortified by the mother of my mistress, who sometimes visited her; she wondered how a girl at my age could have spent her time, not to know the common work of a house.

“Having occasion for a few common articles of dress, I was directed to one of those gossiping shopkeepers who infest most neighbourhoods, the confidants of servants, and diffusers of scandal, who attend to and know more of other people's business than their own; she listened to my complaints, and enticed me to spend my money; after hearing much of charming places at the other end of the town, I left her, resolved to take the first opportunity of leaving my mistress, as the work was too much, and the situation in a vulgar part of the town.

“I soon received a message from my officious new

acquaintance, that she had procured an excellent situation for me, but that I must go without delay, and as to a character, if I would make her a present, *she would give me one herself*; her reason for prevailing on me to go away without giving warning, will soon be known; but I have been sufficiently punished for this breach of agreement.

"I took an opportunity of retreating with my things the following evening, and was introduced to a fine-dressed lady with a carriage waiting at the door; after the general questions we agreed, and I was conveyed, with my box, to a large house in the neighbourhood of St. James's.

"The splendor of her equipage and the tawdry finery of the furniture, dazzled my eyes; I was told that my chief business would be to wait on my mistress in her own room, and work at my needle. I remember that the pride and haughtiness of my heart were highly gratified, when I was informed that I need not wear a coloured apron, must always appear neatly dressed, and that if I did not stand in my own light, her place would be profitable as well as pleasant to me.

"My happy days were of short continuance; I did not discover till it was too late, that I was taken in a snare, that I was in a house of the most infamous description, a reproach to the nobility and gentry, who suffer many of them almost to elbow them in their magnificent abodes.

"The woman who engaged me under false pretences, but for the most abominable purposes, is a wretch well known in the parish of St. James's, remarkable for staring eyes, a thundering voice, and face of brass; the seducer and ruiner of hundreds of hersex, whom she afterwards turns loose on the town, polluted and penniless; I hope God Almighty will give her grace to repent of her monstrous crimes, or dreadful must be her punishment hereafter.

"Had I been at all acquainted with town manners, I must have perceived the odious nature of my mistress's employ, from the lateness of her hours, and the company she kept; in bed the greatest part of the day, and the house in an uproar during the whole of the night; but London was a new world to me, and I had heard that it

was common for ladies and gentlemen to turn night into day.

“ The first alarm I received was from certain unwarrantable liberties taken with me by an hoary veteran, a constant visitor of my mistress, a well-known character, remarkable for his fondness of a new face; I left deep marks of my resentment on his countenance, which confined him to his room several weeks, under a pretence of the St. Anthony's fire. On mentioning the circumstance to my mistress, she smiled and told me, I must not be ill-natured, for that it would spoil my fortune; I replied firmly that I would not submit to such treatment, and that I would quit her house, the moment day-light appeared, for it was already midnight.

“ But she took effectual means to prevent the execution of my purpose; watching an opportunity, she sent me up stairs on some trifling errand whilst I was taking a little refreshment, and conveyed certain drops into what I was going to drink; I swallowed them without suspicion, and finding myself remarkably heavy, soon retired to rest.

“ From a deep, a death-like sleep, I awoke, and found myself undone; a cowardly villain, introduced by that perfidious and detestable monster *****, whose attempts I would have set at defiance with my senses and strength about me, took advantage of a state, against which neither virtue nor prudence can guard.

“ He attempted to pacify me with gold, and declared that he would make a handsome settlement on me the next morning; I rejected his offers with contempt, I drove him from my presence with abhorrence.

“ The savage in a female shape, soon came in with triumphant malignity in her eye, thinking she could now bring me to her own infamous terms; she begun by observing, that hands like mine were never made for hard work, that I might live like a fine lady—I interrupted her by throwing up the sash, and raising my voice to a pitch which alarmed her, (for wickedness makes cowards of us all) told her, that if I was not suffered immediately to depart, I would raise the neighbours by my cries.

“ I left her house directly, determining to have recourse to the laws, to revenge my injuries; but a dread of appearing publicly on such an occasion shook my resolution;

not knowing whither to go, I applied to my first mistress, with an intention of laying my case before her, but she shut her door in my face, and after my behaviour to her, what right had I to complain?

"I hid myself in silence and solitude, and passed a few weeks in a little obscure lodging, without resolution or spirit to seek another place; my London dream of finery and genteelness was now vanished, I dreaded the face of man, and suspected every woman; I considered with envy the condition of the meanest drudge of the poorest farm-house in the country, who, notwithstanding her coarse fare and linsey gown, possessed those first of blessings, health, innocence, and peace of mind.

"I took a place in the same waggon which first brought me to town, and had reached a little market town, a few miles from the field where you found me; but fearing my small stock of money would be exhausted, before I reached my father's house, I resolved to walk the remainder of my journey, contrary to the persuasions of the person who drove the waggon.

"Leaving my box with proper directions to be forwarded, I set out on foot, but had not travelled far, when a ruffian robbed me of the little I possessed, and would have proceeded to outrages still more cruel, but my cries excited the attention of a gentleman with a splendid equipage, who was travelling the road, and at no great distance from us.

The postillions were ordered to quicken their pace, and as they drew up, my terror and astonishment may be conceived, when I saw my dishonourable violator, looking at me with savage joy as he jumped from the carriage, thinking that he might easily secure a friendless, unprotected woman, and convey her to what place and for whatever purpose he chose.

"But the robber was not disposed to part with his prey; adding falsehood to violence, and brandishing a bludgeon he had in his hand, he declared with an oath, that no man had a right to separate us, for though I was noisy and unmanageable, I was his wife.

"The gentleman said he knew the contrary, that he had followed me across the country from London, and rather than lose me, would pursue me to the end of the world; with these words he laid hold of one of my hands,

when the footpad, at the first blow, laid him speechless on the ground; a desperate but unequal contest ensued, the servants fired several pistols, and in the hurry, smoke, and confusion, I darted from them.

“Terror gave me speed; I flew down a bye lane, and after crossing several fields, plunged into a thick wood, wandering through thorns and underwood, as long as my strength permitted. I was thankful for my escape, and sat down on a bank to eat a crust fortunately left in my pocket. I soon heard the voices of the servants, who seemed to be searching for me, and gathered from their conversation that they had wounded and secured the marauder, and as soon as they could find me, would convey us, with their master who had come to himself, but was much hurt, to the next post town.

“I fortunately eluded their search, but as night came on, in attempting to leave the wood, with a design of begging a lodging in some farm-house, my foot slipped, and I fell with such violence with my knee against a stump, that I fainted in an agony of pain. Being unable to stir, I passed the night on the spot where I fell, and part of the next day, when, hungry and benumbed with cold, I crawled as well as the hurt I received would let me, to the place where your kindness found me. I passed the second night there, and endeavoured to attract the notice and compassion of several travellers during the succeeding day; but they considered me as an impostor or a loose woman, and either neglected or insulted me.

“I gave myself up for a lost creature, but death though retarded by your humanity, I feel is gradually creeping over me—I die in charity with all mankind, I pray to God that he will forgive my destroyers, and give them time and grace to repent. I beg that my parents, whose name and direction will be found in a letter in my pocket, may be informed of my fate; that I remembered them with gratitude in my last moments, and that although misled by folly, my heart was untainted by vice.

“I also make it my dying request, that my misfortunes may be published for the information of young women of my condition, in the hope of reminding them, that pride and vanity, are the high road to crime and misfortune; that London is a scene of temptation, where there are always artful women, watching to take advantage of those

of their own sex, who are tired of working honestly for their livelihood, and fond of fine cloaths.

"I wish to remind such as are of this unfortunate turn, that a conscientious discharge of our duties in that state, however humble, in which Providence has placed us, is the only solid comfort in this world, and the most likely method of ensuring everlasting happiness in that which is to come."

THE INFLUENCE OF CARDS.

An Extract from the Writings of M. PINTO.

"Do you think toleration will at last become general in Europe? that manners will become softer, and men less wicked and unhappy? Sometimes I indulge this hope, and sometimes I despair. Yet, on the whole, it appears to me that mankind (I speak of the small part which inhabits Europe) are a little mended. But what, perhaps, will surprise you is, that among the many causes to which my imagination has attributed this revolution in manners, I look on the universal taste for cards to be one of the most active principles, that has, I may say, new moulded the human race in Europe. Do not think I am blind to all the evil that the fury of play has done in both sexes; but advantages have resulted from it, which on the whole may balance, and even exceed it.

"At present this is my reasoning. Before this æra the two sexes were less united, I should say, less together in society, in company; men were more so. There were more clubs. Taverns were more frequented. There was more drinking, consequently more connections, more friendship. Listlessness*, one of the great causes of the unfolding of the human understanding, excited men to cultivate their talents, to employ themselves, to study, to work, to cabal, to form conspiracies. Politics were the subject of the conversation; they controlled the government, they complained, they conspired, and they found friends to whom they could unbosom themselves. Great virtues and great vices were more common. On the other side, the eyes of men not beholding the charms of

* *Ennui* in the original. I do not know if listlessness, or any other word in our language, can express this term fully.

women across a green cloth, and through the magic medium of cards, friendship and love were passions; at present, thanks be to cards, we are only gallant; we have many acquaintances, but no friends; many mistresses, but no serious attachment. A Mahometan who was to visit our great assemblies with the eyes of an Asiatic, would think our European Bashaws had their seraglios in common. You will allow the spirit of gaming, which mixes men and women most in society, abates most strongly the energy of love.

“Add to this, that the efforts of the human mind to shake off inaction are relaxed by this. Combine the effects of the relaxation of these three principles, and calculate the result.

“The sedentary life to which this eternal amusement reduces both sexes, must enervate the body; from thence, both morally and physically, there results a new system of manners, of habit, of constitution. The magic of cards forms a common focus of almost all the passions in miniature; they all find there (if I may use the expression) their proper food. It is true that every thing there is microscopic, and more illusive than common illusions are. A confused idea of happiness and misery is found there; vanity itself is interested; play seems to establish an illusive equality among the players; it is a vehicle that • assembles in society the most discordant individuals. Avarice and ambition put it in motion; and the universal taste for pleasure is flattered that it will find satisfaction from the amusement. The ladies being of the party, love ought to be there of course. The sphere of the passions is reduced, and drawn into a narrower circle. All the passions entangle themselves, evaporate, and spend themselves at a distance from their source and proper object. Listlessness, indolence, avarice, ambition, and carelessness, devour in common an unsubstantial food, which enervates their force and their activity; and as from the fermentation of the great passions there ordinarily arises more evil than good, human nature in general has rather gained than lost. The great virtues exist no longer, but great crimes have also ceased. Assassinations, poisoning, and all the horrors of civil war, are incompatible with the manners of a nation where men and women lose so much of their time at cards.”

There is great plausibility in this reasoning. But the concluding sentence, compared with the horrors attending the French revolution, shews the uncertainty of all reasoning founded on hypothesis. After all, cards perhaps have rather a tendency to make the manners rough, than soft. We know in matters of real business, and especially where money is concerned, all ceremony is set apart. Now cards form an imitation of pecuniary business; and any imitation of this equalizing system, occupying so large a portion of life as people in general, and especially the more opulent, give to this amusement, must tend to throw something of the rough frankness of the man of business into the social intercourse of mankind even in the politest circles. Not only the common forms of civility are laid aside; but the lover forgets the passion he feels for his mistress, and the dependent the respect he owes his patron, when an odd trick is in question. If '*usque ad aras*' marks the boundary of friendship, the card-table is as often the boundary of flattery.* P.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

In the Library at Bulstrode there are two Essays written by Prior: one of them is upon Learning, in which he mentions that Tompion, the distinguished Watchmaker of his time, was put apprentice to a locksmith. Prior was a man of learning, and had a very lively imagination; he seems very likely to have added something to what had been said on the subject; it is therefore to be hoped, that it will be soon given to the public.

In the latter part of his life he resided at Down Hall, Essex, and amused himself with a select party of friends at any kind of nonsense that occurred. Sir James Thornhill was often of the party, and in the evening, between dinner and supper, used to make drawings of some of Mr. Prior's guests. Prior used to write verses under them. Under the head of Mr. Timothy Thomas, chaplain to Lord Oxford, Prior wrote—

This phiz, so well drawn, you may easily know,
It was done by a Knight for one Tom with an O.

* A Bishop playing at whist with his chaplains, and always naming the trump, is a proverbial illustration of the acmé of servile dependence.

Under Christian the Seal-Engraver's head, Prior wrote—

This, done by candle-light and hazard,
Is meant to shew Kit Christian's mazard.

An ingenious and elegant collector has many of these portraits, with the verses under them in Prior's handwriting.

At Lord Oxford's seat at Wimple (now Lord Hardwicke's) there hangs a fine picture of Harley in his Speaker's robes, with the roll of the bill in his hand for bringing in the present family; which, if I mistake not, was done by his casting vote. In allusion to Harley's being afterwards sent to the Tower, Prior wrote with a pencil on the white scroll—"Bill paid such a day."

He, like many an ex-minister, became hypochondriacal in the latter part of his life; his active mind, not having any pabulum to feed it, began to prey upon itself. He became deaf, or at least thought himself so. When some one asked him, whether he had ever observed himself deaf when he was in office: "Faith," replied he, "I was then so afraid of my head, that I did not attend very much to my ears."

He kept his Fellowship of St. John's College, Cambridge, to the last. "The salary," said he, "will always ensure me a bit of mutton and a clean shirt." Prior, (who had been Minister-Plenipotentiary) printed his poems by subscription in the latter part of his life for subsistence, and made two thousand pounds by them. It is singular enough that he should have been recommended to Queen Anne to be her Ambassador at the Court of France, as being very conversant in matters of trade and commerce. Prior was a very high-bred man, and made himself peculiarly agreeable to Louis XIV. by this talent. He presented his College with a picture of himself, in a very fine brocaded suit of clothes; he there has very much *l'air noble*. This picture has never been engraved.

The late excellent Duchess of Portland had five Dialogues of the Dead in MS. written by this celebrated poet.* One was between Charles the Fifth and Clennard

* Prior's Dialogues in the Duchess of Portland's possession are thus described in the preface to Nichols's "Collection of Poems."

the grammarian; another between Sir Thomas More and the Vicar of Bray: another, I believe, between Oliver Cromwell and his Porter. They are said to abound in readiness of repartee and liveliness of remark. It is to be hoped that they will be published.

THE ARTS.

No. IV.

THE ENGRAVERS OF THIS COUNTRY.

TO THE CONDUCTOR OF THE CABINET.

SIR,

BEFORE the invention of printing, human knowledge must have been confined within narrow limits. Before the discovery of ENGRAVING, taste pervaded but an inconsiderable circle: the engraver and printer have distributed elegance and information, to the utmost extent of civilized society. Whatever improvement may be made in sculpture or painting, such improvement will be of trifling consequence to the manufacturer, without the assistance of our art, that being the only medium through which he can receive his advantages from the painter and sculptor. The mechanics employed in Birmingham, Sheffield and Manchester, the potteries of Staffordshire, the iron works at Carron,

"The late Recorder of Cambridge [Pont] had seen some MS. Dialogues of the Dead of Prior's; they were prose, but had verse intermixed freely, and the specimen, I heard, proved it. The Dialogue was between Sir Thomas More and the Vicar of Bray. You must allow that the characters are well chosen; and the speakers maintain their respective opinions smartly: at last the knight seems to come over to his adversary, at least so far as to allow that the doctrine was convenient, if not honourable; but that he did not see how any man could allow himself to act thus: when the vicar concludes; 'Nothing easier, with proper management; &c. You must go the right way to work'—

"For Conscience, like a fiery horse,
Will stumble if you check his course;
But ride him with an easy rein,
And rub him down with worldly gain,
He'll carry you through thick and thin,
Safe, although dirty, to your inn."

"This certainly is sterling sense."

and Rotheram, and every other part of the kingdom, cannot be supposed to have access either to private collections of amateurs, or the public exhibitions in London; and but for engraving alone, improvement in the arts of design would be to them of no consequence or advantage. Happily, engraving is fully equal to the conveyance of all the taste the manufacturer requires.

But our art does not rest its honour solely on the instruction of the mechanic; it is among the first means of improvement even with the painter. Every painter has not the opportunity of travel, and those who have, cannot be supposed to retain all they have contemplated. The port folio is always at hand, and through engraving the works of Michael Angelo, Raphael, and every son of genius that has given life to canvas can be studied; invention, composition, outline, light and shadow, and expression, are within its power; colouring alone is beyond its scope. To the sculptor and the architect the graver is equally necessary, for by its efforts they are provided with a wide field of contemplation. In proportion as this art is carried to perfection, in that proportion it benefits all the other arts; and although it follows the invention of the painter, it precedes every other in the conveyance of general information. Science without it, would lose the best means of its propagation, and morality one of its most pleasing instructors.

The first spring of human action, is the hope of reward; and whatever weakens this spring, will enfeeble its exertions. The print trade of this nation is so carried on, that no engraver can possibly receive a fair compensation for his labour by the publication of his own productions. If he is the publisher of his own works, he becomes liable to exactions from the print-seller amounting to a profit of fifty one per cent; after submitting to this, he is compelled to give, upon an average, eighteen months credit. On those terms it might be supposed the print-seller would take such a number of prints as would give the engraver some chance of remuneration, but that is not the consequence, for if he apprehends a risque, he will not take above a single print at a time, and upon that print claim those advantages; and should the engraver by the publication of his own works excite the jealousy of the print-seller, which is often the case;

his prints are condemned to lay in a port-folio, neither to be shewn to the amateur, nor to the public. Of all the hardships of commerce, that of the engraver, attempting to receive the reward of his labour by the publication of his own productions, stands without a parallel. *His* expences are certain; the picture he engraves from, his copper, paper, printing, and writing, must be paid for. The process of engraving is long, tedious, and laborious; plates of large dimensions require years for their completion; during which time the engraver has himself and his family to support; to add to this, single prints will not sell; the public demand them in pairs. After this length of time and certain expence, embittered by anxious uncertainty, he receives, eighteen months after he has finished his labours, forty-nine pounds for every hundred he has earned; whilst the print-seller, without talent, or the necessity of capital, pockets the remainder.

When Sir Robert Strange advertised one of his prints for sale in Paris, he was sure of having four hundred purchasers at his apartments the next day; thus he alone received the *full* reward of his labours; and this is common in Paris. In England prints are seldom or never bought of the artist, but always of the print-seller; thus the very usage of the country destroys the springs of ingenuity.

If the engraver is employed by the print-seller, he has a greater certainty of being paid; that certainty is considered, and his payment is in proportion. There is not one man in that profession in England, who possesses, what may justly be denominated, a knowledge of art; consequently the engraver has too frequently to contend with all the caprice of ignorance, and imbecility of error.

The manner of printing the works of the engravers, is to them a matter of infinitely greater consequence than is generally imagined. The better and more perfectly a plate is engraved, the more it suffers by bad printing; and the finest plate that ever was engraved, may lose all its excellence through this process. The print-sellers being totally ignorant of the particular merit of the several plates coming into their hands, and the different mode and means required in printing them with that perfection of which they are capable, are totally unable to give the proper directions to the printer, who is equally ignorant of the method he ought to pursue.

As low a price as possible is agreed upon; the printer must live, and his only consideration is to print so many impressions each day as will enable him to do so; thus, by a tacit consent, is the reputation of the engraver sacrificed. The texture of the paper is of equal consideration with the printing; but print-sellers are too frequently so parsimonious in their savings on those two articles, that the excellence of the copper vanishes upon paper. There are many exemptions against this charge; nevertheless, it still may be safely asserted, that many works in the first stile of execution, have been consigned to oblivion by bad paper and printing.

There are six associate engravers admitted into the Academy, who have the power of exhibiting their works to the utmost advantage before the public. It is unaccountable that in a country professing to give encouragement to every art and science that advantages or embellishes human nature, that in so useful and ornamental an art as engraving, only six artists should have the privilege of bringing their works fairly before the public. Upon the Continent the engravers are treated with due distinction, and their works of merit enjoy a public exhibition with the productions of the other departments of the arts. In England, engravers of the first talent and celebrity, have no honourable place assigned by the public for the exhibition of their ingenuity.

The walls of Somerset House, though adorned with the finest works of our best painters, are too much loaded with wretched productions in history, portrait, landscape, and cattle, through all the mediums of oil, water colours, Indian ink, pen and ink, and chalk drawings: miniature painting, models in wax, and architectural drawings, have free admission. In short, whatever boasts originality of invention has a claim for election, whilst the finest engraving, which requires more originality of invention in the process than is employed on a great proportion of the things exhibited, is denied all pretension to public honour, unless its author be an associate. Thus is the public in this country, and in this country alone, taught to disregard an art, that is equally useful to the painter, the statuary, the architect, the manufacturer, and mankind.

AN ENGRAVER.

[To be resumed next Month.]

ROYAL ACADEMY.

The present exhibition at Somerset House does infinite credit to the talents and exertions of the artists of the British school: it undoubtedly contains a greater number of fine pictures than we have seen on former occasions of late years; and we cannot but congratulate the country upon the very favourable result of the patronage which every person of rank and fortune now seems ambitious of extending towards co-temporary merit.

We shall now proceed to some particular observations upon those pictures which most forcibly arrested our attention.

No. 7. *Waggon-horses frightened at lightning.* I. WARD.—This is certainly a very fine picture, and will ensure the artist a considerable addition to his reputation. The horses are painted with great spirit, and evince Mr. W's very superior acquaintance with this part of his subject. There is a variety in the action of all of them which is perfectly natural, and in point of colour we think the artist has been equally successful. We cannot however omit to remark that in attempting a novelty of effect in the whole, Mr. W. has sacrificed nature almost entirely; the sky is like any thing but a sky, but chiefly resembles an assemblage of *full-bottomed wigs*.

17. *The Hon. B. Paget.* T. LAWRENCE, R. A.—A very masterly and finely-coloured head. The whole of the picture is painted with great firmness, and possesses a powerful effect.

18. *Market-day.* A. W. CALCOTT, A.—Although we must allow this picture considerable praise, we cannot but observe that, from some former productions of this artist, we had hoped he would have made some further progress in his art. The general effect is feeble, and the landscape wants variety of colour.

23. *Sir W. Heathcote, Bart.* W. OWEN, R. A.—This is a forcible and well-coloured picture, and possesses an additional recommendation from the correctness of the likeness.

24. *A Sea Storm, an Italian Scene, with a Ship making signal for a pilot.* P. I. DE LOUTHÉROURG, R. A.—A pleasing picture. The water is beautifully penciled,

and the whole possesses an equal degree of merit with former similar subjects by the same artist.

Of the next picture, No. 25, (*A Summer's Evening in the South of France*,) by the same master, we cannot speak so favourably; the colour is certainly much too glaring; we will not, however, pronounce that Mr. L. has not seen such a sky in nature, but we must assert that it is an ill choice, and highly prejudicial to the picture.

31. *A Lady of Quality*. I. HOPPNER, R. A.—A very beautifully coloured picture, and painted with great spirit and taste.

36. *Lord Lowther*. I. OPIE, R. A.—This picture is painted with great force, but there are other works of this master in the present exhibition, which, in point of colour, we prefer.

48. *Earl St. Vincent*. Sir W. BEECHEY, R. A.—The chief merit of this portrait consists in the likeness, which is certainly very striking. There is a crudity in the colour not usual in the works of this artist.

53. *Western Gate of Firoz Shah's Cotilla, Delhi, East Indies*. T. DANIELL, R. A.—The subjects alone of this master's works are in general a sufficient recommendation. The present one is peculiarly interesting, and very happily treated.

60. *Right Hon. T. Grenville*. I. HOPPNER, R. A.—Mr. Hoppner must assuredly add much to his good name from this portrait. It is a truly fine picture, painted with great spirit, and the character and expression are admirable.

68. *Una. From Spencer's Faëry Queen*. R. WESTALL, R. A.—This must certainly be ranked among the best of this master's productions. There is great sweetness of expression in the face of Una, and an elegance and simplicity in the design of the whole figure. The landscape is solemn and grand, and highly appropriate to the subject, and the *Lion* is painted with great spirit.

69. *Mrs. C. Cotton and Son*. W. OWEN, R. A.—This picture will do Mr. Owen great credit. The mother and child are grouped in a very interesting manner, and the delicacy of the colouring is really beautiful.

74. *His R. H. the Prince of Wales*. I. HOPPNER, R. A.—There is a very strong resemblance in this

portrait, and the whole of the picture is well coloured, but from some cause, perhaps from the disposition of the robes, there is an apparent defect in the drawing of the figure.

81. *Cremhila, the widow of Sirril, shews to Irony, in prison, the head of Gunther, his accomplice in the assassination of her husband.* H. FUSELI, R. A.—Mr. Fuseli may always fairly claim the merit of originality, and sometimes merit of another kind; but in the present instance we must observe, that his picture is deserving only of the same remarks which apply to many of his other equally extravagant productions.

82. *Lord William Russell's youngest Daughter.* W. OWEN, R. A.—This is another very successful effort of Mr. Owen's, but we think the colouring rather too cold.

87. *A Bacchante sleeping.* R. WESTALL, R. A.—We consider this picture as one of the greatest ornaments of the exhibition. The luxuriance of the foliage, and the splendour of the whole scene, form an excellent contrast with the *Una*, its companion.

We were much charmed with the appearance of sunshine in this picture, although the nymph is herself in shadow. The bright and deep-toned effect of the whole is admirable, and the introduction of a variety of foreign birds gives wonderful life and spirit to the picture.

88. *Lady Sarah Bayley.* M. A. SHEE, R. A.—In this picture there is a good resemblance of the lovely original, and the whole is finished with considerable care; but here our praise must end: the figure is ill drawn, there is a variety of colours in the drapery introduced without much taste, and the general hue of the picture is of a common kind.

93. *His R. H. the Duke of Gloucester.* Sir W. BEECHEY, R. A.—This is a strong likeness, but the picture possesses no other prominent qualities either good or bad.

101. *Portrait of a Gentleman.* M. A. SHEE, R. A.—This is Mr. Shee's best work in the present exhibition; and for the colouring of the head, and the firmness of the pencil, is entitled to considerable praise.

102. *The Jumrah Musjid, at Murata, East Indies.* T. DANIELL, R. A.—This is another highly interesting

subject, and painted with great delicacy and beauty. The principal feature is an admirable specimen of Mahometan architecture.

103. *The late Lord Thurlow.* T. PHILIPS, A.—An excellent likeness of the venerable and lamented nobleman. The colouring is rich and sober, but the general effect has somewhat too much of the school of Kneller.

113. *Edinburgh Castle.* W. DANIELL.—This is a favorable view of a very interesting subject. The hues in the picture are various and natural, and the whole possesses a very pleasing effect.

115. *Chess-players.—Portraits.* I. NORTHCOTE, R. A.—A well coloured groupe; but the countenances of the players are entirely devoid of any of the various expressions which this interesting game excites.

122. *A Sutler's Booth, with a little Camp in the distance.* P. I. DE LOUTHERBOURG, R. A.—With many beauties this picture possesses some defects. The penciling is free and tasteful, even where the forms are objectionable: this remark is particularly applicable to the figures, among which is a boy well painted but glaringly deficient in proportion. The groupe of tired horses and sleeping dogs is excellent.

123. *Right Hon. C. Long.* I. HOPFNER, R. A.—A very fine portrait, in likeness, colour, and effect.

135. *A Blacksmith's Shop.* I. M. W. TURNER, R. A.—In this picture, art is certainly carried to a very considerable extent; to succeed in rendering such a scene so highly picturesque, must be attended with no little difficulty. There is a great variety of appropriate forms managed with infinite skill; and had the characters and expressions been sufficiently defined and varied to be equal to the colouring and effect, we should have pronounced it a perfect work.

136. *View in St. Alban's.* W. MULREADY.—This is the work of a very promising young artist: the effect is extremely natural and pleasing, and the lofty shadowed Saxon tower forms a fine contrast with the humble and bright cottages in the fore ground.

139. *Flora unveiled by the Zephyrs.* R. WESTALL, R. A.—This picture combines two distinct branches of the art, which we have rarely or never seen united.—

The flowers are touched with infinite spirit and truth, and would have done credit to the best painters of the Dutch school: the Flora is very finely drawn, and the action of the figure is highly elegant and graceful. Mr. Westall has also displayed equal taste in designing the groupes of Zephyrs, and in the appropriate variety of their action. The general effect of the whole is wonderfully rich and harmonious.

147. *The Blind Fiddler*. D. WILKIE.—Mr. Wilkie has this year perfectly answered the expectations which were excited by the exhibition of his first picture. The various groupes in his present work are distinguished by a strong and natural diversity of character, action, and expression; and every object in the picture is selected with great taste and good sense.

This picture, Mr. Westall's *Flora*, and Mr. Turner's *Blacksmith's Shop*, are placed in a line, and afford a very striking example of the great variety which is a prevailing character of the English school; and it may with truth be asserted, that no other age or country has at the same time produced three pictures so entirely distinct from each other, and each so excellent in its peculiar way.

154. *His Majesty*. I. NORTHCOTE, R. A. We believe this is the first time His Majesty has sat to this artist, and we must certainly allow it to be a good likeness. The figure and the horse are spirited, but the latter, which is very well painted, is too small for the size of the royal personage.

161. *His R. H. the Duke of Gloucester*. I. OPIE, R. A.—This is one of the best portraits from the pencil of this justly celebrated and lamented artist. It is painted in a bold and decided manner, but there is somewhat of coldness and want of harmony in the whole, which he would probably have altered had he lived to see it in its present situation.

162. *Sun rising through Vapour—Fishermen cleaning and selling Fish*. I. M. W. TURNER, R. A.—The general effect of this picture is soft, harmonious, and beautiful; it does not possess quite so much vigour as we have observed in some other of this master's works, but it has a great deal of very excellent colour.

168. *Girl at the Spring.* W. OWEN, R. A.—This is a very beautiful little picture, and derives its principal charm from the effect of the colouring, for we observed that the action of the child is not suited to the nature of its occupation.

175. *Paul and Barnabas.* B. WEST, R. A.—This spirited composition was designed for one of Mr. West's great works at the chapel at Windsor. The colouring is rich, deep, and harmonious, and the whole composition in the happiest manner of this master.

169. *The Earl of Buckinghamshire.* Sir W. BEECHEY, R. A.—This is indisputably the best portrait we have seen of this master: the likeness is excellent, the action easy and natural, and the effect of the whole at once sober and forcible.

194. *Sketch of a Monument for perpetuating the Memory of the late Lord Nelson.* B. WEST, R. A.—It must be a subject of infinite regret that the object of this beautiful design is not likely to be carried into effect. The idea of uniting three branches of art in a monument is novel to us, but some of the finest pictures of Rubens and Vandyke were painted for similar purposes, and there is great reason to believe that it was a custom in the most refined ages of Greece. The whole of Mr. West's composition is highly classical and chaste; even the enlarging of the figures of Neptune and Britannia as deities is justified by the practice of the ancients, although the importance of the hero of the subject is in consequence reduced.

206. *Lord Nelson, when Second Lieutenant of the Lowestoffe frigate, Captain Locker, going to take possession of an American Letter of Marque, during a strong gale of wind, and a heavy sea, the First Lieutenant having returned, and declared it impracticable.* R. WESTALL, R. A.

211. *Lord Nelson, when commanding the Captain, of 74 guns, with a broad Pendant, R. W. Miller, Esq. Commander, in the Action off Cape St. Vincent, Feb. 14, 1797, receiving the Sword of the dying Spanish Commodore, after having boarded the San Nicolas, followed by Lieut. Barry, and Capt. Pearson; they immediately after boarded and took the San Josef.* R. WESTALL, R. A.

218. *Rear-Admiral Nelson, when in his Barge, with*

its usual Complement of Men, during the Blockade of Cadiz, July 3d, 1797, attacking a Spanish Launch, with 30 Men, which, after a severe Conflict, he succeeded in carrying. On this occasion Capt. Freemantle nobly supported the Admiral; and his Coxswain, John Sykes, repeatedly saved his life. R. WESTALL, R. A.

223. *Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson, in the act of landing on the Mole of Teneriffe, in July, 1797, dangerously wounded by a cannon-shot in his right arm, which was afterwards amputated. Upon this occasion his Life was saved by the attention and presence of mind of his Son-in-law, now Capt. Nisbet. Owing to the absence of this Gentleman his Portrait is left unfinished.*

R. WESTALL, R. A.

These four pictures, we understand, are intended to illustrate a life of the immortal Nelson. The subjects of all of them are admirably chosen, as they enable us to trace the progress of that enterprizing spirit, and contempt of danger, which equally adorned the character of this great man in his youth, as in his last and most splendid triumph. It is difficult to speak in terms of sufficient praise of the manner in which they are executed; whether we regard the variety of the characters, the spirit of the composition, or the colouring and effect.

Our limits will not allow of criticisms of sufficient length, to describe works of so elaborate a nature: we shall therefore content ourselves with noticing the passages which most particularly interested us. The varied actions of the sailors, in the first picture, opposed to the calm dignity of the young hero, are deserving of great approbation; particularly, as it appears to us that this is a subject of peculiar difficulty.---The groupe of the dying commodore, in the second picture, and the expression of his countenance, are exquisite; so indeed is the mixture of triumph and concern visible in the figure and head of Nelson.

The third picture is full of action and of danger, and well describes that scene which Lord Nelson thought the most perilous of his life; the countenances and dresses of the Spaniards are strongly characteristic, and the confident expression in the faces of the English give an assurance of their victory, in spite of the smallness of their number. In the fourth picture the varied expression of grief in

the attendants forms a strong contrast to the calm suffering of the fallen chief. The third picture is, in our opinion, the best, but either of them will afford a proof of the rapid progress which the artist is making.

210. *Portraits of Sir F. Baring; I. Baring, and —Wall, Esqrs.* T. LAWRENCE, R. A.—We consider this as the best work of this artist, and as far the best picture of portraits which the present exhibition can boast of. It has indeed an historical character, and the three figures form a most interesting groupe: they appear as merchants settling their accounts; all of them are excellent likenesses; that of Sir F. Baring is dignified beyond the usual character of the original, and is admirable; the head of Mr. Baring is, if possible, still better; the colouring and effect are vigorous and rich, and the whole work is deserving of the highest praise.

209. *The Italian Pastoral.* S. WOODFORDE, R. A. E.—This is a very elegant composition; the action of the figures is natural and easy, but the colouring rather crude.

207. *The Road Side:—Peasants resting.* W. OWEN, R. A.—This picture is excellently coloured, and grouped in a very pleasing way; the female figure has too much the air of a town lady in a rustic dress, but the face is beautiful; and the picture will certainly add to the deserved reputation of the artist.

225. *Mr. Dingwall.* I. OPIE, R. A.—This is certainly the finest picture of this master in the exhibition; it is painted in a very bold and masterly stile.

226. *The School-Boy.* H. THOMPSON, R. A.—We do not think this a successful effort, except in the colouring, which is tender and harmonious; the boy has an affectation in the turn of his head, the neck is too long, and the left hand, the action of which is natural, is too large.

231. *The Infant Bacchus, brought by Mercury to the Nymphs of Nysa.* H. HOWARD, A.—A very beautiful groupe; but there is in it a want of keeping which makes it very difficult to ascertain the situation of the flying Mercury: in all respects this picture is better than those which Mr. Howard exhibited last year, and deserves considerable approbation.

232. *Joseph and Mary resting with our Saviour, after a Day's Journey, on the Road to Egypt.* B. R. HAYDON.—This picture is not without a claim to praise. The general composition is correct, the drawing of the figures tolerably just, and the various parts studied with a diligent pencil. There is also an union and repose in the tone of the whole effect of colour, that is very pleasing; particularly as it coincides with the general idea of the subject. This picture is said to be the first historical attempt of a young artist; and, if so, we are glad to witness the care with which it appears to be executed. Fidelity of attention, and diligence of execution, are the best precursors of future excellence. What is called freedom of pencil is like Cicero's definition of *Fame* :—“The best is that *which follows, not that which is followed.*”

293. *Miss R. Boughton as Lavinia.* J. SAXON.—The colouring of this portrait is excellent, and the attitude well conceived and graceful, and does infinite credit to the artist, who has only lately appeared before the public. We observed with pain that this, as well as the other works of Mr. Saxon, are placed in situations the most discouraging to the artist; but rising merit like his cannot be long obscured.

309. *Cow-Boys.* A. W. CALLCOTT, A.—The hues in this picture are natural and beautiful; it is a successful imitation of the manner of Cuype; but the shape and size of the picture would have admitted of the introduction of some objects of greater height and importance in the fore-ground.

318. *Mr. Phillips.* J. SAXON.—This we think the best portrait which Mr. Saxon has this year produced. Mr. Phillips being a public character, to whose liberal encouragement of literature the country is highly indebted, the observer cannot fail being struck with the fidelity of the likeness.

In the Council-room, Library, and Antique Academy, there are few productions of any particular merit, if we except the drawings of Mr. Edridge, some sketches by Mrs. C. Long, two pictures by Mr. I. R. Smith, (noticed in our last Number) some exquisite water-colour portraits, by Miss Emma Smith; a few theatrical likenesses by De Wilde, and an excellent view of the interior of Lord

Grosvenor's hall, ornamented with pictures and statues, the design of Mr. Porden. We ought also to observe, that in the council-room there is a very beautiful little picture (No. 427, *Evening*,) by Mr. Callcott.

Among the sculpture in the lower room Mr. Rossi's design of Lord Nelson, for Liverpool, is eminently superior.

We very much regret that it is not in our power, in a selection of this kind, particularly to advert to the merits of each individual performance, but we trust we have not neglected any of the most prominent features of the Exhibition, and that our impartiality in bestowing applause, or administering censure, will not be doubted by any of our readers.

In No. VIII. of *The Artist*, is an ingenious paper from Mr. Thomas Hope, recommending as a part of *general education*, that youth should be early instructed in the first elements of drawing; and taught to trace the forms and proportions of the most finished of nature's productions, the human frame. This, Mr. Hope conceives, is the only means of diffusing a just taste throughout the country, and carrying our arts and manufactures to the necessary perfection. No. IX. contains an excellent essay from the pen of Mr. Northcote, in which he successfully combats the received opinion, that painting is the follower of, and dependent on poetry: No. X. Remarks on Criticism, Virtù, and the Rewards of Authors and Painters, by Mr. Cumberland: No. XI. On the supposed Influence of Fashion on our opinions of Beauty; with Remarks on the introductory Chapter of Mr. Knight's "Inquiry into the Principles of Taste." This paper is furnished by Mr. Hoppner; and is followed by a letter, containing an account of *the origin of design*, illustrated by a beautiful oriental narrative. In No. XII. will appear some cursory strictures on modern art, and particularly sculpture, in England, previous to the establishment of the Royal Academy.

Our intended continuation of the memoir of the late Mr. Opie, is deferred, on account of the length of our remarks on the Exhibition.

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

Novellettes. By Augustus Von Kotzebue. In Three Volumes, 12mo. 15s. Phillips. London, 1807.

These *Novellettes* are in the stile of all Kotzebue's other works. There is much to praise, and much to censure. He delights and disgusts almost in the same page; and we are afraid that these little stories, though the intention may be very moral, are more likely to mislead the head, and to corrupt the heart, than to produce any salutary effect.

The tales now published bear the following titles:

1. *The Grave on the Hill.* 2. *Shun even the Appearance of Vice.* 3. *The Guardian Angel.* 4. *The Revenge.* 5. *The Pigeon.* 6. *The Enthusiast.* 7. *The Vicar's Daughter.* 8. *The Little Lie.* 9. *Schad, a Benedictine Monk.* 10. *Insolent Arrogance.* 11. *The unhappy Husband's Complaint.* 12. *The Maid of Orleans, as Wife and Mother.* 13. *The Mysterious Cavern.*

The Grave on the Hill possesses no merit as a work of fancy. It is neither interesting nor natural, and we almost despise the heroine, who longs to detect her husband in an act of infidelity that she might forgive him, and, by this shew of generosity, recover his affections. The second story is still more insipid. In the *Guardian Angel* the author exhibits himself to more advantage. His descriptions are glowing, the incidents bold, and, though too romantic for belief, the narrative lays a strong hold of the feelings. The *Revenge* is extravagant, and has no recommendation to atone for its absurdity. A rich man is rejected by a young lady because he is not a nobleman. He hires a poor friend, a shoe-maker's son, to pass himself off for a man of rank, and supplies him with money to carry on the cheat more effectually. This honourable character, however, falls really in love, and,

overcome by his sentiments, discovers the iniquitous scheme that has been put in practice to betray her. His ingenuousness is rewarded by the offer of her hand in marriage.

The *Pigeon* is of a more pastoral character, and the construction of it is, upon the whole, pleasingly simple, though the simplicity sometimes borders on a silliness peculiar to the German writers.

The *Enthusiast* approaches nearer to living manners, and the moral is not without its use. A young married woman, who had borrowed her notions of the world principally from novels, interprets the calm, kind, confident affection of her husband into apathy or dislike—he has none of the raptures of romance, and therefore cannot love her. She plunges into fashionable dissipation, and her husband, feeling the inutility of reproaches, lays no restraint upon her conduct. Experience proves the absurdity of her notions, and the folly of her conduct. She repents; and, happily, before it is too late. The following incident is in Kotzebue's best stile, and we shall therefore give it at length.

“Ah (sighed Louisa) how wretched am I! . And why? What can I do to relieve myself? Oh! how I now repent of having read so many novels, which deluded me with fictions! Filled as my head was with romantic notions, I found my husband cold and insensible; but, alas! he is more amiable than any I have hitherto seen. He loves me but little—yet he does love me. He is no enthusiast, but he is always kind and obliging. Tranquillity, not violent passions, can produce happiness. Have I lost every claim to this happiness? Do I yet retain any part of the friendship, confidence, and regard of my husband? Perhaps I may—I have not been governed by vicious inclinations. I have been led astray by too violent feelings, and an erroneous judgment. But, will he hear, will he believe me?

“Fly to him, Louisa—Why dost thou delay? What holds thee back?—The dread of humiliation. He continued good and generous during all thy follies—will he forsake thee when thou returnest full of repentance? Thou canst not fail, by this step, of regaining what thou hast lost, and reconciling thyself again to him. We can never say all is lost, if we retain our own regard.”

Thus had a few sparks of virtue dispersed the mist which had clouded her reason. She resolved to throw herself at the feet of her husband. With a palpitating heart she reached his apartment—her hand was already on the lock of the door, when false shame held her back. She heard a noise, and flew again to her chamber. She made two more efforts to go, and twice more returned. Perhaps he was not alone: her heart again sunk: she heard the baron's

door shut; she listened anxiously;—he went through his apartment; and, as he passed, he asked, "How is my wife?"

"She is well," answered the servant.

Louisa was grieved that he should think so. She now heard his foot upon the stairs, and hastened to the window to look after him. The travelling carriage stood before the door; the baron entered it, and drove off.

"My God, the travelling carriage!" exclaimed Louisa, ringing the bell. The servant entered.

"Is my lord gone into the country?"

"He is gone to spend a few days in the country."

"Ah! (sighed Louisa,) why am I not with him!"

She shut herself up in her chamber, and was at home to no end. She wrote at least ten letters to the baron, and destroyed every one of them. A restless tenderness carried her to the chamber of her husband. She wished to pass her hours in solitude where he had passed his. She would sit upon his chair, and play with his dog. As she entered, the first thing which struck her eyes was her own picture, in her straw hat and white dress! [*The dress in which she first attracted the baron's notice.*] She stood some time before it, considering it with anguish. He had not banished her image. A ray of comfort now entered her soul, with the thought that he would not perhaps banish her from his society.

The countenance of the picture smiled cheerfully—that of the original swam in tears. "Thou oughtest not to laugh," said Louisa, and immediately a singular resolution took possession of her mind.

She rang for Paul, an old and faithful servant of the baron's, and ordered him to take the picture down, and carry it to her chamber.

"Dear lady, (said Paul,) this painting is my master's only comfort—how many hours have I seen him stand before it! And why should I conceal it—how many times have I surprised him weeping:—rob him not of this last joy!"

The baroness sobbed aloud. "Do as I bid you, (said she) I will restore the picture to its place before your master comes home." Paul obeyed, sighing. The baroness sent for a painter, who was desired to alter it according to her directions. In two days the picture was again in its place, and on the third the baron returned.

When he entered his apartment, he sought, as usual, the image of his wife; he started with surprise as he approached, and could scarcely believe his eyes! The straw hat was gone; the brown hair hung in disorder; instead of smiles stood a tear on the pale cheek. "Is it—can it be possible! Yes, I understand thee, dear Louisa,—thou art again mine—thou hast seen thy errors, and repentest—thou art again mine!"

With these words he flew to the apartment of the baroness—she sat anxiously waiting for him. What the pencil of the painter had imitated, he here saw in reality:—the disordered hair—the pale cheek—the tearful eye. When she heard the steps of the baron, she arose to meet him, and would have fallen on the ground, had not his arms received her.

"Louisa, have I understood thee?" She sobbed on his bosom, and attempted to speak, but he sealed her lips with kisses.

Happy moment! The commencement of many happy years! In a few days they left the city, and passed their lives in peace, love, and tranquillity, in the country."

The *Little Lie* is written to exemplify the fatal consequences to which the concealment of the truth, though without base motives, may probably lead. There is considerable ingenuity in this tale, but the conclusion of it is unnecessarily tragic. The moral did not require so melancholy a catastrophe.

The *Schad* is stated to be a *true story*. The object of it is to ridicule the superstitious mummeries of the Jesuits: and in this exposure some indecencies occur which disgrace the writer, and are not to be read without indignation and disgust. *Insolent Arrogance* is rather an anecdote than a novel. The author would fain infer that the French revolution was as much owing to the arrogance of the French noblesse as to any other cause. The *Unhappy Husband's Complaint* is another anecdote somewhat more whimsical. The article on the *Maid of Orleans* goes to establish, on the authority of an old manuscript, that Joan of Arc was not burnt by the English, but that she escaped, and was married, and bore children.

The *Mysterious Cavern* is one of the best pieces in the collection; but the spirit of *Hedwig* neither interests nor terrifies, and is introduced only at the conclusion of the story to destroy the effect of all the preceding circumstances.

The *Vicar and his Daughter* is the most important story of the whole. It is a tale of *seduction*, and terminates very affectingly, though there is nothing new or forcible in the incidents. The vanity of a husband in introducing his wife into company that she may be the object of public admiration is represented as the primary source of the misfortune; but as no man could guard against the villainies which are practised to injure Fernau's honour, and no innocence escape the artifices that are employed to ensnare the virtue of his wife, little benefit can be derived from the author's lesson.

In the course of the volumes there are some flings at nobility and religion in the usual stile of our author, who is of Rousseau's school; and is alternately pathetic and familiar, trifling and animated, moral and immoral, refined and gross, devout and impious.

The Stranger in England; or, Travels in Great Britain. Containing Remarks on the Politics, Laws, Manners, Customs, and distinguished Characters of that Country; and chiefly its Metropolis: with Criticisms on the Stage. The whole interspersed with a Variety of Characteristic Anecdotes. From the German of C. A. G. Goede. In Three Volumes, 12mo.; 15s. Matthews and Leigh, London: 1807.

The statements and opinions of Englishmen, with respect to other countries, have always been perused here with great avidity; but as we can neither confirm nor refute the accounts they are pleased to deliver to us, the authors, no doubt, frequently give a loose to imagination; and, when they are at a loss for facts, substitute whatever comes uppermost, without regard either to truth or probability. Their maxim is to *elevate and surprize*, and, setting detection at defiance, they boldly follow the career of *Baron Munchausen*, resolved to be equally marvellous, if they cannot rival him in entertainment. The *Stranger in England*, on the contrary, is more likely to deceive *himself* than *us*: if he *says his mind freely*, his remarks will merit our attention; he will exhibit to us, in their true colours, many manners and customs to which our national prejudice has given a hue that does not properly belong to them; and even his *own prejudices* (for what country is without them?) will afford matter for reflection and enquiry that may prove both interesting and useful.

M. Goede seems to be an ingenuous and intelligent writer; and, as far as we are enabled to judge, has taken a close and pretty accurate survey of our country. He arrived in England in 1802, just before the peace of Amiens, and remained here nearly two years. On his return to Germany he communicated his observations to his countrymen in five volumes, from which the most interesting parts are extracted in this translation.

The author commences with a liberal, and we feel happy in adding, a just compliment to our nation, "where (he says,) the genius of commerce has erected his standard, and the goddess of liberty has fixed her abode."

"The generality of travellers found their expectation respecting the national wealth of this country, upon the airy visions of their own heated brains. They figure to themselves magnificent castles for the nobles, streets composed of splendid palaces for the rich, and every exterior of pomp and luxury: while the people form a back ground to their picture, grouped in miserable classes of poverty and wretchedness. But what do they find the reality? Here Princes, Lords, and Commons, inhabit one description of houses; and many a wealthy Englishman devotes his life to the simplicity and domestic comforts of retirement.—No powerful baron presumes to aim at unbecoming pre-eminence; misery retires to the asylum which humanity provides for its relief; and an enviable equality is every where visible. The people appear to govern, while they obey; and never, on important questions, are they to be awed into a passive and abject submission."

As M. Goede has travelled into different parts of the world, he makes several comparisons between London and the principal cities of other countries, particularly *Paris*; and his observations seem to be guided by candour and veracity. These comparisons, and the reflections which the author indulges on our manners and amusements, are in fact the most valuable part of his performance, for we cannot feel much interested by descriptions of buildings and streets which we daily see, or of occupations in which we are constantly employed; though even here there may be sufficient novelty to many Englishmen, who, feeling no curiosity, have made no enquiries, and who, having once visited the Tower, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, and the Monument, are satisfied that they have seen every thing in the metropolis that is worthy of attention.

We thank M. Goede for the following opinion of our domestic character:

"I do not know a more interesting sight than an English fire side: and though the English are described to be a people unsusceptible of the finer feelings of the soul, and insensible to the charms of filial or parental affection, all who have had opportunities of domesticating in English families, must smile at the invidious falsehood.

This remark I understand to have originated in a Frenchman; and I cannot forbear laughing at the impudence of the charge, when I reflect, that, in France, no ties, not even that of marriage, are more lightly considered, than those of consanguinity.

In England, a magic circle round the fire-side, encompasses every blessing; they love, but they seem to do so in their own way. An Englishman detests the very semblance of any thing senti-

mental ; whereas the third word from a Frenchman's lips, is always "*his heart*." Now, in this country, I have never heard the term mentioned, except by divines or anatomists. The English are satisfied with the consciousness of feeling love, friendship, gratitude, and every honourable emotion; they leave the parade to others. A Frenchman will shed tears over a misfortune; an Englishman labours to conceal the agitations of his mind, and will force a smile upon his cheek, when his inward emotions are those of excessive grief. The former vents his boisterous friendship in a long embrace; the latter shews his cordiality by giving his friend a heartier shake by the hand. Hence it may fairly be inferred, that although the mutual affections between parents and children, are not manifest to every casual observer; yet to such as have an opportunity to observe their character, it is obvious, that this *apparent* coldness is the effect of constitutional prejudice, and has nothing to do with the real sensations by which they are actuated. There are moments, however, in all countries, when the heart opens involuntarily; and those are, perhaps, the most exquisite of our lives.

His remarks on English authors, booksellers, painters, statuary, and actors, are in general just; but Dr. Johnson is treated with too much contempt, and Peter Pindar with a superabundance of respect. We believe the anecdote is quite new that "the first happy impression made in favour of German productions arose from Mr. Pitt; who, in a very large company, passed a high eulogium on the '*Robbers*,' by Schiller; a translation of which he had read with pleasure. This declared opinion gave celebrity to the work, and successive editions were rapidly called for." We suspect that there is about as much truth in this report, as in the notion that prevails (as Mr. Goede tells us in another place) on the continent, that Warren Hastings *bribed the House of Lords to acquit him!*

On the English stage, and the art of acting, the author has expatiated at some length, and has shewn more liberality, and more knowledge of the subject, than we usually find in foreigners when they discuss this topic. He is of opinion that the English stage has lost much of its former splendour, and that it is rapidly decaying. The opinions of Dr. Johnson, who, in a former chapter, has been looked upon as the foe of literature, are also supposed to have contributed to the decline of the theatre. Instead of stopping to combat this error, we shall extract the passage in which the author describes the personal requisites of Mr. Kemble and Mr. Cooke. Of these great actors he speaks fully, and very ably.

The countenance of Kemble is the noblest and most refined ; but the muscles are not so much at command as Cocke's are, who is also a first-rate comedian ; but Kemble almost wholly rejects the comic muse. Both are most excellent in the gradual changes of the countenance ; in which the inward emotions of the soul are depicted and interwoven as they flow from the mind. In this excellence I cannot compare any German actors, whom I have seen, with them, unless it be Issland and Christ ; among French tragedians, even Talma and Lafond are far inferior to them.

Again,

Kemble has a very graceful manly figure, is perfectly well made, and his naturally commanding stature appears extremely dignified in every picturesque position, which he studies most assiduously. His face is one of the noblest I ever saw on any stage, being a fine oval, exhibiting a handsome Roman nose, a well-formed and closed mouth ; his fiery and somewhat romantic eyes retreat as it were, and are shadowed by bushy eye-brows ; his front is open and little vaulted ; his chin prominent and rather pointed ; and his features so softly interwoven, that no deeply-marked line is perceptible. His physiognomy, indeed, commands at first sight ; since it denotes, in the most expressive manner, a man of refined sentiment, enlightened mind, and correct judgment. Without the romantic look in his eyes, the face of Kemble would be that of a well-bred, cold, and selfish man of the world ; but this look, from which an ardent fancy emanates, softens the point of the chin and the closeness of the mouth. His voice is pleasing, but feeble ; of small compass, but extreme depth. This is, as has been previously observed, the greatest natural impediment with which he, to whom nature has been thus bountiful, has still to contend.

Cooke does not possess the elegant figure of Kemble ; but his countenance beams with great expression. The most prominent features in the physiognomy of Cooke are a long and somewhat hooked nose, a pair of fiery and expressive eyes, a lofty and somewhat broad front, and the lines of his muscles which move the lips are pointedly marked. His countenance is certainly not so dignified, as that of Kemble, but it discovers greater passion ; and few actors are, perhaps, capable of delineating, in more glowing colours, the storm of a violent passion than Cooke. His voice is powerful, and of great compass ; a pre-eminence which he possesses over Kemble, of which he skilfully avails himself. His exterior movements are, by far, inferior in the picturesque to those of Kemble.

From these specimens our readers may form a judgment of the entertainment which these volumes will afford. The style is light and lively, and, among the contents, there is something to please every description of readers. The translation is dedicated to Sir John Carr, the intelligent author of the *Stranger in France*, *Stranger in Ireland*, and several other popular works.

All the Talents; a Satirical Poem, in Three Dialogues.
By Polypus. 8vo. 3s. 6d. Stockdale; 1807.

"These pages were written without any motives whatever of party, private resentment, or personal interest." *Credat qui vult*, for we do not;—no publication ever smelt stronger of party; and the satire is frequently tinctured with venom and falsehood, which, if they do not flow from private resentment, have probably a much worse origin. The author, however, is himself a man of talent, and evidently belongs to that school which produced the *Pursuits of Literature*, the *Baviad*, *Macviad*, &c. "*Their name is legion, for they are many.*" But we shall leave the politicians to fight their own battles, and, not thinking it worth our while to disagree with the author on the subject of *all the Talents*, we shall amuse our readers with his opinion of Mr. Kemble's celebrated *atches*, in which perhaps every body will concur.

"Not more agape the stupid audience star'd
When Kemble spoke of *atches* and a *baird*."

"I once (says Polypus) thought Mr. Kemble classical; I now find him pedantic. In the name of common sense, and the end of language, (which is, I suppose, to speak intelligibly,) what can Mr. Kemble mean by calling *atches*, *atches*? Does *atches* mend the meaning? No. Does *atches* perform any one act either useful or ornamental? No. *Aitches*, then, it seems, is an old dead gentleman conjured from the grave, to terrify a worthy sentence, 'till it loses its wits, and talks what nobody can comprehend. I do not see why Mr. K. should puzzle an entire audience, in order to shew that he once read an old edition of Shakspeare. And let me add, that his obstinacy in adhering to this absurd pronunciation, after the nightly hisses it experiences, betrays an ignorance of decorum, and a want of humility, that always accompanies much vanity, and little learning."

This fling at the late ministry is attributed to Mr. Frere.

All the Blocks! Or, an Antidote to 'All the Talents,' a Satirical Poem. In Three Dialogues. By Flagellum.
8vo. 3s. 6d. Mathews and Leigh; 1807.

The poem we have just noticed is in ridicule of *All the Talents*. The object of this performance is to shew that the present administration possesses no talents at all.

The public will judge which of the two is in the right-- "their bane and *antidote* are both before them." The presumption is certainly strongest on the side of *Flagellum*, who may reasonably wonder how a *lawyer* can be a good *financier*; a *general officer*, a proper conductor of our *naval affairs*; a *Secretary of State*, who is said to be ignorant of the *French language*, a skilful negociator with *Foreign Ministers*; and a Noble Duke, who retired from public life a few years ago, on account of his *increasing age and infirmities*, a competent person to guide the helm of our state-vessel through the storms and tempests of these critical and portentous times!

We have one consolation amid all these changes, and struggles for political power. Whatever may be the skill or ignorance of our rulers, we believe there is sufficient good sense and public spirit in the country, to support it under all its difficulties, in spite of impotent or ambitious ministers, a factious opposition, pretended loyalists, or mock patriots.

Stultifera Navis; Or, The Modern Ship of Fools. 12mo. 8s. Miller; 1807.

A work intended to be satirical, upon the plan of Alexander Barclay's *Ship of Fools*, first printed in 1509. We have read some of the text, and a few of the notes, but as we can understand neither, we presume the author will assign to us a seat in his *Stultifera Navis*.

The contents are included in fifty-six sections, of which the first and the last seem very much to the purpose. One treats of *foolish unprofitable books*, and the other informs us that the *author is a fool*.

A Treatise on Indigence; Exhibiting a General View of the National Resources for Productive Labour; with Propositions for ameliorating the Condition of the Poor, and improving the Moral Habits, and increasing the Comforts of the Labouring People, particularly the rising Generation, by Regulations of Political Economy, calculated to prevent Poverty from descending into Indigence, to produce Sobriety and Industry, to reduce the Parochial Rates of the Kingdom, and generally to promote the Happiness and Security of the Community at large, by the Diminution of Moral and

Penal Offences, and the future Prevention of Crimes.
By P. Colquhoun, Esq. L. L. D. 8vo. pp. 302.
Hatchard; 1807.

This copious title affords a good general view of the work. The intelligent and indefatigable magistrate, who has so ably investigated our system of police, and so materially improved it, has collected his thoughts and observations on the present condition of the poor, in the hope that they may be found interesting and useful at this crisis, when the legislature appears inclined to bestow its serious attention upon so important a subject.

Mr. Colquhoun makes these distinctions between *indigence* and *poverty*.

"*Poverty* is that state and condition in society where the individual has no surplus labour in store, and, consequently, no property but what is derived from the constant exercise of industry in the various occupations of life; or in other words, it is the state of every one who must labour for subsistence.

Poverty is therefore a most necessary and indispensable ingredient in society, without which nations and communities could not exist in a state of civilization. It is the lot of man—it is the source of *wealth*, since without poverty there would be no labour, and without labour there could be no riches, no refinement, no comfort, and no benefit to those who may be possessed of wealth—inasmuch as without a large proportion of poverty, surplus labour could never be rendered productive in procuring either the conveniences or luxuries of life.

Indigence therefore, and not *poverty*, is the evil. It is that condition in society which implies want, misery, and distress. It is the state of any one who is destitute of the means of subsistence, and is unable to labour to procure it to the extent nature requires. The natural source of subsistence is the labour of the individual; while that remains with him, he is denominated *poor*: when it fails in whole or in part he becomes *indigent*.

The condition of man is susceptible of four material distinctions:

- | | |
|--|--------------|
| 1. Utter inability to procure subsistence | } Indigence. |
| 2. Inadequate ability — — — — | |
| 3. Adequate ability and no more — — | Poverty. |
| 4. Extra ability, which is the ordinary state of man, and is the source of wealth. | |

But it may happen, and does sometimes happen in civil life, that a man may have ability to labour, and cannot obtain it. He may have labour in his possession, without being able to dispose of it.

The great desideratum, therefore, is to prop up *poverty* by judicious arrangements at those critical periods when it is in danger of descending into indigence. The barrier between these

two conditions in society is often slender, and the public interest requires that it should be narrowly guarded, since every individual who retrogrades into indigence, becomes a loss to the body politic, not only in the diminution of a certain portion of productive labour, but also in an additional pressure on the community by the necessary support of the person and his family, who have thus descended into indigence."

The work will be found to contain an abundance of valuable information, arranged under different heads, and many wise and excellent propositions for the improvement of society. Among the remedies suggested are, the establishment of a board of general and internal police; an improved system of friendly societies; a board of education for the superintendence of the children of the poor, under a national system; and some new regulations respecting apprentices. Mr. Colquhoun's statements are founded upon authentic documents, and his remarks and inferences merit the most serious and deliberate attention. Of such a production we can only point out the general tendency; and the author's chief design being to prevent moral and criminal offences, rather than to punish them, every friend to his country and to humanity will, of course, be anxious to promote so benevolent and desirable an object.

The Curfew; a Play, in Five Acts; as performed at the Theatre Royal, Drury-Lane. By the late John Tobin, Esq. Author of the Honey-Moon. 3vo. 2s. 6d. Phillips; 1807.

We have pointed out the *dramatic merit* of this play in a former Number. It remains to give a specimen of the language, according to our promise; and we consider the following as exhibiting the poetical powers of the author to their best advantage.

Matilda's exculpation of herself from the charge of witchcraft is in the true spirit of poetry.

MAT. Holy father,
I answer with the voice of innocence,
That I enjoy the silent hour of night,
And shun the noisy tumult of the day,
Prize the pale moon beyond the solar blaze,
And choose to meditate while others sleep.
If these are crimes I am most culpable.
For, from the inmost feeling of my soul,

I love the awful majesty sublime
 Of Nature in her stillness—To o'erlook,
 Fixt on some bleak and barren promontory,
 The wide interminable waste of waves;
 To gaze upon the star-wrought firmament
 Till mine eyes ache with wonder—these are joys
 I gather undisturb'd—The day's delights
 I am proscrib'd; and, if I venture forth
 To taste the morning's freshness, I am star'd at
 As one of nature's strangest prodigies.
 At my unmeasur'd step, and rude attire,
 The speechless babe is taught to point the finger,
 And unbreech'd urchins hoot me as I pass,
 And drive me to the shelter of my cottage.
 The very dogs are taught to bark at me!
 But to your charge: I am accused, most wrongly,
 Of having both the faculty and will
 To 'infest the earth with plagues, and man with sickness—
 Of holding converse with superior beings:—
 Why, what a mockery of sense is this?
 It is the wildest stuff of folly's dreams,
 That I, possessing super-human pow'r,
 Should thus submit to human agency,
 And being brought by your rude vassals here,
 Stand to be judg'd by man!

Again, when she offers to restore to the baron his supposed dead wife:

MAT. Be she in heav'n or hell, I'll bring her to thee—
 Scatter'd throughout the ocean, I'll reknit
 Her sea-bleach'd bones, put living flesh upon them,
 Light up her eyeless sockets with twin stars,
 Bid the warm blood rush thro' her kindling veins,
 And her heart beat with new-created life;
 A breathing woman she shall stand before thee,
 And thou, in freezing horror and amazement,
 Shalt look more like a corse unshrouded.

After perusing these extracts, who can refrain, in the present theatrical dearth, from lamenting the early death of so promising a dramatic poet?

An Epitome of Scripture History; chiefly abstracted from Dr. Watts' Short View, &c. 12mo. 4s. Darton and Harvey; 1807.

We can heartily recommend this useful abridgement, as a very fit compendium to be put into the hands of

young persons, in order to familiarize them with the most striking events recorded in the Bible. The stile is judiciously adapted to their tender capacities.

A Defence of the Slave Trade, on the Grounds of Humanity, Policy, and Justice. 8vo. 2s. Hipley; 1807.

We think the author might have left *humanity* out of the question. Of the *policy* of the trade we have great doubts, but none of its iniquity. In point of *justice*, his ground is still less tenable; for how can we reconcile a *justice* to the interests of a few mercenary individuals, with *injustice* and cruelty to the whole African race?

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

Six Divertimentos for the Piano Forte, with an Accompaniment for the German Flute, composed by I. F. Hering, Op. 4. Price 6s. Longman.

These divertimentos are evidently written for younger performers than the sonatas which we noticed last month. They are composed in an easy, familiar style, and, although devoid of any striking beauties, are not by any means uninteresting. The movements are well contrasted, and relieve each other with considerable effect. The flute accompaniment is judiciously adapted, and the work on the whole will be found a pleasing and useful addition to the piano forte music of young performers.

Nos. 2 and 3. Monthly Minstrelsy; a periodical Miscellany of Poetry and Prose, written and composed by T. D. Worgan, Price 1s. each.

No. 2 of this work contains a ballad, of which some of the passages are pretty, but the general effect rather dull, from the too frequent repetition of the same ideas. The air is supported by a busy accompaniment. The waltz which follows would have been more in place amongst a set of country dances. The complaint which Mr. Worgan makes so angrily against Messrs. Harris and Kemble, for rejecting his opera, we think had much better have been omitted; the prologue is very well. No. 3 contains a duett, which is certainly the best composition that Mr. Worgan has inserted in this work. Considerable ingenuity is displayed in the contrivance, and skill in the arrangement of it: the parts lead into, and answer each other, so as to produce an effect both novel and pleasing; and the accompaniment discovers taste and judgment.

"The Maid of Murlivale,"

As sung by Mr. Vaughan, with the greatest applause; the words by T. Moore, Esq. set to Music with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano Forte, by W. Fish. Price 1s. 6d. Broderip and Wilkinson.

This song possesses some merit. The air certainly does not discover much originality; but, assisted by an accompaniment which is varied through every verse, the *tout ensemble* produces rather a pleasing effect. The chief fault of the song lies in the indiscriminate use of ornament; indeed, Mr. Fish has scattered his embellishments with so liberal a hand, that it is rather difficult for the singer to add to the number. Mr. Braham, we believe, began the custom of publishing his compositions with the ornaments which bedecked them; whether this was to shew his skill as a composer, or to display his powers as a singer, we know not; but, in our opinion, it is a custom much "more honour'd in the breach than the observance."

"Borne in yon blaze of orient sky,"

A favourite Duett, as sung by Mr. and Mrs. Vaughan, with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte, composed and respectfully inscribed to Lady Frances Pratt, by Dr. John Clarke, of Cambridge. The Poetry by the late Dr. Darwin. Price 2s. 6d. Birchall.

This is one of the best duetts that we have for some time noticed. Dr. Clarke has displayed much taste in the conception, and skill in the arrangement of it; the parts sing well together, and there is a gracefulness as well as brilliancy throughout, which bespeaks the genius of the composer. The divisions, although not entirely new, are elegant; and the duett, on the whole, will certainly add to Dr. Clarke's well-earned reputation.

No. 3. *The Vocal Magazine, consisting of Canzonets, Madrigals, Songs, Duets, Trios, Glees, &c. composed by Jos. Kemp. Price 3s. Wheatstone.*

The first piece of this number is an air adapted to Shenstone's ballad of "*O sweet Anne Page*." The melody is very simple, and will depend for effect almost entirely on the ability of the singer. The ballad which follows is well conceived, a bold and somewhat novel accompaniment greatly heightens its effect, and gives it a considerable degree of spirit. The glee "*I love a foe like Cathmor*," displays very fair talents for that species of composition: the first movement opens well, and the subject is worked up with judgment; the larghetto which leads again into the first movement is pleasing and elegant. Mr Kemp keeps up the character of his work with considerable spirit, and we hope he meets with that encouragement of which he is really deserving.

Prelude and Air for the Piano Forte, composed by W. Crotch, Mus. Doc. Price 1s. 6d. Birchall.

Of Dr. Crotch, as a composer, it is impossible to speak but in terms of the highest commendation. It frequently happens that such persons as discover great and extraordinary talents at an early

age, do not as they grow up attain that pre-eminence which they at first seemed likely to claim; but of Dr. Crotch it may fairly be said, that his powers as a musician have "grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength." The exuberant and florid style, which some of his youthful compositions displayed, is softened and chastized by the experience of more mature judgment. Devotedly attached to the unrivalled works of Handel; he seems destined to preserve the style of that greatest of composers; and he is, perhaps, without exception, the most successful disciple of our great master of song. The present composition is evidently formed on the style of Handel's harpsichord lessons. The first movement contains those rich and magnificent combinations of sound, those masterly strokes of modulation, which distinguish the preludes of Handel. The air forcibly reminds us of that well-known and exquisite one which is contained in the No. 5 of Handel's first set. The variations are most skilfully and pleasingly conceived, and the lesson will be found an exquisite treat to all lovers of good music.

"The Beggars,"

A favourite Glee for three Voices, sung by the Messrs Knyvett at the Nobility's Concerts, composed by Wm. Knyvett: Price 1s. 6d. Birchall.

Mr. Knyvett is very well known as a singer, but his compositions we believe have not been numerous. Such of them as have come under our knowledge, especially his glees, have been quite deserving that public approbation which they have generally obtained. The glee before us, we must confess, we do not think very highly of: as a composition it is rather destitute of invention, and seems to depend on the assistance of a busy accompaniment for effect. We have before expressed our opinion on the practice of writing accompaniments to glees; we see no reason to change it: for a good glee needs not the addition of an accompaniment; and the defects of a bad one are very ill compensated for, by an extra quantity of noise.

Mr. Dibdin is about to publish a periodical work, to be completed in twenty-six numbers, consisting of a series of short and simple essays and songs, calculated to assist the musical education of young ladies. The work will be entitled the *Musical Mentor*, or *St. Cecilia at School*.

Dr. John Clarke, of Cambridge, is preparing for publication a Selection from the Works of PURCELL, to consist of his most favourite songs, duetts, &c. with an accompaniment for the Piano Forte.

(Notices of musical publications will be thankfully received, and inserted in this department of our work.)

THE DRAMA.

 ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE. — *Shakspeare.*

DRAMATIC FICTION AND IMITATION.

The foundation of dramatic poetry is not barely imitation, which has, in common with all other kinds, but probable fiction, or well-invented fable. I need not say much in justification of fiction: the best writers have often employed it to make the strongest impressions, and to convey the most important truths. The *Greeks* always began the education of their children by it; their first theology and philosophy was concealed under it. *Strabo*, in his first book, has a fine passage that makes to this purpose—"In the first place, (says that judicious writer,) poets are not alone in the use of fables: critics and law-givers had long before employed them, both for their usefulness, and in conformity to the natural inclination of a rational creature. Man is willing to learn, and fable opens him the way. By this our children begin to hearken to what we say; the reason of which is, that fable is a kind of a new story, not of what really is, but of something very different. Now nothing delights the understanding more than what is new and strange, and it is this makes us love the sciences. Therefore if you add the wonderful and marvellous to fable, that infinitely increases our delight, which is the first inducement to learn. It is therefore highly proper to make use of fable, to draw the tender minds of children to the love of knowledge; and when they are more advanced in years, and their understanding has gathered strength, so that there is no longer occasion to caress and indulge them, then let them be introduced into real science, and taught to know things by what they are." Thus far *Strabo*.

It is certainly true, that the strong propensity to imitation, which nature has implanted in us, is the source of all study and application. This disposition gives fiction, which is only a happy imitation of what might probably happen, a great advantage over truth itself, which being artless, and of ordinary occurrence, has less power

to excite and keep up our attention. Besides, in a just imitation, one discovers that subtilty and address in the contrivance, which, by setting the mind upon making proper reflections, puts it in the way to discover something new: and, according to Aristotlé, (*Rhet. Lib. 1. Cap. 11.*) the pleasure we take in seeing a just imitation, does not arise from the beauty of the original imitated, but from the mind's thereby finding the means to reason and instruct itself agreeably. Hence some philosophers very justly argued against the Epicureans, when they maintained, that the pleasure people take at shows can arise neither from the sense of hearing nor seeing, but from the mind only, which understands and judges. An instance from painting will illustrate *Aristotle's* position. Most grotesque figures, that please by their ridiculous deformity in a picture, would give disgust in the originals. So monsters and other hideous shapes, that we can consider without emotion upon the canvas, and in colours, would, if they were really present, fill us with horror and aversion. But to return to fiction—

As it is the soul of all poetry, but particularly the dramatic and epic, so it is that which makes the most essential difference between the historian and the poet. *Aristotle* (*Poet. Cap. 9.*) seems to have established this truth. 'Should any one, (says the philosopher,) put Herodotus's history into verse, it would be but history still. Here then is the difference. The historian describes what has happened, and the poet, what might, or ought to come to pass. So that poetry is more grave and moral than history, because the former says general things, and the latter only particulars. A general thing is what every man, of such a certain character, should probably say or do, &c. This is the very method which poetry follows, when it gives proper names to its characters. A particular thing is what *Alcibiades*, for instance, has actually said or done, &c. This most evidently appears in comedy; (meaning the middle *Greek* comedy), for the comic poets having formed the plan of their subject agreeable to probability, impose what names they please afterwards upon their characters, not imitating the satirists, who apply them to particulars. It is true, the tragic poets often use real names; but the reason is, because what has happened must be credible; however it is common for them

to think one or two known names sufficient, and invent the rest. Nay, there are tragedies extant, where no part of the subject is known; as the *Flower of Agathon*; in which play, all the names, as well as things, were of the poet's invention: and yet it met with general approbation. Besides, such subjects as are known, are known but to few persons, and yet, when brought on the stage, they divert all. So that it is manifest, that a dramatic poet is more obliged to be the author of his subject, than his verses, since he is a poet only by imitation.' So far *Aristotle* on this head. I think the philosopher's words want no explanation, unless where he has said, that dramatic poetry is more grave and philosophical than history: and his proof is sufficient. For, as particular facts are the subject of history, it can never be so well proportioned to the generality of readers, as poetry, which treats of general matters. A man may read a whole history through, without meeting with one occurrence to his particular purpose, during the whole course of his life; and those whom it may seem to suit in some respects, may live many years before they have occasion to put them in practice. Besides, facts never can instruct us so well as the knowledge of the causes of those facts, which the historian seldom does, and hardly ever can explain, as being, for the most part, concealed from his knowledge: so that the best he can do, is to give you his own conjectures. But the poet, being the master of his subject, advances nothing, of which he does not let you into the motive, explaining the causes and effects of every the most minute incident. History has only narration to recommend it to our observation. Dramatic poetry has all the advantages of action and representation to enforce it. Every thing is animated in tragedy. All our senses and passions are employed. But further; history does not borrow the assistance of philosophy, harmony, and numbers, which poetry does, to enliven and adorn it. If these reflections will not convince us, that *Aristotle* thoroughly understood the nature of the two arts, when he said, that poetry was more moral than history, we may turn to *Horace*, who has said more of Epic poetry, giving it the preference to philosophy for instruction. And yet Epic poetry, as it has not the help

of the stage, and does not raise the passions, is so far inferior, at least of less power and efficacy than tragedy. But hear Horace—

*Troiani belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli,
Dum tu declamas Romæ, Præneste relegi;
Qui quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
Rectius et melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit.*

Lib. I. Epist. 2.

While you to plead at *Rome*, my friend, remain,
I here have read my *Homer* o'er again :
Who hath what's base, what decent, just, and good,
Clearer than *Crantor* or *Chrysippus* shew'd.

Creech.

When *Homer* paints the anger of *Achilles*, it is with an intent to shew what violence and anger may make men of his character do and say. *Achilles* is a general and allegorical person in the *Iliad*. The same holds good of the heroes in tragedy. Even the old comedy was not altogether deficient in this respect. For instance, when *Aristophanes* names some of the persons in his plays, *Socrates*, *Euripides*, *Cleon*, *Hyperbolus*, *Lamachus*, though they were real names, the subject was fictitious in the main, and to be considered as something general. In like manner, when a tragic poet takes his subject from true history, it becomes general and allegorical, as well as that which is wholly fictitious, and of his own invention. A great reason that induces poets to give known and real names to their characters, is the better to persuade the audience of the probability of the action. Besides, they hence very often take occasion to adapt some of the real adventures of those persons to their fiction, and extract such ingenious episodes from them, as very much heighten the probability of the whole, and make it sometimes pass with the audience for a true history.

S.

THE FOREIGN THEATRES.

AMERICA.

From Junsen's Stranger in America.

THE first dramatic representation in the then colonies of America, was performed in Philadelphia, by a small company from England, under the management of Mr.

Douglass, father-in-law to Mr. Hallam, of the New York theatre, and Mrs. Mattocks, of Covent Garden. Some few years before the commencement of the revolutionary war, Douglass had erected a regular theatre in Philadelphia; but that event drove him to seek his fortune in the West India islands.

Peace being restored, Mr. Hallam, in right of his father-in-law, claimed the theatre, and went to London for performers. He there acted Hamlet, I believe at Drury-lane, and with some success. Having formed a connection with Mr. Henry, who about that time unsuccessfully attempted the arduous part of Othello, at Covent Garden, they made up a small company, among whom were Mr. and Mrs. Kenna, of the Manchester company, Mr. and Mrs. Morris, Mr. Harper, a young gentleman of promising abilities, and a few recruits from strolling companies. The theatre in Philadelphia was fitted up and embellished in a good style; the scenery dresses, and decorations, being far superior to what Douglass had exhibited. The astonishment of the Americans, at the first representation of a tragedy, which required magnificence, may easily be imagined. The theatre immediately became a place of fashionable resort, to the great emolument of the performers.

In the company was a favourite actor of the name of Wignall, who, aspiring to management, had the address, in concert with Mr. Reinagle, a musician, and a monied man, to obtain a large subscription, towards erecting a new and more spacious theatre. He saw the foundation laid, and then embarked for England, in order to form a company which might excel that from which he had lately seceded. The other managers were not idle in counteracting his plans. Mr. Henry arrived before him and engaged Mr. and Mrs. Hodgkinson, [late Miss Brett] of the Bath company, the celebrated Mrs. Wroughton, of Drury-lane, who at that time was under some unhappy domestic embarrassment, Mr. Prigmore, of the Rochester theatre, and a few others of established reputation in the provincial companies. This formidable reinforcement arrived, and performed with unbounded applause a whole season before the new theatre opened.

Wignal was long delayed in England; but, in the summer of 1793, he arrived in the river Delaware, with a company which would have done credit to a theatre-royal. At this time the yellow fever first broke out in Philadelphia, and raged to a most alarming degree. The actors were landed at Wilmington, 30 miles below the seat of contagion; and, in the winter, opened their campaign in an elegant new theatre in Chesnut-street. The other theatre, with what was called the old American company, had also commenced the season; and at no period during the management of Garrick at Drury-Lane, and Rich at Covent-Garden, was rivalry carried on with more spirit. The inhabitants flocked alternately to each, and the comparative merits of the companies formed the principal subject of the day. Mr. Hodgkinson had become deservedly very popular; and, to oppose him, Mr. Fennel, as the champion of the new company, came forward in Othello, and was received with bursts of applause. In comic operas Mrs. Wrihten had delighted the audience, supported by Mrs. Hodgkinson, also a first-rate singer. To these were opposed Mrs. Oldmixon, (late Miss George, of Drury-Lane,) Miss Broadhurst, from Covent-Garden, and Mrs. Seymour, from the Portsmouth theatre; and thus both houses gave a rich musical treat, alternately with comedy and tragedy, every night during the season, and to overflowing houses. In Wignal's company were also Chalmers, formerly the harlequin at Covent-Garden, but now a first-rate comedian; Darley, from the same theatre; young Blisset, from Bath; Warren, Francis, Biddle, Green, Finch, &c. all eminent in their line of acting. Tragedy, from the support of Mrs. Merry, was decidedly in favour of the new company; the other house having no actress to stand in competition with her. On the other hand, with the lively acting of Mrs. Hodgkinson, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Hallam, and Mrs. Morris, comedy seemed to incline to the old American company. The ballet-dances, at the new theatre, had a powerful attraction. They were led by Byrne, from Covent-Garden, assisted by Francis, a good dancer, and a favourite comic performer. Philadelphia, notwithstanding the fever in the summer, was a scene of gaiety in the winter. Besides the attraction of

the theatres, -Rickets and Lailson* had each amphitheatres, whose rival horsemanship and burlettas were also well attended.

[To be continued.]

MR. ELLISTON.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

A NEW morning paper called the Pilot, has given a long criticism on Mr. Elliston's performance of the character of Fitzharding, in which the critic condemns the actor, for substituting the word "regiment," in place of "valiant troop," a mistake (according to him) peculiarly absurd, as no body of men were called "a regiment," at the time the scene is supposed to have passed—and *this*, it is added, on the *third* night of representation!—with a note of admiration, intimating extreme carelessness or stupidity in the performer. It is but justice to Mr. Elliston to state, that the word "regiment," made part of the original copy of the Curfew—that "regiment" held its place in the speech, on the first, second, and third nights of the performance, but that after the third night, Mr. Tobin, (brother to the author) desired that the words "valiant troop," should be substituted.

M. C.

THEATRICAL MISERIES.

Coming to London, from a great distance, for the sole purpose of gratifying your loyal curiosity, once before you die, with a sight of the Royal Family at the play; then, on entering the house, finding that the place kept for you is directly over their heads; so that, when you have painfully stretched yourself farther and

* I am informed, that both these men, at different times, were drowned in returning to Europe, with the property acquired by their exhibitions in America.

farther over the front of the box till you are in danger of getting a fuller view of them *from the Pit*, you at length succeed in catching the tip of a Princess's feather, or— if you are still more fortunate—of a royal nose!

After going very early to the Opera, for the sole purpose of hearing a celebrated duo, in the *first* act, (for which you had always come in too late) learning from the bill, as you take your seat, that you are to be cut short off with the *second*, which you already know by heart.

At the Play—just as you are beginning to recover yourself, after a song of unequalled length and insipidity, to which the singer has *added* the *deficiencies* of taste, time, and tune,—“encore! encore!”—from every mouth in the house but your own, which is fully taken up with hissing, and gaping alternately.

Kemble in comedy---with a great-coat on.

The present *reformed* state of the *Dramatis Personæ* at the Theatres, consisting of a total transposition of ages and characters among the performers; the matrons and seniors of the stage frisking and dashing through the parts of romps and rakes; turning Grecian *daughters* into *grandmothers*, and young lovers into rheumatic twaddlers; while their little ones are laying down Tom Thumb, the Children in the Wood, &c. and getting leave from their mammas to “round their baby-brows” with crowns and tiaras, as the toddling Zaras and lisping Lears of the scene. I last night went to the house, in a humour to be rationally amused, and little thinking to find any thing under full age and size upon the boards---and there did I see one of these tyrants from the nursery (*it* was in *Bajazet*!) turning its trip into a strut, like a Lilliputian grenadier, trying to knit its brow, and flourishing its little falchion at an overgrown victim of its vengeance, who was bending half way down, to hear more distinctly the penny-trumpet tones in which he was threatened; he was discreet enough, however, to seem quite unmoved by it all; for fear, no doubt, of acting upon the wrong muscles in the countenances of the audience.---Why, now, *we* may laugh, or swear, at all this, as we please; but the public sees no joke in the case: the boobies are now getting to choose their players as they do their pease :---the smaller and younger the

better!—Plague take the folly, where will it stop? For as to what I have now stated, it is nothing! absolutely nothing!—In the *country*, they are getting far beyond us; it was but last week that, as I was riding by a provincial theatre, my eye was caught by the huge letters of a bill on the walls: you may guess what I felt, when, on looking it over, I found what follows:—

At the Theatre Royal,
On Monday next, will be presented

THE TEMPEST.

In which, by particular Desire, the Part of CALIBAN
will be performed, for her own Benefit, by

MISS BIDDY SUCKLING,

An Infant, not yet quite Four Years old!

and who appeared in the same Character, *almost Two Years ago*,
with such universal Applause at the Theatre, Dublin.

N. B. The

INFANT CALIBAN

Will introduce (for that Night only) a Song, in Character, written
and composed, and to be sung and accompanied, by herself.

To which will be added

LOVE A-LA-MODE.

The Part of SIR ARCHY MACSARCASM, *by the Child.*

* * The Parts of CORIOLANUS, KING HENRY THE EIGHTH, and SHYLOCK, have been some time in Rehearsal by MISS BIDDY, and will be performed by her as soon as the daily Bulletin shall declare her sufficiently recovered from her *Hooping Cough*; a Disorder, which the Public must have perceived, is rather friendly, than otherwise, to her Performance of CALIBAN, in which she will, therefore, continue to appear, during the Remainder of the Season.

The Pit will, as usual, be laid into Boxes, on every Night of
Miss Biddy's Appearance in

CALIBAN,

The Manager further respectfully acquaints the Public, that, in consequence of the numerous and calamitous Accidents which have arisen, from the unexampled pressure of the Crowd on the Child's Nights, *Skilful Surgeons* will, henceforth, be regularly stationed in all Parts of the House.

Vivant Rex et Regina.

LACHRYMAL GLUM.

POETRY.

ADDRESS TO HEALTH.

Mr. CONDUCTOR,

IT is said of a celebrated Roman, that he generally triumphed over bodily indisposition by intense adplication of mind. For the last three weeks I have been doomed to a recumbent posture, in consequence of a severe surgical operation. On the first day of my confinement, the maxim of Cicero occurred to me, and I have had ample opportunities to try its efficacy. Success hath realized my expectation, and my hours have passed with uncommon tranquillity. The following verses were composed to beguile my pain; and they are sent for publication, not from any idea I entertain of their superior excellence—but in hopes that the design which gave them birth may reach the ears of some fellow-sufferers, and enable them to triumph over a few, at least, of those “thousand ills which flesh is heir to.” Indeed, an individual, long disciplined in the seminary of affliction, (which hath been my case, in no small degree, these last nine months,) naturally outlives every desire—but that of being useful.

With sincere wishes for the success of your promising Miscellany,

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

April 18th, 1807.

W.

ADDRESS TO HEALTH.

Wrapt in thy robes of rosy hue,
Resplendent as the pearly dew,
That decks the rising day,
Descend, Hygeia, from the sky,
Suppress the ardent heaving sigh,
And own this votive lay.

I ask no earthly stores or power,
While prostrate to thy sacred bower,
With suppliant hands I go:
Far nobler boons I would obtain,
From climes where solid pleasures reign,
Uncheck'd by deeds of woe.

What were the charms of growing wealth,
Without the magic glee of health,
And glowing tints divine?
Religion's power might sometimes fail,
And Reason's light could nought avail,
Without some rays of thine.

Yet touch'd by thine inspiring wand,
The germs of mind at once expand,
And Fancy spreads her wings:
To realms above she mounts sublime,
Unmeasur'd by the wheels of time,
And there enraptur'd sings.

Creation smiles on every sense,
 When seen through thy enchanting lens,
 Array'd in orient hues.
 No sable clouds or storms arise;
 Meridian splendours vest the skies,
 And streams of bliss diffuse.

Hence—all ye sons of vice and pride,
 And in the caves of darkness hide
 Your nightly deeds profane;
 Approach not where the Goddess strews
 Her evening rays and early dew,
 Soft glitt'ring o'er the plain.

But save—oh! save the yielding fair
 From starving whims and Fashion's snare,
 Deep gulph of ills unknown!
 Restore again the fading bloom,
 And rescue from the op'ning tomb,
 The rose so newly blown.

Fann'd by thy mild and cheering gale,
 On hill, or heath, or lonely dale,
 With peace and comfort blest,
 Grant that my days may gently flow,
 If not full high—yet seldom low,
 Till Nature sinks to rest.

SONNET

TO A WORN-OUT PEN.

Alas! old friend! and are we doom'd to part!
 Worn to the stump, I see thy faded form!
 You caught each soft effusion of my heart,
 And form'd the glowing line with feeling warm.
 Well hast thou serv'd me, and as long as well;
 'Tis true with care I oft would mend thy shape,
 Still thy successor boldly dares to tell,
 That men, from time, no more than pens escape.
 Yet, though in serving me you are worn out,
 This recollection soothes the parting sigh;
 Ne'er hast thou taught meek virtue's mind to doubt,
 Or forc'd a tear from timid beauty's eye.
 Farewell, then, partner of each pensive hour,
 Friend of the closet, favourite of the bower.

I M. L.

February 3, 1807.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.

APRIL.

29. Duenna—Wood Dæmon.

30. [Mrs. POWELL's Benefit.] *ADELGITHA, or the Fruits of a Single Error* The characters by Messrs. Raymond, H. Siddons, Elliston; Mrs. Powell; Mrs. H. Siddons; Miss Boyce. Prologue and Epilogue, by Mr. Bartley, and Mr. Elliston.—Of Age to-morrow. Maria, (1st time) Miss Duncan.

MAY.

1. Travellers—Wood Dæmon,

2. Adalgitha—Ib.

4. [Mr. ELLISTON's Night.] Dramatist (1st time at this theatre.) Vapid, Mr. Elliston; Lord Scratch, Mr. Downton; Ennui, Mr. Bannister; Floriville, Mr. Palmer; Neville, Mr. H. Siddons; Mariana, Miss Duncan; Lady Waitfort, Mrs. Sparks; Miss Courtney, Mrs. H. Siddons.—My Grandmother—Don Juan. Don Juan and Scaramouch (for that night only) Mr. Elliston and Mr. Mathews.

5. 6. Adalgitha—Wood Dæmon.

7. [Mrs. MOUNTAIN's Benefit.] Mountaineers. Zorayda, (1st time) Mrs. Mountain.—Fair Circassian—Weathercock.

8. False Alarms—Wood Dæmon.

9. Adalgitha—Young Hussar.

11. [Mr. BRAHAM's Night.] Artaxerxes. Artaxerxes (1st time, and for that night only) Signora Storace; Artabanes, Mr. Kelly; Arbaces (1st time and for that night only) Mr. Braham; Semira, Mrs. Bland; Mandane, Mrs. Dickons.—No Song no Supper. Frederick and Margaretta (for that night only) Mr. Braham and Signora Storace.

12. Adalgitha—Devil to pay.

13. Travellers—Weathercock.

14. Tekeli—Who's the Dupe—Wood Dæmon.

15. [Miss POPE's Benefit.] Duenna—High life below Stairs—Don Juan.

18. [Mr. JOHNSTONE's Night.] John Bull. Dan, (for that night only) Mr. Downton; Mary Thornberry, Mrs. Mountain.—My Grandmother.

19. Bold Stroke for a Wife—Wood Dæmon.

20. [Mr. KELLY's Night.] Artaxerxes—The *Scena* from the Opera of Semiramide, by Madame Catalani, (her first and only appearance on the English stage.)—Sylvester Daggerwood—Historical Ballet of the Siege of Troy, with all the dancers from the Opera House.

21. [Benefit of Mr. BARRYMORE, and Mr. WELSH, conductor of the chorus.] Pizarro. Rolla, by Mr. Seyton, from Norwich.—No Song no Supper.

22. *Adelgitha*—Tekeli.
 23. *Travellers*—Liar.
 25. *Romeo and Juliet*—Wood Demon.
 26. [Benefit of Mr. PALMER and Mrs. HARLOWE.] *Honey-moon*. Rolando, Mr. Palmer; Juliana, Mrs. Harlowe.—*Sylvester Daggerwood*—Matrimony. Clara, Mrs. Harlowe.

ADELGITHA, or the *Fruits of a Single Error* is a tragedy by Mr. Monk Lewis; one of the best that modern times have produced, possessing a strong and continued interest, a charm of language in some instances very powerful, and several original and affecting dramatic situations. The heroine had, while very young, fallen a victim to the seductive arts of a villain, and bears a son. Her frailty is concealed; her principles and conduct are unexceptionable. She marries a sovereign prince, who full of honour, and *rigidly virtuous* himself, has no indulgence for the weaknesses of others. After many years of uninterrupted happiness with her husband, her first and only transgression comes to the knowledge of a man who had found an asylum in her husband's court, but who entertains a guilty passion for his wife, and determines to make this *secret*, subservient to his base purposes. Her son, ignorant of his origin, has been brought up near *Adelgitha's* person, as a youth in whose fortunes she has taken an interest. He is arrived at maturity, and accompanying the prince, his patron, to the field, preserves his life at the hazard of his own. The prince returns victorious to his own dominions. At this period the ungrateful guest apprizes *Adelgitha* of the manner in which he became acquainted with her indiscretion, and signifies the only terms on which he proposes to conceal the transaction from her husband. Either alternative is dreadful. She obtains, however, a little time for reflection, and resolves by an ingenuous confession, to throw herself on the generosity of her husband. She relates to him the circumstances of her own story, as having occurred to one of her female attendants; but the horror and indignation with which he receives the narrative, prevents her from making a fuller disclosure; this heightens her agony, and plunges her into deeper despair. From this moment the scene advances in interest, which is increased by the arts of her tormentor, who surprizing the son and mother together, (the former still unconscious of the relationship) accuses him to the prince of having meditated his dishonour, and *Adelgitha*, to avoid the discovery of her former shame, is forced to confirm the assertion, and become the involuntary agent of her son's disgrace and ruin.

Such are the fruits of her *single error*; and by a plot thus ingenious and probable, intricate yet natural, the author has involved his heroine in a labyrinth of wretchedness, from which there is no hope of escape, and that only a distant one, but by complying with the gross desires of her persecutor. She is at length wrought to a pitch of phrenzy, and rescues herself from his menaced embrace, by burying a dagger in his heart; an incident which produces some fine effects, arising out of the peculiar

circumstances in which the remaining characters are placed. How the villain came by his death, is not known; *Adelgitha* cannot declare herself the author of it, without a full explanation to her husband. Suspicion attaches on her son, who has reason to believe *Adelgitha* the guilty person; but to shelter her, the recollection of whose favours has not been effaced by her inexplicable conduct towards him, he avows himself the murderer. The feelings of the mother can no longer be suppressed; and the fatal secret is now divulged. The prince, after a few violent struggles between his principles and his feelings, yields to the latter, and *Adelgitha's* tranquillity is at last restored.

We forget all the names of the characters except *Adelgitha*; but these, as well as we can recollect, are the leading incidents of the tragedy, the pathos of which is heightened by an attachment between the unacknowledged son of *Adelgitha*, and the daughter of her enemy. From what we have here set down, however, it must be sufficiently apparent, that the play is made of good materials, and it would be unjust not to add, that to skilful arrangement, and knowledge of stage-effect, the author has no common pretensions. The language has many recommendations, but it discovers the usual defects of Mr. Lewis's stile. It often glitters with ornament when the expressions should be simple and unencumbered. It abounds with antithesis and inversion, and sometimes we have more sound than meaning. As a composition, however, it is, upon the whole, much above mediocrity, and has several very fine passages.

Of the *moral* we must say a word or two. Its professed object is to shew, that a single aberration from virtue may involve the unhappy wanderer in exquisite misery. But *Adelgitha* had been guilty of two errors, and it is the *second* of the two that creates all her distress. As a victim of seduction she is entitled to pity; the inexcusable part of her conduct is in imposing herself, thus unfortunate, on the prince, as a chaste and unspotted bride; and hence her future entanglements operate as the "*judicious punishment*" of her duplicity. The author has put a very objectionable sentiment into the mouth of one of the characters—

'Tis in man's power never to sin at all,
But, sinning once, to stop exceeds his pow'r.

This is a false sentiment; and, to inculcate such a *moral*, would lead to nothing but *immorality*. It is useful to exemplify that sin is productive of sin, and that after one transgression the mind is prone to a repetition; that the descent of vice is easy, *facilis descensus Averni*; but to tell us that the career of wickedness is not to be stopped by repentance, that it is *impossible* to return to the path of virtue, *revocare gradus*, is to shut out all hope, and precipitate the children of error and misfortune headlong into the gulph of infamy.

We were sorry to see the house so indifferent; but so it is; in general the worst performers make the best benefits, and *é contra*; and, till benefits are *totally abolished*, the profession of the stage will never be *truly* respectable. On this subject we have much to say at the proper time.

The characters of the play were well cast, and the actors did them justice. Mrs. Powell displayed great sensibility in the arduous part

of *Adelgitha*. The Epilogue, full of point and pleasantry, was spoken by Mr. Elliston, in his best manner. If the tragedy had been produced at an earlier period of the season, it must have proved highly profitable both to the author and the theatre. It has been performed, as it is, eight or nine nights.

On Mr. Braham's night, *Astaxerxes* was an excellent treat to the musical amateur. His own Arbaces was exquisite, and Mrs. Dickens displayed very great powers in Mandane. Except by Billington, and, according to some, Mrs. Billington not excepted, the *Soldier tir'd* has never been sang in a finer stile of execution. While Mrs. Mountain is at this theatre Mrs. Dickens is not wanted; but how they neglect to secure her, at almost any charge, at Covent-Garden, is astonishing; where they have not a female who can sing the simplest *bravura* in common time or tune! The Opera was repeated for Mr. Kelly's benefit, who had, besides, the aid of all the vocal and *ballet* strength of the King's theatre, including even the Catalani.

The performance of Mr. Seyton, from Norwich, who played *Rolla*, we were prevented from attending; but we hear that it was very creditable to the young man, who possesses the requisites of a good actor.

A play from the pen of Mr. Henry Siddons, and another from Mr. Eyre, both of this theatre, have been accepted by the manager. The latter is from Dr. Moore's *Zeluco*, a subject that affords fine dramatic scope, and we have often wondered that it had not attracted the attention of some of our stage-writers. We have seen a manuscript play from this novel, which had great poetical merit, written by the late Mr. Leftley. It passed through Mr. Colman's hands, who was of opinion, and we concur with him, that it was not well calculated for the stage. Mr. Eyre is a man of education, and having also some dramatic experience, it is very likely that he may succeed. We are sure that there are ample materials.

COVENT GARDEN.

APRIL.

29. Heir at Law—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

30. Macbeth. Macbeth, Mr. Cooke.—Ogre and little Thumb.

MAY.

1. Beggars Opera—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

2. Gamester. Beverly, Mr. Pope.—Ogre and little Thumb.

4. Tempest. Prospero (1st time) Mr. Cooke.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

5. Grecian Daughter. Evander, Mr. Pope; Philotas, Mr. Branton; Dionysius, Mr. C. Kemble.—Escapes.

6. Merry Wives of Windsor—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

7. Isabella. Biron, Mr. Pope.—Ogre and little Thumb.

8. PETER THE GREAT, or *Wooden Walls*. (1st time.) Characters by Messrs. C. Kemble, Bellamy, Pope, Munden, Waddy, Simmons, Murray, Inledon; Mrs. C. Kemble, Miss Bolton, Mrs. Davenport.

9. King Henry VIII.—Flitch of Bacon.
11. Peter the Great—Harlequin and Mother Goose.
12. [Mr. INCLEDON's Night.] Woodman. Fairlop, Mr. Bellamy; Emily, Miss Bolton.—The Storm—Prisoner at large.
13. Peter the Great.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.
14. [Miss SMITH's Benefit.] Venice preserv'd—Tom Thumb.
15. [Mr. MUNDEN's Night.] Road to Ruin. Sophia (1st appearance) by a young Lady.—Fun of Election; or the Patriotic Baker—Which is the Master?
18. Coriolanus—Harlequin and Mother Goose.
19. [Mr. FAWCETT's Night.] Five Miles off (1st time at this theatre)—MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE (1st time)—Valentine and Orson.
20. Peter the Great—Which is the Master?
21. [Mr. COOKE's Night.] King Lear. Cordelia (1st time) Miss Smith.—Love-a-la-mode. Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan (1st appearance) a young Gentleman.
22. Pizarro—Harlequin and Mother Goose.
23. Macbeth—Escapes.
25. Coriolanus—Harlequin and Mother Goose.
26. [Benefit of Mr. and Mrs. C. KEMBLE.] Hamlet. Ophelia (1st time) Mrs. C. Kemble.—Personation. Lord Henry, Mr. Melvin; Lady Julia, Mrs. C. Kemble.—Paul and Virginia. Virginia (1st time) Miss Bolton.

PETER THE GREAT, or *Wooden Walls*, is an opera by Mr. Cherry, of which the following is the fable.

Peter the Great, (Mr. C. Kemble) and his minister *Le Fort*, (Mr. Bellamy) after having visited and worked as ship-carpenters in England, France, &c. under the disguised names of *Pedro* and *Alexis*, are returned to Muscovy, and still continue their labours in one of the Northern ports, under *Mauritz*, (Mr. Munden) a ship-wright; who, acknowledging the obligations he owes to the industry and skill of *Pedro*, conceives the highest opinion of him, and is resolved to marry him to his daughter *Paulina*, (Miss Bolton) and make him his successor; but *Pedro*, already acquainted with the mutual loves of *Michael*, (Mr. Incledon) a young soldier, and *Paulina*, declines the promised favour of his employer, and avows his passion for *Catharine*, (Mrs. C. Kemble) the niece of *Mauritz*. Disappointed, but not displeased, *Mauritz* gives his consent and through the intercession of *Pedro*, promises to ratify the marriage of *Michael* and *Paulina*. In deviation from the historical facts, *Catharine* is here represented, not as the follower of a camp, but as far as her means extend, the general advocate and benefactress of the village; and, according to an antient custom, is presented with the rural crown, annually bestowed on the most deserving female. During the absence of *Peter*, the reins of government are placed in the hands of *Mensikoff* (Mr. Pope) who alone is acquainted with the place of the Emperor's retreat: when the *Boyards*, impatient of their master's absence, and suspecting some foul play on the part of *Mensikoff*, order him to immediate trial, and sentence him to death, unless

In six days the Emperor returns to Moscow. Under a strong escort, *Menzikoff* is permitted to go in search of his royal master; and arrives just at the moment when *Peter* is about to espouse *Catharine*.—The Emperor, (still unknown to *Catharine* but as the humble *Pedro*) hurries to the escort, declares himself, and gives freedom to *Menzikoff*; leaving *Catharine* in the utmost despair.—*Menzikoff* returns, relieves the anxiety of *Catharine*, announces the Emperor, and claims her as the bride of his royal master.—*Peter* now appears in all his splendour; when *Catharine*, yielding to the dictates of love, rather than those of ambition, gives her hand to the Emperor, who bestows that of *Paulina* upon *Michael*. The under-plot is sustained by *Olmutz*, (Mr. Waddy) *Sparrowitz*, (Mr. Simmons) *Old Petrowitz*, (Mr. Murray) *Michael*, *Mauritz*, *Paulina*, *Genevieve*, (Mrs. Davenport) &c. and the piece concludes with a Civil and Military Spectacle.

We believe it is admitted that a dramatic writer may resort to history for whatever he wants, and adapt and alter what he finds there, as best suits his purpose. This is a convenient latitude, and as the practice has the sanction of high authority, we shall not at this moment state our objections to it. That *Peter* was the founder of the naval power of Russia; that he worked in different parts of Europe as a ship-carpenter; and that he raised to the imperial throne a village orphan, are the only historic fates that Mr. Cherry has attended to. The rest is (we will not say *leather and prunella*,) but merely operative manufacture; yet recollecting what we have lately seen, we must allow that it is a specimen not justly to be found fault with. There is a deficiency of incident, and not one scene of interest, but the dialogue is marked with vivacity, and the ship-builder and his wife are pleasantly sketched. The music by Jouve merits much praise, and the concluding scene is rendered very attractive, by a well regulated procession of the different artificers employed in the building and equipment of a ship of war. Munden has two good comic songs; which he gave in a stile of rich humour peculiarly his own. Bellamy sung well, but acted too much. Mrs. C. Kemble wore a most becoming dress, and was extremely interesting in the character of *Catharine*; her stile of playing in general is too bold; it was on this occasion subdued, chaste, and impressive.

The managers bestowed little or no decoration upon the piece, and had left no nights open for its performance. In the earlier part of the season, it might have done something for the treasury.

The new farce, produced on Mr. Fawcett's night, is a hasty production of Mr. T. Dibdin, whose *Miseries of Human Life* set the audience in a roar, with the assistance of those determined foes to melancholy, Fawcett and Liston. Miss Bristow, the Columbine, performed a little character in this piece, in a manner that seemed very promising. Miss Searle, her predecessor, has retired from the stage, having been invited to go down the dance of matrimony with Mr. Robert Heathcote, the brother of Sir Gilbert.

Mr. Kemble having been confined to his chamber by rheumatism, his characters have been performed by Pope and Cooke. The latter

appeared in *Prospero*, for the first time, on the 4th of May; and not choosing either to stumble against *Seylla*, or fall into *Charybdis*, by the pronunciation of the unfortunate "*akes*" he omitted the line altogether. The following Impromptu on the occasion appeared in one of the daily prints—

MR. COOKE'S SOLILOQUY.

Aitches or *akes*, shall I speak both or either?
If *akes* I violate my Shakspeare's measure,
If *aitches* I shall give King Johnny pleasure—
I've bit upon 't—by Jove I'll utter neither. (Oracle.)

The following is copied from another morning paper—

QUERY.

"Pray, is Kemble really ill?"
One day demanded NED of WILL.
"Why yea," says Will, "'tis truly said;"
I heard his dismal groans,
When he had *aitches* in his head;
They've now got in his *bones*," (Morning Post.)

THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

THE following article of intelligence, is copied, with a few additions, and parenthetical illustrations, from a morning print.

The proprietors of this little house, "ever anxious," (*solicitous souls!*) "to increase their attractions," (too disinterested and liberal by half) "have expended near seven hundred pounds," (*twang!*) "in altering and decorating the internal part of this building."

"The pit is considerably enlarged from a reduction of the stage before the curtain; the lattice-work of the boxes is *fresh gilt*, and the interior of them coloured in a delicate blue, relieved with a white border," (*O pretty, pretty!*)—a fresh piece of paper is put on the ceiling; two new tin lamps are placed in the one shilling gallery, and a large hole in the green curtain has been mended. This is all owing (please to observe) to the "taste and fancy of Mr. Winston, acting manager (*ph!*) of the theatre," who has also converted the treasury into a coffee-room, "that the public may be able to retire to cool apartments" (*in the dog-days*) "and partake of refreshments," (*for ready money only*); and when the stage shall afford no amusement, (that is, when Mr. Winston performs) "*participate in the mirth and FRIVOLITY of the place.*"

[N. B. A barrel-organ, and master Punch are bespoken to add to the attractions of this *frivolous retreat*.]

"Mr. Colman has left these alterations entirely to the taste and knowledge (!) of Mr. Winston, who, among a variety of accomplishments which adorn his mind," (and which it would be no easy matter to enumerate) "is particularly happy," (as he thinks himself,

contentus sibi!) in architectural design and decorative embellishments." He is in short another Christopher Wren, or Inigo Jones. It has even been whispered, that Carleton House is shortly to be pulled down, and rebuilt under the direction and acting management of this all-accomplished character

["The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword."]

I am, &c.

GLIB.

We can only say to our friend Glib, that he is "as good as a chorus," and though we have admitted his communication, as affording *intelligence extraordinary*, we must be permitted to judge for ourselves of Mr. Winston's improvements, on which we shall make a very honest report when the theatre opens.

A comedy by Mr. Dibdin, a farce by Mr. Hook, and a musical entertainment from Mr. Arthur Griffinhoofe of Turnham Green, are already talked of, as among the novelties in preparation. Mr. Young, from Manchester, an actor of high provincial fame, is to take the lead in tragedy and genteel comedy.

THE COUNTRY THEATRES, &c.

Theatre Royal EDINBURGH.—List of benefits of the Edinburgh company, in April and the beginning of May, 1807, beginning with Monday in the Passion week.

Mr. McGrigor, boxkeeper	£131	Miss Bennet (now Mrs.	
Mrs. Orger	- - - - 77	Vining)	- - - - £112
Work-house	- - A full house	Mr. Meggett	- - - - 96
Mr. Toms	- - - - £112	Mr. Rock, some say un-	
Mr. Shaw	- - - - 97	der	£130, others near - 150
Mr. Berry	- - - - 177	Messrs. Hallion & Vining	- 93
Mrs. Young	- - - - 119	Miss Walton, about	- 90
Mr. Knox	- - - - 103	The Bennets	- - - - 47
Mr. Evatt	- - - - 158	Archer, (last night) about	120
Mr. Dwyer	- - - - 183		

It will be remembered, in estimating the benefits, that much is to be attributed to the nights of performance, to the situation of the performers, and to various other circumstances. That Mrs. Young is not very high in the list, is no proof of her want of attraction, or of the public insensibility to her very great merit. By a shameful abuse, now become inveterate, whole boxes are here engaged, and of course retained for the bespeakers, who though they should not choose to attend at all, or only send one or two individuals, never consider themselves liable but for the seats (if any) actually used, whatever loss or disappointment may accrue to the performers or their friends.

Mrs. Y. suffered very considerably by this awkward circumstance.

The season has been pretty successful, no rival amusements interfering with it. The company indeed, when compared with those of late years, appeared to some advantage. Still in the female department, much is wanting: indeed as a whole, it is extremely short of the public's well founded claims.—But more of this hereafter. VERUS.

Theatre Royal, GLASGOW.—This theatre opened for the summer season, on Friday, May the 1st. In the following account of the respective merits of the members of our theatric corps, I shall state my opinion, uninfluenced either by popularity or prejudice, and shall fairly exhibit the rank each ought to hold in the scale of public favour.

Our hero in tragedy and sentimental comedy, is Mr. Megget, who has a good figure, with a fine, mellow, full-toned voice—an expressive countenance, with a piercing eye—indeed all the requisites for a first-rate actor. His chief fault consists in sometimes “o’er stepping the modesty of nature,” and attempting to make more of his part, than ever the author intended for it. He is an excellent Macbeth, indeed he performs it more correctly than any actor we have had *settled* here for many years. I think Mr. Archer in Shylock, is little inferior to Cooke, whom he seems to have made his model, not only in pronunciation, but in every little nod and shake of the finger. Mr. Dwyer continues to sport himself in genteel comedy, but is almost always negligent and imperfect. The merit of Mr. Toms, lies principally in exhibiting such characters as *Octavian* and *Penruddock*. For low comedy, we have Rock, Berry, and Evatt—the first of whom is too well known to need any encomium from me. Berry a young man with a pleasing exterior, is a general actor; nothing in comedy comes wrong to him—*Job Thornberry* or *Nipperkin*—*Sir Peter Teazle* or *Dogberry*; he excels in all, and I venture to predict that he will one day shine upon the London boards, with as much brilliancy as the irresistibly comic Munden. Evatt is pleasing and useful—he seldom fails to acquit himself with credit. Shaw sings well. Vining has merit in pantomime: but when metamorphosed into a *fashionable* gentleman, abominable!

Amongst the females Mrs. Young is herself a host, and her merits as an actress are sufficiently known. Mrs. Johnson is very respectable in characters of the *sombre* cast: Miss Walton and Mrs. Orger, are two pretty lively creatures; Mrs. Vining (late Miss Benpet) but so so; Mrs. Nichol personates the old women, but caricatures them indiscriminately in the termagant style.

14th May, 1807.

CANDID.

P. S. Mr. Trueman of Drury Lane theatre, has just joined the company.

Theatre Royal, NORWICH.—The inhabitants of this place are not very theatrically inclined; and those, who spend their time and

money in such amusements, are determined to have their full share for their penny; like a person in the purchase of a peck of peas, who expects a handful over by way of blessing. Thus, on a benefit-night, when a long bill of fare attracts their notice, the theatre boasts of a tolerable audience; though the receipts are by no means satisfactory to the performers.

The expences of the house, on a Monday night, are 20*l*.—Wednesday and Thursday, 18*l*.—And Saturday, 24*l*.

A young musician, of more *sound* than *sense*, of the name of Lombe, stepped from the orchestra to the stage as "Achmet" in *Barbarossa*, for his sister's benefit, Mrs. Binfield: the bills announced it as his *first* appearance on any stage; we shall only add, we trust it will be his *last*. A Mr. Bellamy, who has recently been introduced here, seems "to have strutted his hour" more in *Sylvester Daggerwood's* company, than at a Theatre Royal. Buffoonery and grimace are his leading features; and, whether in play or pantomime, he appears to be incessantly acting the *fool*: but there may be "something more than *natural* in this if philosophy could find it out." We are sorry to learn that he has been transplanted here to supply the place of *Grove*, who leaves us for a London engagement; Mrs. Grove, for Bath. The benefits came in the following succession.

1 Binfield Mr. & Mrs.	£81 4 6	8 Errington Mr. and	
2 Cross Mr. - - -	17 12 0	Mrs. - - -	£26 13 8
3 Bramwell Mrs. - -	74 0 0	9 Bowles Mr. & Mrs.	93 9 6
4 Beacham Mr. - - -	39 19 6	10 Faucit Mr. & Mrs.	86 17 6
5 Smith Mr. - - -	71 0 0	11 Birrell Mr. - -	90 19 6
6 Bennett Mr. - - -	99 1 6	12 Clifford Mr. & Mrs.	44 7 6
7 Fitzgerald Mr. and		13 Grove Mr. & Mrs.	51 12 6
Mrs. - - - -	128 18 6		

The mayor of Norwich having frequently visited the theatre this season with his free ticket, particularly on benefit-nights, and having, as frequently, entered the green-room, with his *hat always on his head*; the following laconic notice was put up in a conspicuous part of the room:—"None but Gentlemen are expected to pull off their Hats in the Green-Room." The evening after, this *well-bred* magistrate entered the room, covered as usual, when several performers were present, and perceiving something new, he went hastily to read it:—an awkward pause ensued; the situation was puzzling—after some deliberation his worship walked slowly out of the room, closing the door, and was, immediately afterwards, met in the street with his hat in his hand.

The following anecdote is related of a poor actor, who was personating Grainger in the farce of "Who's the Dupe," on his benefit-night, which turned out a very wet evening, and occasioned a bad house:—In his reply to Gradus' Greek quotation, where old Doiley sits as umpire, he began thus—"O raino nighto! spoilo benefito quito."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Works recently published, in the press, or in preparation.

BIOGRAPHY.—A second volume of the *Memoirs of Dr. Joseph Warton*, by the Rev. Mr. Wool.—An octavo edition of *Jortin's Life of Erasmus*, by Drs. Raine and Henley.—*Public Life of Lord Macartney*, by Mr. Barrow.—*Historical Essay on the Life of the great Condé*, written by the Prince of Condé now in England, translated from the French.—*Memoirs of Calvin*, with Biographical sketches of the Reformation, by Mr. Mackenzie of Huntingdon.

HISTORY.—*Fox's Martyrs*, with historical notes and illustrations, by the Rev. I. Milner.

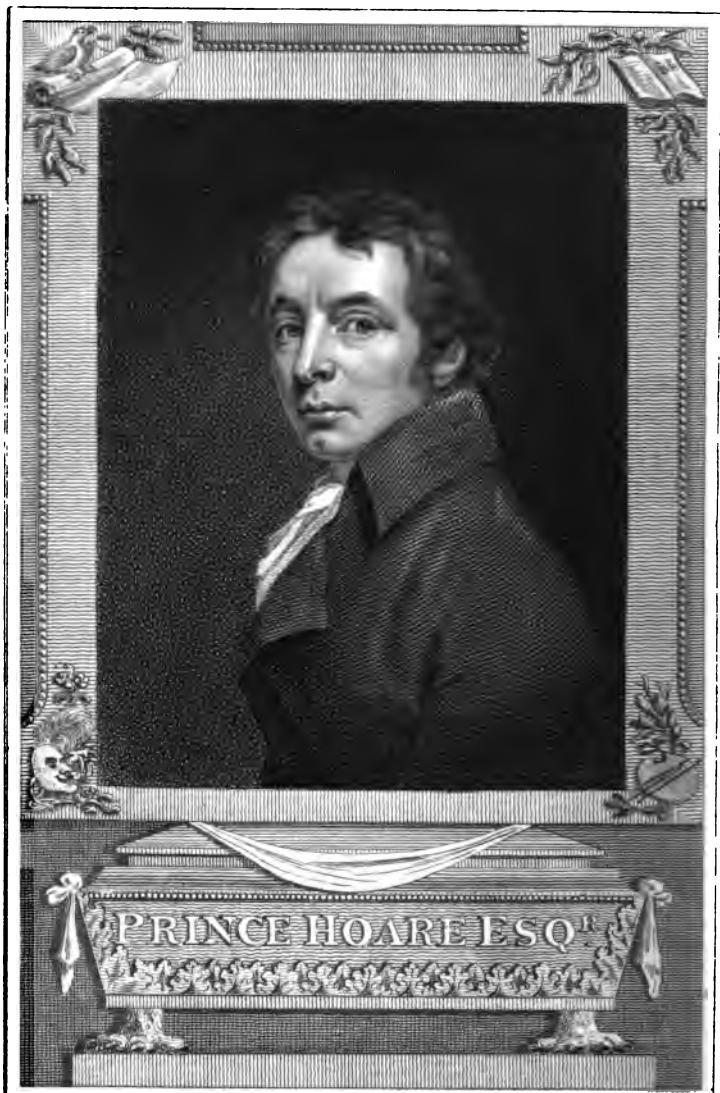
TRAVELS, &c.—A general collection of *Voyages and Travels*, by Mr. Pinkerton.

ROMANCES.—A new translation of *Don Quixote*, by Mr. Byerly, in six cabinet volumes, with fine engravings.

POETRY.—Translation of *Hesiod*, with dissertations and notes, by Mr. Elton.—A new edition of *Robert Fergusson's Poems*, with a true account of his life and writings.—Some *Poems* by Mr. Coleridge.—A new edition of *Pope's Works*, with additions, illustrations and portraits, by the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles.—*The Works of Dermody*, by Mr. Raymond, the author of the unfortunate poet's life.—Mr. Belfour's translation of *Yriarte's Poem on the dignity and charms of music*.—A republication of *Warton's History of Poetry*, by Mr. Park.—A volume of *Poems* by Lord Byron.—*The Poems and Essays of the late Henry Kirke White*, of Cambridge, with a *Life of the Author*, by Southey.

MISCELLANIES.—A *Narrative of the escape of Mrs. Spencer Smith*, by the Marquis of Salvo, who accompanied her to England.—*Oxoniana*, consisting of *Anecdotes relative to the Colleges*, and accounts of celebrated Members, Professors, &c. by a Member of the University. Mr. Byerly's translation of the celebrated *Machiavel's great work "The Prince,"* with notes tending to prove that Bonaparte has invariably adopted the maxims of that great statesman in all his conquests.

DRAMATIC.—A new edition of the *Biographia Dramatica*, with Isaac Reed's additions, in three volumes, by Stephen Jones, a gentleman fully competent to the task.—An edition of *Ben Jonson*, by Mr. Gifford.—Mr. Pye's *Comments on the Commentators of Shakspeare*.



Opis pinx'

Hopwood sculp

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JULY 1807.

PRINCE HOARE, Esq.

THIS gentleman is a younger son of an eminent artist, the celebrated Mr. Hoare, of Bath. He was placed in the grammar-school of that city, under Mr. Hele, its first master, and passed through the different classes with a rapidity seldom witnessed. While he was storing his mind with classical knowledge in this seminary, his father, who designed him for his own profession, embraced every opportunity, out of school, of instructing him in the principles of the art of painting, and found him so ready a pupil, that before he reached the age at which other boys begin only to think of taking lessons, he had obtained the silver palette from the Society of Arts for a drawing of outlines.

He shortly after became a *student* in the Royal Academy, in the strict sense of the word, prosecuting his studies beyond the usual hours, and sometimes whole days together, without any intermission.

In 1776 he went to France and Italy, and passed some time at Rome. Here he received lessons from MENGES, and POMPEO BATTONI, who had been the friend and fellow-student of his father, under FRANCESCO IMPERIALE. At Cortona he was made a member of the ancient Etruscan Academy, at the same time with his friend Mr. NORTHCOTE; and at Florence, of the Imperial Academy, where he painted his own portrait for the gallery of the Grand Duke.

After an absence of four years he returned to London, and was growing fast into reputation as a painter both of

portraits and historical subjects. Macklin engaged him, among other distinguished artists, for the **POETS' GALLERY**, but a delicate state of health prevented him from pursuing his professional occupation, and drove him to the sea-side, where, recollecting the precept of Horace, *ut pictura poesis*, he employed the pen instead of the pencil, and wrote a *tragedy* on the subject of *Colonel Kirke's cruelty*. He presented it to the managers of the Bath theatre; and, at Lisbon, whither his physicians thought it necessary to send him, he had the satisfaction of hearing that it had been well received, and greatly applauded.

In the summer of 1788, in a state of health somewhat improved, but not sufficiently re-established to render it advisable for him to resume his profession, he returned to this metropolis. The success of his play induced him again to turn his thoughts to dramatic composition. He had also formed an acquaintance at Florence with the lamented **STEPHEN STORACE**, then rising into celebrity as a composer, who encouraged him to make a second attempt. He did so, and produced the favourite entertainment of *No Song no Supper*, an opera of which the dialogue is so lively, the incidents so diverting, and the music so delightful, that after a lapse of seventeen years it still continues one of the most attractive after-pieces on the stage. The managers, however, to whom it was presented, declined receiving it, and it was brought out for the benefit of Mr. Kelly on the 16th of April, 1790.

The *Cave of Trophonius* was acted the following season * for the benefit of Mrs. Crouch, but Madame Storace falling ill during its run, it was laid aside, and has never been revived. The *Prize*, another of our most popular farces, being also rejected by the Drury Lane managers, was introduced to the public on the benefit night of Signora Storace, on the 11th of March, 1792. *My Grandmother*, we believe, experienced similar neglect. It was acted the following year † at Mr. Colman's theatre in the Haymarket, where the Drury Lane company were at that time performing, the building of the present theatre not being completed.

Thus successful was Mr. Hoare as a dramatic writer, in spite of the inactivity, the ignorance, or the bad taste of the managers of the theatre, who, though they

* 3d of May, 1791. † 16th Dec. 1793.

refused to act his dramas, did not hesitate to pour the profits of them into their treasury; and, we believe, we may truly add, that overflowing as it was, very few of the guineas fell into the hands of the person who was most entitled to them.

In the summer of 1795, Mr. Hoare, produced at the Haymarket the *Three and the Deuce*,* for the principal incident in which he was indebted to the Spanish stage. It was afterwards acted at Drury Lane, and has lately been revived with great success by Mr. Elliston. In 1796 he brought out *Mahmoud*† at Drury Lane, and *Lock and Key*‡ at Covent Garden. Mr. Braham, in the former piece, made his first appearance on the English stage; and Mr. Hoare, with a liberality that reflected the highest honour on his character and feelings, gave the whole profits of the opera to the widow of his friend Storace, who composed part of the music; but died before the representation.

His next theatrical effort was a musical farce, called *The Friend in Need*,§ performed at Drury Lane with very good success; the principal part, which was serio-comic, was admirably acted by Mr. Bannister. About the same time appeared the opera of the *Italian Villagers*|| at Covent Garden; the music by Shield. This was followed by the *Captive of Spilburg*, at Drury Lane, taken, chiefly, from the French of CAMILLE's *Souterraine*. This piece was also very successful. The music was composed by Dussek. Next came the comedy of *Indiscretion*** Mrs. Jordan was the heroine, who returned to the theatre solely through the author's mediation, after she had refused all communication with the manager: notwithstanding this circumstance, the comedy was chosen as the subject of a part of Mr. Sheridan's grand philippic against *the author's petition* in Lincoln's Inn; and it formed the front groundwork of that petition, which finally ended in the security of the right of authors to immediate payment of their labours at the theatre, in common with the performers, and the several other persons engaged in the necessary business of the theatre.

As soon as Mr. Sheridan had delivered his invective against the authors, Mr. Hoare threatened a *preface* to

* 2d Sep. † 30th April, ‡ 1st Feb. § 9th Feb. 1797.

|| 25th April, ** 10th May, 1800.

a new edition of *Indiscretion*, which was then publishing, but as the result just mentioned of the authors' petition sufficiently accounted for Mr. Sheridan's attack, (*hinc illæ iræ*,) he did not think it worth while to prosecute his design.

The *Authors' Petition* was brought forward on occasion of the settlement (or attempt to settle) of the affairs of Drury Lane before Lord Eldon, the Chancellor, and was in the names of P. Hoare, M. G. Lewis, and I. Cobb; Mr. Cumberland afterwards joined the party.

The comedy of *Sighs, or the Daughter*, was produced at the Haymarket July 30, 1799. It was received with very loud applause, and continues a stock piece at that house. The opera of *Chains of the Heart*, performed at Covent Garden on the 9th December, 1801, was written for the purpose of introducing Mr. Braham and Signora Storace to the public, on their return from the continent. His last theatrical production was *The Partners*, at the Haymarket, acted on the 28th June, 1805, and condemned, almost without a hearing, by a party who seemed determined, from the beginning, to dissolve the firm.

In the year 1799 Mr. Hoare was named by the Royal Academy their *Secretary for Foreign Correspondence*, an office which had been held by the late James Boswell, Esq. and hitherto considered as a mere ornamental appendage to the Institution. When Mr. Hoare accepted the office, it occurred to him, that as he was personally acquainted with several principal members of Foreign Academies, it became his duty to avail himself of that circumstance for the advantage of the Institution to which he belonged, and he accordingly proposed to the Royal Academy to commence a correspondence between the Academy of London and all great Foreign Academies, for the purpose of mutual communications of whatever might tend to the advancement of the arts. The president warmly espoused the proposition, and Mr. Hoare proceeded accordingly. Finding, however, that the delays inseparable from the actions of all large bodies, would, at least, protract his publications to a fruitless length, in the year 1802 he published his first number of correspondence, handsomely printed in quarto, at his own risk. On this the subject was taken again into consideration at the Royal Academy, and the publication adopted by the council. The following year

he published a second number, and two years afterwards a third. At this time a resolution was passed in the council of the Academy to make the continuance of such correspondence one of the *conditions* of Mr. Hoare's office, and some intimations were made to him of annexing a stipend to the office. This offer Mr. Hoare, with his usual disinterestedness, declined on his own part, leaving it, however, to be accepted by his successor.

The result of the above correspondence has been the ascertaining, by ample authentic documents, the various degrees of encouragement in which the arts are placed in several of the greatest foreign states, and other communications respecting particular works of art in those countries as well as our own; an inquiry certainly so far useful to us, as it furnishes a proper rule by which we measure our own exertions on this head.

Mr. Hoare conceived also that such a work would contribute not only to the honour of the Royal Academy, but to that of the English nation, as it would have a tendency to shew that this country desires to be regarded not only as the medium by which trade and commerce diffuse their benefits through the world, but as the *central point* of information also in other matters, which regard intellectual cultivation.

With a view to assist the progress of the arts in Great Britain, he last year published an "Inquiry into the requisite cultivation and present state of the Arts of Design in England," in which he endeavoured to shew the real value of the arts to *every* country, and the best methods of advancing them in *his own*; together with a sketch of their actual progress in England.

A few months ago Mr. Hoare commenced a periodical work under the title of **THE ARTIST**, of which we have already spoken in this work. It is publishing in weekly numbers, and offers a *series of essays on science and art*, written by men of eminent professional abilities, on topics relative to their respective studies, and by other persons peculiarly conversant with those subjects. Mr. Hoare's extensive knowledge and various acquirements peculiarly qualify him for the superintendence of so interesting a publication. Besides some ingenious productions from his own very elegant pen, we have noticed several valuable communications on literature, the drama, and the arts, from Mr. Cumberland, Mr. Hoppner, Mr. Northcote, and other men of distinguished talent.

We ought also to mention a pathetic little poem, bearing the title of *Love's Victims, or The Hermit's Story*; which Mr. Hoare published in 1793, and which received the commendation and corrections of his amiable friend the late Rev. Mr. Graves, of *Claverton*.

We do not know that his tragedy of *Julia, or Such things were*, has ever been published, but its high dramatic merit, and the powerful manner in which the character of the heroine is delineated, may be inferred from its having been twice selected by Mrs. Siddons for her benefit, once at Liverpool, and afterwards at Drury Lane.

Such are the few particulars which we have been able to collect of Mr. Hoare's history as a public character. In his private capacity we are enabled to testify, from our own knowledge, that no gentleman is more generally esteemed, or more deserves to be so.

EARL STANHOPE,

SECRETARY OF STATE TO GEORGE I.

WHISTON says, of this nobleman, "After he had been some time a courtier, I freely asked him whether he had been able to keep his integrity at court; to which he made me no reply, whence I concluded he had not been able to do it, for he would never tell a lie." A different inference might be drawn from his silence, which probably was occasioned only by his disgust at the impertinence of the question.

Lord Stanhope was at Eton school with one of the Scotch noblemen who were condemned after the rebellion in 1715. He requested the life of his old school-fellow (whom he had never seen since that time) of the privy council, whilst they were deliberating upon the signing of the warrant of execution of these unfortunate noblemen. His request was refused, till he threatened to give up his place if the council did not comply with it. This menace procured him the life of his associate in early life, to whom he afterwards sent a handsome sum of money.

Of such advantage are sometimes the connections that are formed in public schools. What may profit, may likewise hurt. The gold that purchases bread may purchase poison, and the seminary that administers to

virtuous and to honest friendship, may likewise administer to a society in vice and wickedness: yet, every thing in human life being but a choice of difficulties, it seems wiser to prefer a public to a private education, on account of the greater advantages it holds forth*. A young man will most assuredly become wiser, and most probably more virtuous, by public than by private education; for virtue consists in action and in trial.

The following anecdote of the high sense of honour in two Eton boys, is well known to many persons who have been educated in that illustrious seminary.

"Two young men, one of whom was the late lord Baltimore, went out a-shooting, and were detected in that unpardonable offence by one of the masters. He came up quickly enough to one of them to discover his person; the other, perhaps having quicker heels, got off unknown. The detected culprit was flogged pretty severely, and threatened with repetitions of the same discipline if he did not discover his companion. This, however, he persisted in refusing, in spite of reiterated punishment. His companion, who was confined to his room at his boarding-house by a sore throat (which he had got by leaping into a ditch to escape the detection of his master), on hearing with what severity his friend was treated on his account, went into school, with his throat wrapped up, and nobly told the master, that he was the boy that was out a-shooting with the young man who, with such a magnanimous perseverance, had refused to give up his name."

* Osborne begins his celebrated "Advice to a Son" thus: "Though I can never pay enough to your grandfather's memory for his tender care of my education, yet I must observe in it this mistake, that by keeping me at home, where I was one of *my young masters*, I lost the advantage of my most docile time. For, not undergoing the same discipline, I must needs fall short of their experience that are bred up in free-schools, who, by plotting to rob an orchard, &c. run through all the subtleties required in taking a town, being made by use familiar to secrecy and compliance with opportunity—qualities never afterwards to be attained at cheaper rates than the hazard of all. Whereas these see the danger of trusting others, and the rocks they fall upon by too obstinate an adherence to their own imprudent resolutions, and all this under no higher penalty than that of a whipping. And," adds he, "it is possible this indulgence of my father might be the cause. I afforded him so poor a return for all his cost. Children," continues Osborne, "attain to an exacter knowledge both of themselves and of the world, in free and populous schools, than under a more solitary education."

MELANGE.

No. IV.

Chacun à son gout.

JOSEPH HOUGH, BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

This intrepid and excellent prelate thus addressed the commissioners whom king James the second sent to Magdalen college, Oxon, to impose a catholic fellow upon that learned and venerable society:

"My Lords,

"You say your commission gives you authority to change and alter our statutes and to make new ones, as you think fit: now, my lords, we have taken an oath, not only to observe our statutes (laying his hand upon the book of the statutes of the college), but to admit of no new ones, or alterations in these. This must be my behaviour here: I must admit of no alteration from them, and by the grace of God I never will."

The bishop was as amiable and excellent in private as he was upright and spirited in public life: His servant having one day let fall a very fine barometer belonging to him, which he had caused to be brought into his drawing-room to shew to his company, the glass broke, and the quicksilver flew about the floor; the bishop, turning round to his guests, said with a smile, "I protest I never saw the quicksilver so low in all my life."

THE BRAVADO OPPOSITE TO WHAT HE WOULD SEEM.—Some years ago, at St. George's Hospital, Westminster, two boys underwent each the amputation of an arm. The one expressed just and natural apprehensions of the operation, yet bore it in a firm and reasonable manner. The other despised the timidity of his fellow-patient, made extremely light of the operation, and even set it gloriously at defiance; yet complained during the process in the most womanish and dastardly stile, and was, in short, totally subdued by it. Upon my seeming greatly surprised, the surgeon said, that *it was always so*.—I believe it is so in other things, as well as courage. Whenever vanity ostentatiously parades either upon wealth, or knowledge, or learning, &c. &c. there suspicion should naturally arise: and why? because realities are seldom solicitous about appearances, yea, often not enough attentive to them; while wind and emptiness inflate and puff.

THE ARTS.

No. V.

THE ENGRAVERS OF THIS COUNTRY.

[Resumed from Page 240.]

SIR,

WHEREVER the arts have been held in estimation, and properly encouraged, ENGRAVING has been supported by PAINTING. In England even the name of *historic painting* must nearly have been forgotten, had it not been supported by our art; and it must, for a number of years yet to come, principally depend upon engraving for public patronage: no other means can so certainly propagate a love for its high excellence.

Engraving, considered as a commercial speculation, is worthy of national consideration; the numerous large editions of books that have been printed, wherein the publishers have principally depended upon the embellishments of art for a superiority of sale, are beyond computation. Ten contending editions of Shakspeare were, at one time, soliciting the favours of the public, boasting their elegance, and expensive ornaments. The poets are daily publishing in new editions, either emblazoned or deformed by the graver, and the dry study of the law has been enlivened by graphic ornament; the number of such books exported to America, the continent of Europe, and every other part of the globe where science has dispelled the clouds of barbarism, is immense. The employment given to designers, engravers, copper-plate makers, and copper-plate printers, paper makers, letter-press printers, bookbinders, &c. becomes a national benefit, where the numbers of the people are considered as the riches of the government.

The art of engraving has been, by some, considered in a more degraded light than it deserves. The greatest glory of the painter is invention. Because the engraver has not occasion to study this first essential of the painter, it is surely too much to say that he wants the capacity for it. To make him a mere copier of what is laid before him, without completely appreciating and understanding its merits, is to make him a parrot that talks by rote.

VOL. I.

P P

Engraving from a painting is a translation from one mode of art into another essentially different. As easy might it be for a linguist to give a faithful translation of Euclid, by barely understanding the Greek language, without being able to solve a problem in geometry, as for an engraver to give a faithful copy of a fine painting, whose excellencies he does not comprehend. The knowledge of anatomy is equally requisite to the two professions, for no man ever copied a muscle with fidelity, without having studied its form from nature, and all its variations, uses, actions, and insertion. In the knowledge of light and shadow, those artists must go hand in hand. To suppose the engraver capable of copying colours whose meaning he does not understand, or the relation they bear to the whole, is ridiculous: to represent passions he cannot conceive, or expression of which he is ignorant, is impossible. His business is to enter into the very thoughts of the painter, and with a congeniality of soul to feel all that he has felt. Garrick never could have represented the characters of Shakspeare so forcibly as he did without a great portion of that fire which animated the poet. That versatility of talent, and pliability of power, which are demanded from the actor, to do justice to the number of poets he must represent, is equally required of the engraver to preserve the variety of manner, and variety of power, of the different painters he has to translate. A knowledge of composition is indispensable, for that composition is frequently as much affected by light and shadow as the disposition of the figures; of which the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds are a remarkable instance. As to simple mechanical execution, the difficulties of the painter can never be put in competition with those of the engraver, exclusively of taste, disposition of line, and variety of manner in his work.

The age of Louis the Fourteenth will be remembered by mankind with very different sensations; his plan of universal conquest will be contemplated with horror, from the devastation caused by his ambition, whilst his encouragement of the arts will place him amongst the benefactors of the human species. From his reign to the present time, France has owed infinitely more of her celebrity in the fine arts to her engravers than to her painters. Le Brun confessed that the engravings after his battles of Alexander, were superior to his own

paintings, from which they were copied; and, in this country, productions of modern art frequently evince the assistance which the painter has received from the engraver, however justly the former may sometimes have to complain of the latter.

From the revival of the arts in Italy to the present day, men of the greatest powers have not thought engraving unworthy their exertions. Albert Durer employed a great portion of his time in this art; Metzotinto was the invention of a prince and a hero; and the names of those genuine painters who have favoured the world with their productions upon copper by engraving, will not only shew the ability required to excel, but the splendour of talent that has honoured this art.

Many other circumstances in favour of our art, and in illustration of the difficulties under which it labours, might be pointed out, but that I fear I am encroaching upon the limits of your publication. Under all those difficulties, England at present, and for a long time past, has had to boast of the first engravers in the world. Were the encouragement given to this useful branch of the fine arts, equal to the benign laws, and free constitution under which we have the blessing to live, what might not be expected from men whose love of their profession has persevered through difficulties and oppressions? Those difficulties and oppressions have, for some time past, been increasing. The long-protracted war, however necessary, has been felt, with all its evil effects, by all the branches of the arts, but by none more than that which we follow. I humbly conceive, that if something is not done in this country in favour of engraving, it must decline; for every art, science, and profession, will languish, that is deprived of honours and emoluments. A public exhibition of our works would certainly be the means of giving us some consideration in the minds of mankind, and might, otherwise, essentially serve us. By admitting works of merit into the BRITISH INSTITUTION, or some other grand gallery, the public taste might be improved, and they might there contemplate the difference between good and bad impressions of our works, which would be some check on the parsimony of publishers; this advantage would excite amongst us an honourable emulation, one of the surest means of carrying our art to the highest point of perfectibility.

AN ENGRAVER.

A SHORT DISSERTATION ON WOMAN.

It is a fact proved by daily experience, that the older we grow, the more thoroughly we become acquainted with this hypocritical, wicked, fair sex. What mischief have they occasioned from the beginning of the world ! Adam was seduced, Samson fettered, David's sanctity contaminated, Solomon duped—all by woman. A woman led Peter to deny his master; a woman perplexed Job more than Satan himself. The poet Codrus said, the number of stars in the heaven, and fish in the sea, is not equal to that of the wiles concealed in a woman's heart. Bartholus imagined it was not necessary to make laws for good women, because there were none to be found.

Hippocrates maintains, that wickedness is innate in woman. Liberius asserts, that as soon as a woman is alone, she devises some iniquity.

Thucydides esteems it as the greatest commendation of a woman, when neither good nor bad is spoken of her. From the history of Tamerlane we learn, that among the Tartars the name of *woman* was considered too indecent to be pronounced. Philip of Macedon declared, that the worst war in which he ever engaged was that against Olympias his wife. Hesiod is of opinion, that woman was born only to punish the human race. The Athenians excluded the women from dealing in any thing above a peck of barley. There existed formerly four cases in which it was permitted to take away the life of a woman. The Essenes, a sect among the Jews never married, because, according to Josephus, they regarded every woman as faithless. The law of Moses also rejected the testimony of women, on account of their levity. The source of all evils, said Socrates, is woman, and St. Chrysostom assures us, that of all animals woman is the most dangerous—he calls them sworn enemies to friendship, burthens of sorrow, tempters, domestic evils, desirable sins, and sweet torments. For that reason St. Paul recommends an unmarried state; and St. Matthew informs us that the Saints in Paradise will be unmarried.

The heathens were also of the same opinion: for they ascribe to Pandora, a woman, the introduction of all evil into the world. For Helena's sake Troy was consumed, and the blood of thousands spilt. Penelope gave rise to a whole Odyssey—full of lamentation. Dejanira poisoned Hercules: and the Danaids murdered all their

husbands in one night. Cicero could find no revenge on his enemy so complete, as by giving him his bad sister for a wife. The learned Origen calls the women the *head sin*, the *devil's weapon*, the *banishment from Paradise*. St. Augustin confesses that the women possess less fidelity and more ambition than the men. St. Gregory compares women to serpents, and proves that the hatred of the devil is less to be dreaded than that of a woman: for when the devil hates, he does mischief alone; but a hating woman takes the devil for her aid, and consequently there are two. At church and in the street, the women often appear like angels; but at home they are plagues, necessary evils—owls at the window, magpies at the door, goats in the garden, leeches at night, toys for fools, coarse sieves for money, rocks for one's patience, and gorging whirlpools for reason. Martial is quite right when he wonders how there could be such a thing as a good woman. Christians have excluded women from the pulpit; philosophers from the schools; lawyers from the bar; and Mahometans from Paradise. And all this must surely be their own fault; for who does not otherwise like to be in their company?

Au dedans ce n'est qu'artifice
Ce n'est que fard au dehors;
Otez le fard et la malice,
Vous leur otez l'ame et le corps.

Moliere says:

Tout le monde connoit leur imperfection,
Ce n'est qu'extravagance et indiscretion,
Leur esprit est mechant et leur ame fragile,
Il n'est rien de plus foible, et de plus imbecile,
Rien de plus infidele—et malgre tout cela
Dans le monde on fait tout pour ces animaux-la.

And so it will be as long as the world stands.

The English poets also have justly estimated their worth. *Castalio*, in *Otway's Orphan*, thus exclaims:

I'd leave the world for him that hates a woman—
Woman, the fountain of all human frailty!
What mighty ills have not been done by woman?
Who was't betray'd the Capitol? A woman.
Who lost Mark Anthony the world? A woman.
Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman!
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman!
Woman, to man first as a blessing given,
When innocence and love were in their prime;

Happy awhile in Paradise they lay,
 But quickly woman long'd to go astray;
 Some foolish, new adventure needs must prove,
 And the first devil she saw, she chang'd her love;
 To his temptation lewdly she inclin'd
 Her soul, and for an apple damn'd mankind.

Sir JOHN VANBRUGH, in the *Mistake*, has given us a more comic description of this singular character:

“A woman, (says Sancho) in all times, has been observed to be an animal hard to understand, and much inclined to mischief. Now as an animal is always an animal, and a captain always a captain, so a woman is always a woman; whence it is, that a certain Greek says her head is like a bank of sand; or, as another, a solid rock; or, according to a third, a dark lanthorn. Pray, sir, observe, for this is close reasoning; and so, as the head is the head of the body; and that the body without a head, is like a head without a tail; and that where there is neither head nor tail, 'tis a very strange body; so, I say, a woman is by comparison do you see, (for nothing explains things like comparisons,) I say by comparison, as Aristotle has often said before me, one may compare her to the raging sea; for, as the sea, when the wind rises, knits its brow like an angry bull, and that waves mount upon rocks, and rocks mount upon waves; that porpoises leap like trouts, and whales skip about like gudgeons; that ships roll like beer-barrels, and mariners pray like saints; just so, I say, a woman—a woman, I say, just so, when her reason is shipwrecked upon her passions, and the hulk of her understanding lies thumping against the rock of her fury; then it is, I say, that by certain emotions, which—um—cause, as one may suppose, a sort of convulsive—yes—hurricane—um—like—in short, a woman is like *the devil*.”

RETROSPECTION.

How vapid and tasteless appear our present enjoyments, when placed in comparison with those of more early days; and when a few more years have fled, the pleasures, that we now think of no value, will appear arrayed in vivid colours, like spirits of departed joys, to render those moments insipid. Thus it is that mankind are fated never properly to appreciate their present

pleasures, nor to think they were valuable, till they are irretrievably gone, and numbered

“With the years beyond the flood.”

For myself, I can speak with certainty, and, I believe, with almost the whole of mankind, it is the same; that the recollection of the years of boyhood, and their concomitant amusements, afford the mind of man more satisfaction, than any pleasures he has partaken since the time that placed him amidst a turbulent world; where the variety of contending passions, and separate interests, are eternally presenting themselves, to do away even the appearance of enjoyment. The boy at school toils through his task, and the hours of vocation; during this time, he will, probably, appear rather dull; but, the instant it is ended, and he has got through his business, he forgets all the anxiety it has occasioned him, and, with a heart light as the zephyr that plays upon his rosy countenance, he flies to play; and, during the pleasure-devoted hour, he *really enjoys* himself;—no thought of worldly pursuits, of how this bill must be paid, or that business completed, disturb his mirthful moments; and, when he is again summoned to school, he returns better able to pursue his studies, from the recreations of which he has been a partaker.

On the contrary, the man placed in the world, with a family to protect and provide for, with a business that he must attend to, and which depends, in a great measure, upon the individual exertion of his own mind, goes into a pleasurable party with but half the power of enjoyment. Just at the moment when his purest demonstrations of joy are called for by some passing occurrence, the recollection of some commercial concern of consequence, the dread of a heavy loss from the expected failure of some house he is connected with, or the harrassing doubt of a law-suit he is engaged in, terminating in a verdict against him, start up, in spectre-like succession, to haunt his imagination, and to rob his breast of comfort. And when he returns from the scene of apparent pleasure, he almost, if not quite, regrets the time he has wasted upon an attempt to force enjoyment to his embrace. This, I fear, if not always, is but too often a true picture of the human mind.

May 2d, 1807.

J. M. L.

JESTING UPON SERIOUS OCCASIONS.

DULCE est desipere, " 'tis delightful to play the fool," says Horace: Scipio was the boy, and even Cato would unbend; as if it were not right "to be wise at all hours," *omnibus horis sapere*. Very well: play the fool, be the boy; but remember that you do these, as Horace adds, *in loco*—that is, "at proper times, and before proper persons." For, if the gay and frolicsome humour, however innocent, be suffered to expatiate at random and at large—before fools who cannot, or malevolents who will not, understand it—you may afterwards hear comments upon it, which will strangely surprise you. Yes, your fooleries may be magnified into crimes; and you may have fact as well as meaning imputed to you, of which 'tis likely you never thought: for, as in Shakspeare,

You do not act, who often jest and laugh:
'Tis old but true, still swine eat all the draught.

An habit of jesting leads into many scrapes: but the most serious surely that ever attended it, is one recorded by Speed in the reign of Edward the Fourth; when a citizen in Cheapside was executed as a traitor, for saying, that he would *make his son heir to the crown*, though he only meant his house, which had a crown for its sign.

Jesting in illness, or at the point of death, is reckoned not barely indecent, but almost profane: as, when one, who was proceeding to the gallows, advised his conductors not to carry him through such a street, lest a merchant, who lived there, should arrest him for a debt; or, as when a dying Catholic, upon the priest's approaching for extreme unction, and asking where his feet were, which pain it seems had made him pull up, replied with seeming gravity, *at the end of my legs*. And numbers, I doubt not, have had hard work to reconcile Sir Thomas More's piety with his mirth upon the scaffold; namely, in desiring the executioner to put his beard aside, since "*it had not committed any treason*." They have thought, perhaps, that, as we come whining *into* the world, so it is decent to go whining *out* of it*.

* *Partridge* seems to have approved of this: for, when *Jones*, in a fit of despair, resolved for the army, and to die as soon as might be in the field of glory, *Partridge* shrunk with horror under the idea.

There is, however, (and it ought to be noted) an extreme opposite to *whining*, which is no less weak and unmanly; and that is, an *affectation* of mirth and gaiety at this solemn period—for solemn, at least, it most certainly is. Hume never appears to me under a more unphilosophic attitude, than when he sports about Charon at the close of his life. Was this to shew, that he died a philosopher as he had lived; and could ridicule the dreams about futurity, with which others are haunted, at this trying crisis? There was certainly some bravado, some *parade of magnanimity*, in this; as I suspect there was, when, speaking of his last illness, which was a diarrhœa of more than a year's standing, he says, that "were he to name the period of his life, which he should most chuse to pass over again, he might be tempted to point to this later period.*" Is this conceivable?—*Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire id sciat alter?* Is philosophy then nothing, unless exhibited ostentatiously to the public?

R.

ON PATRIOTISM.

Hoc opus, hoc studium, parvi properemus et ampli,
Si patriæ volumus, si nobis, vivere cari. HOR.

PATRIOTISM is a virtue so truly estimable, that most men are ambitious of appearing to be animated in a superior degree by the sentiments it inspires. Few indeed can be said to be totally destitute of it, for there is a spurious feeling, emanating in fact from self-love, a mere *esprit du pays*, which, not unfrequently, assumes its place, and the workings of which are displayed as the effusions of a generous and laudable patriotism. This spirit bears so strong a resemblance to one of the most elevated and disinterested virtues, that while it flatters the selfish, it gratifies at the same

"I know," said he, "we must all die; but then there's a great difference between dying in one's bed, a great many years hence, like a good christian, with all our friends crying about us, and being shot to-day or to-morrow like a mad dog; or perhaps hacked in twenty pieces with a sword, and that too before we have repented of our sins." B. xii. ch. 3.

* Life by himself.

time, the generous feelings of human nature, and soothes the mind, by the idea of conciliating the good opinion of others. Combining these views, with the generally active and powerful influence of example, we shall not be surprised to find this so leading and prominent a feature in the characters of all ranks of society.

Whatever promotes the welfare, or enhances the glory of a country, encreases his own importance in the estimation of every individual who inhabits it, and the interest he feels in its prosperity, arises more from his intimate connection therewith, than from a benevolent anxiety for the good of the community; yet such is the silent and unperceived ascendancy of the better emotions, the disinterested affections of the heart, that a passion, really selfish, is eagerly ascribed to them, and mankind, too much delighted with the idea to admit a doubt of its truth, readily award to it the meed of virtue.

Such is the patriotism of common minds, in which may be discovered an additional instance of the unwilling homage paid by the inferior to the nobler qualities of human nature; but this may be seen in much stronger colours when we look to the higher walks of society, and observe the awe with which designing ambition bows even before that semblance of benevolent and manly feeling, which has just been described. Its borrowed dignity seems to awaken the unjust to a consciousness of error; before its tribunal even power trembles, "*purpurei metuunt tyranni*," and shameless hypocrisy is summoned to cast a veil over the actions even of successful guilt. Could we believe official records or public harangues, it is patriotism alone which makes the heart pant for empire—enables the monarch's head to bear the weight of a crown—animates the warrior when he leads his cohorts to battle—endears to the senator his rank, or induces the minister to submit to the drudgery of his office, the cares of national duty, the weighty responsibility of public station.

When * * pursues the vast design of his all-grasping ambition, he sacrifices every consideration of personal happiness, excepting, indeed, that happiness which is bestowed by the consciousness of doing good on the most extensive scale; he loves not power, but his country; pomp, splendour, and magnificence are not dear to

him, but the welfare of the millions whom he governs, engrosses all his thoughts; the greater the stride he proposes to effect, the more he expatiates on the arduous labours he so generously undertakes; he enslaves a country with no other view, than to gratify the benevolent desire of making it happy, and when he "cries havoc, and lets slip the dogs of war," he is prompted by no motive but an insatiable love of peace.

When through the dark mazes of court intrigue, and sycophantic servility, *** has reached the elevated situation to which he had long aspired, how anxious is he on every occasion to proclaim that he was not allured by the hope of obtaining power, of acquiring influence, of securing dependants, or of heaping on himself and his connections the honours and riches of the state; no, these sordid motives never guided him: at the call of his sovereign—at the summons of duty, he cheerfully makes the painful sacrifice of private ease, and worldly interest; the happiness of his family, the attractions of domestic life, could not detain him from that post, where his beloved country required his services, and which, had he not stood forth as her champion, might have been boldly seized by another, less alive than himself to a zeal for the public good.

What could draw ***** from his flourishing domains, from the "*dulcia paterna arva*," where a second Eden bloomed around him, to the thorny paths, the sinuous tracks of the political world? What could induce ***** to abandon a lucrative profession, which left him the leisure for literary pursuits and refined enjoyments, for an unprofitable seat in a senate, or a share in the arduous direction of state affairs? The desire of being useful to their country, they proclaim as the rule of their conduct, and we cannot hesitate to believe what facts and experience so *uniformly* confirm.

The mask of patriotism is seldom assumed in vain; "*in hoc signo vinces*," is the self-congratulating address of the crafty statesman on every emergency, and renewed professions of an entire devotion to his country, are the pledges he gives of his sincerity. Enlightened patriots! revered philanthropists! to doubt the purity of your motives would be a sarcasm upon human nature, an insult to the nations who entrust to your enlightened minds their noblest interests, and a bold attack upon the venerable institutions so vigilantly guarded by

your prudence, so faithfully strengthened and improved by your transcendent talents !

Uniformity of sentiment ought naturally to produce similarity of pursuit, and a combination of energies; but the patriotism of the present day acts by a very different rule. The great end which all statesmen profess to make their only aim, instead of leading to cordial co-operation, awakens the most decided enmity; rancorous dispositions, and opprobrious language, too often attend the discussion of national concerns, and the parade of false eloquence, the recapitulation of long arguments through protracted debates, are employed to conceal from the public eye, that factious prejudice or interested zeal had made a previous decision in every mind. By changes the most incomprehensible, the active friend becomes a deadly foe, and the strenuous opponent is converted into the warm supporter; inconsistency of conduct is no fault where it can be excused by patriotism, nor may that senator be deemed versatile, who is too anxious for the prosperity of his country not to support the measures of every ruling party, though "men and measures" should change as often as an April sky.

Nor is the conduct so conspicuous at the summit of the political pyramid, less displayed at its base; patriotism is there subservient to the same purposes, and manifested by corresponding traits. The contrariety of opinion, the bitter animosity, the uncontrouled rage of party spirit, are only symptoms of patriotic zeal; the seceders to Mount Aventine, acted from no other motive; the incendiary mobs of London and Birmingham, were impelled by no other principle; their generous natures would have been aroused to vengeance against the man who could impute their conduct to illiberal feelings or bigotted prejudices, and the victim of offended patriotism would have repented his rashness on the Tarpeian Rock, or amid flames as holy as ever blazed in Smithfield. The attachment of some men to their country, is only coeval with the triumph of the party they espouse: while their leaders are in authority, their fortunes, their exertions, their life's blood, are at the nation's service; but when the scene is reversed, they *patriotically* wish that their country may be undone, in order to punish her ingratitude to her best friends, or prove the truth of their own political creed.

I could wish, Mr, Editor, that the head of every

Cabinet were as ready as I trust you will be, to record such truths as these; I have not detailed them because I feel a malevolent delight in contemplating or exhibiting the dark shades of human characters, or because I believe consistency and principle to be mere fables, adapted only to amuse enthusiastic dotards or inexperienced visionaries. I am, on the contrary, strongly convinced that human nature not only possesses disinterested affections, but that they will eventually triumph over selfish passions; the history of the world affords many proofs of their existence, and we cannot be unconscious of it, if ever we have been stimulated by the desire of excelling.

With these views I have only intended the foregoing remarks as introductory to farther observations on true patriotism. There is a certain standard of perfection, by which all actions must be judged; whether mankind be capable of ever attaining to it, must long remain a disputed point among beings differing so widely in opinions; but as every approach towards this height of excellence, is considered as a moral improvement, to endeavour to reach it comes within their duties, and coincides with their wishes. To discuss the objects which patriotism has in view, when rightly understood and properly exercised, is then a useful task, and while it opens a wide field for the enquiring mind, it offers a more than common pleasure to those who delight in tracing the paths of great men, immortalized by the benefits their country has derived from their labours.

Norwich, June 10th, 1807.

N. S.

IRISH MUSIC.

It has been often observed that a strain of tender pensiveness is discernible throughout, in most of the music of this nation; a circumstance which has been variously accounted for; and the same remarks, and the same reasons, hold good in regard to its poetry.

“We see,” (says Mr. Walker) “that music maintained its ground in this country, even after the invasion of the English, but its style suffered a change; for the sprightly Phrygian gave place to the grave Doric, or soft Lydian measure. Such was the nice sensibility of the Bards, such was their tender affection for their

country, that the subjections to which the kingdom was reduced, affected them with the heaviest sadness. Sinking beneath this weight of sympathetic sorrow, they became a prey to melancholy: hence the plaintiveness of their music: for the ideas that arise in the mind are always congenial to, and receive a tincture from, the influencing passion. Another cause might have occurred with the one just mentioned, in promoting a change in the style of our music; the Bards often driven, together with their patrons, by the sword of oppression, from the busy haunts of men, were obliged to lie concealed in marshes, and in glynns and vallies resounding with the noise of falling waters, or filled with portentous echoes. Such scenes as these, by throwing a settled gloom over the fancy, must have considerably increased their melancholy: so that when they attempted to sing, it is not to be wondered at that their voices, thus weakened by struggling against heavy mental depression, should rise rather by minor thirds, which consist but of four semitones, than by major thirds, which consist of five. Now almost all the airs of this period are found to be set in the minor third, and to be of the sage and solemn nature of the music which Milton requires in his *IL PENSEROSO*.*

To illustrate his position, Mr Walker introduces the following anecdote:

"About the year 1730, one Maguire, a vintner, resided near Charing Cross, London. His house was much frequented, and his uncommon skill in playing on the harp, was an additional incentive: even the Duke of Newcastle, and several of the ministry, sometimes condescended to visit it. He was one night called upon to play some Irish tunes; he did so; they were plaintive and solemn. His guests demanded the reason, and he told them, that the native composers were too deeply distressed at the situation of their country, and her gallant sons, to be able to compose otherwise. But, added he, take off the restraints under which they labour, and you will not have reason to complain of the plaintiveness of their notes.

"Offence was taken at these warm effusions; his house became gradually neglected, and he died soon after, of a broken heart. An Irish harper who was a

* Hist. Mem. of the Irish Bards, p. 12.

contemporary of Maguire, and like him felt for the sufferings of his country, had this distich engraven on his harp:

*Cur Lyra funestas edit percussa sonores?
Sicut amissum sors Diadema gemit!*

But perhaps the melancholy spirit which breathes through the Irish music and poetry, may be attributed to another cause; a cause which operated anterior and subsequent to the invasion of the English: we mean the remarkable susceptibility of the Irish to the passion of love; a passion which the munificent establishments of the Bards left them at liberty freely to indulge. While the mind is enduring the torments of hope, fear, or despair, its effusions cannot be gay. The greater number of the productions of those amorous poets, Tibullus, Catullus, Petrarch, and Hammond, are elegiac. The subject of their songs is always love, and they seem to understand poetry to be designed for no other purpose than to stir up that passion in the mind." S.

ENTOMOLOGY.

No. II.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

IT is a subject that has excited much surprise, that no book has yet been published (except Yates's *Institutes of Entomology*, which cannot *now* be met with *any where*,) pointing out the first principles of the science of Entomology. Permit *me*, therefore, through the medium of your entertaining miscellany, to direct my endeavours to this subject. I allow that there are existing some very excellent books on the science, but they are only calculated for the study of such persons as have made some proficiency therein.

Insects are distinguished from other animals by their having two antennæ or feelers projecting from their head: their real use to the insect is not yet known: and by their having small holes in their body through which they breathe, and by their having feet formed for running, &c. they are divided into seven orders, viz. Coleoptera, Hemiptera, Lepidoptera, Hymenoptera, Neuroptera, Diptera, and Aptera.

1st. Coleoptera comprehends all those insects commonly called beetles, having four wings, the exterior pair of which are hard, rigid, and opaque, and form a kind of case for the interior pair; add to this that the mouth consists of two transverse jaws.

2dly. Hemiptera, the second order:—The characteristic is, that the mouth is either situated in the breast, or inclined towards it; that the upper wings are semi-crustaceous, semi-membraneous, and incumbent, and not connected by a strait longitudinal suture, as in the preceding order.

3dly. Lepidoptera, the third order of insects:—With four wings imbricated with scales, in the mouth is contained a spiral tongue, and the body is hairy; this order comprehends three genera—Papilio, Sphinx, and Phalaena.

4thly. Hymenoptera:—The characteristic of this order of insects is, that they have four membranaceous wings, and the tails of the females are furnished with stings, which, in some instances, are used for instilling poison, and, in others, for piercing the bark of trees, and the body of other animals, in which they deposit their eggs. Linnæus enumerates ten genera, but since his time others have been discovered.

5thly. Neuroptera, the fourth order:—This class are so called on account of their wings being membranaceous, with nerves, and being disposed in a reticulated form. Dr. Hill enumerates seven genera.

6thly. Diptera:—This order comprehends all those with two wings, and under each wing a style, or oblong body, terminated by a protuberance or head, and called a balance.

7thly. Aptera:—This order is divided into two classes; the first, aptera anatha, those which have neither wings nor limbs; the second, aptera padaria, such as have limbs but no wings.

Each of the foregoing orders are divided into several genera, and each genus* comprehends several species; but as I only look to the first principles I shall enumerate the genera in each order, with a description of their distinguishing characters, in a manner as plain as possible,

* A *genus* is a number of insects agreeing in *external form*; a *species* is one of the individuals of a *genus*, differing, in some respects, from the other *species*, but still agreeing in *external form*.

for the better instruction of the early entomologist, and whereby he will be able, whenever he finds an insect, to determine immediately to what genus it belongs. I shall begin (in my next) with the Coleoptera, and so go progressively through the other orders.

I am, Sir,

Your's, very respectfully,

Newington, 8th June, 1807.

W. F. G.

A WELSH TRADITION OF THE TENTH CENTURY.

From the French.

DINEVAR, for thirty years the favourite of Hoël the Good, king of Wales, was distinguished for the noble qualities of his heart and mind. He was chief of the bards, chamberlain, and grand judge, and without enjoying the dignity of grand master of the palace, his authority in it was unquestionable.

As chief of the bards, it was his duty, whenever the king required it, to seat himself on an ivory throne, strike the golden harp, and sing of VIRTUE the mother of heaven, and of heroes the children of the gods. Hoël frequently took delight in listening to him, for, before Dinevar, no Welch poet had ever derived the gods and heroes from one common mother, from virtue.

As chamberlain, he was empowered to punish with death, whosoever should be found, in the night, and without a light, in the king's apartment, and to arrest those, who, during the day, should endeavour to poison the royal mind with false and malicious accusations. But Dinevar had the satisfaction not to deprive any one of his life, for the Welch people, without exception, loved Hoël as a father; and as for his duty by day, Dinevar was so vigilant in preventing all intriguers, flatterers, and officious persons from approaching the throne, that his master was uninterruptedly employed in consulting the happiness of his people at large, and governed with so much wisdom, that under the roof of his palace, no-body talked of any thing but of him, and abroad, no one spoke of him, without reverence and admiration.

As grand judge, he was threatened, in case of giving

a false judgment,* with the loss of his tongue: and, as a memento of the punishment which would follow a breach of his duty, the tongues of all the animals destined for the royal table, were also served upon his own.—But the conscience of the grand judge was so pure, that the sight of these dishes excited in him, no painful emotion.

The dignity of grand judge gave also to Dinevar, the right of deciding the pretensions of those who cultivated poetry. He had plenty of claimants; but being endowed with an exquisite taste, he was a proper judge of what merited to be handed down to posterity, and rewarded those who excelled, with presents of flowers, harps, and rings of gold.

Hoël the Good, being obliged to march at the head of a large army, to quell the insurrection of one of his most powerful vassals, the earl of Carnarvon, called for his grand judge, and with tears in his eyes thus addressed him:—

“I quit the ancient palace of Aberfraw; my queen, the delight of my heart; and thy celestial harp. Friend of my renown, for thou art the friend of my people, watch, more than ever, over what is so dear to me. Every thing that you direct in my absence, shall be ratified at my return.”—“Sire,” replied Dinevar, “every day of my life is distinguished by you with some act of kindness. A stranger and without relations, when you are near me I possess the vigour of the oak, but, without your presence, I shall be but as the broken reed. Suffer me, my sovereign, to accompany you to the battle. Who shall employ more vigilance than your chamberlain, in guarding you against those snares with which kings are sure to be beset. Who will more successfully urge on your brave troops to the fight, than the chief of the Welsh bards; and what magistrate in your kingdom, shall maintain more effectually than your grand judge, as well in the heart of your dominions, as in the territories of your enemies, the dignity of an army conducted by Hoël the Good.”

“The good of my service,” replied the king, “requires our separation. Not having the incumbences of a family, you will govern the kingdom with more care. *You are my other self.* Dinevar must remain in the palace of Aberfraw.”

* *In casu falsi aut pravi judicii.*

In fifteen days the king finished the campaign. The rebellious Carnarvon, after a bloody battle, was killed, and the conqueror being on his march to the last of the earl's fortresses, his widow came forth clad in a long mourning robe, followed by her six orphans, and presented to him, on her knees, the keys of the citadel. He extended to her his royal pardon, and his triumph was thus rendered more illustrious by the clemency and generosity he displayed. He marched his army homewards, and as he approached the city, he frequently exclaimed "*Yes! my ancient palace of Aberfraw, soon shall I again behold you, soon again embrace you, my queen, the delight of my soul!*" But he did not add, "*Dear Dinevar, I shall soon hear also the sound of thy celestial harp.*"

The soldiers, the courtiers, the chaplains, the vassals, the domestics, instantly perceived that Dinevar was forgotten. There are always about the person of a king, a set of officious beings, who eagerly watch his words and his motions, who interpret almost his silence, and observe him even in his sleep. Convinced that he was disgusted with his late favourite, they dispatched letters to the palace of Aberfraw, when within half a day's journey of it, to the most confidential persons of the household, telling them to hasten immediately to their master, and not to forget to shout forth the *praises of Dinevar*.

In an instant Aberfraw was deserted, the road from the palace to the camp was covered with chariots and horses, and on every side were villagers crying aloud "*Long live our father Hoël the Good! long live Dinevar, his friend and ours!*"

The grand chaplain, accompanied by his clergy, first presented himself to the prince, comparing him in his speech to all the kings of Judea, and Macedon; and Dinevar to Joseph and Aristotle. A young hard to whom the king had taken a particular liking during the campaign, examined the eyes of Hoël, to observe the impression made on him by this eulogium on his grand judge. He discovered the prince's humour, and resolved to supplant the noble Dinevar.

The grand falconer appeared with his attendants. He expected the king would give him, according to custom, the robe which he wore. But at the instant when Hoël the Good, had thrown off his arm one of the sleeves of

his purple robe trimmed with ermine, for this purpose, the bird which the grand falconer bore on his hand, and which he had taught to speak, pronounced distinctly three times, *Dinevar, Dinevar, Dinevar*. The king immediately required the young bard's assistance in replacing the robe on his arm, and turned his back on the falconer and his officers.

The constable, introduced in his turn, could not contain his joy, when the king said to him:—"By right of your office, all the young horses under two years old, which are allotted to me out of the general booty, belong to you; constable, are you satisfied?—There are two hundred and fifty-three." "Sire," replied the master of the horse, "my great age would not permit me to accompany my master to the wars, and yet he rewards me as if I had fought by his side." "What hast thou done during my absence?" replied the king. "Sire, I relieved my melancholy in the company of *Dinevar*, and in hearing him sing your great and glorious actions." At these words the king frowned, and looked angry; and the young bard fancied himself at least either chamberlain or grand judge.

The principal bard of the palace put himself at the head of the *petty bards*, who lived in obscurity at a distance from the palace, and had not appeared at court for more than thirty years, by order of *Dinevar*, because their compositions being mean, and accompanied only by the flageolet, the grand judge did not think them worthy of participating in the honours of those bards who, by the sublimity of their poetry, and skill on the lyre, were worthy to celebrate the majesty of the gods, and the glory of their country's heroes. The grand bard ordered these poor creatures to sing some wretched stanzas on the return of the conqueror, in which the name of *Dinevar* was cunningly omitted. The king, who hardly attended to the words, laughed heartily at the flageolets, and ordered one made of gold to be given to the principal bard, and a silver one to each of the others. The new favourite extolled the king's judgment, and all the court were desirous of learning to play on the flageolet.

The *corps diplomatique* being next presented, the ambassador from Scotland thus addressed him:—"Sire, your days are marked by victories and acts of beneficence, and your illustrious reign will form one of the most glorious epochs in the history of your country.

Whilst you were employed in reducing a rebellious subject, and shewing favour to his widow and her children, we felt not your absence at Aberfraw, because you have been represented by a wise man, whom posterity will call Dinevar the great minister, as you are already distinguished by the title of Hoël the Good."

"From the speech of this orator," said the prince, turning to his attendants, "it would seem that I am only the phantom of a king; but I will shortly prove to these foreigners that it is Hoël, Hoël only, who governs." "Your Majesty will do right," said the young bard, "they only are truly kings who *themselves* govern their people."

The grand chaplain caught the hand of the young bard; "all goes on excellently," said he: "so many praises will tire the monarch's patience. He begins to believe all that has been said against his favourite."

The queen now arrived, followed by the most beautiful females of the court. The moment she saw her husband she ran to him, and, kneeling down on a velvet cushion, received the royal salute on her forehead. Her caprices having been often thwarted by the austere virtue of the grand judge, she did not mention his name, and having learned that the young bard who accompanied the king was his new favourite, she curtsied to him with all imaginable grace.

Is it not surprising that he also should not have made his appearance, who had saved the king's life and crown in a time of tumult and faction, which he contrived to repress; who, by an administration remarkable both for its prudence and vigour, had recalled the people to their allegiance, and strengthened the royal authority; and who had made the king the idol of all his subjects?

But Dinevar had been officially informed, on the approach of the king, that without an express order, he must not quit the palace of Aberfraw. "My sovereign," said he to an old servant, "has fixed me here with these words:—'DINEVAR IS MY SECOND SELF.' You are afraid lest my enemies should choose this moment to injure me in the opinion of the best of masters. I should regard myself with horror if I thought as you do. Confident of his affection I will wait for the king in this hall, where for thirty years I have dispensed justice in his name; on this very spot, where, in the first year of his reign, I had the good fortune to preserve his life."

He had scarcely finished these words, when the sound of the horns, the rattling of the cars, and the acclamations of the people, announced the entrance of Hoël the Good into the inner court of the royal residence. He ascended the steps of his palace, reclining on the arms of the queen and the young bard. What was his surprise on seeing, as soon as he entered the great hall, Dinevar, alone, his eyes overflowing with tears of joy, which the abused monarch took for those of contrition. The new favourite hastened the king onward: but what being, however heavy his displeasure, can forget, in one moment, a friendship of thirty years!

“ Ah ! Dinevar,” cried Hoël, in a broken voice, “ the king, in his anger, would have degraded you from all your honours, have sentenced you to death, and then commuted your punishment into eternal exile in the tempestuous isle of Mona. The friend, in his compassion has, in spite of the king, preserved to you all that you possess; my palace shall be thy prison; thy conscience the executioner, the sight of me thy punishment.”

Dinevar, affected, but not subdued, would have endeavoured to justify his conduct: but the young bard, who feared him, and the queen, who was tired of him, conducted the king into the hall of festivity; the crowd of courtiers following them. On his entrance, the bards, before-mentioned, sung a few trifling airs to their silver flageolets. Hoël the Good, a stranger to these noisy pleasures, sighed, gently pronouncing, from time to time, the name of Dinevar, while the tears descended on his long white beard. The courtiers, not observing his melancholy, applauded the musicians, and exclaimed, *this indeed is singing—at length we hear true melody.*

In the palace of Aberfraw it was usual to retire to rest at nine o'clock, and to rise with the sun. The king's watchmen proclaimed that the hour of nine was arrived. The porter immediately approached, and shaking his bunch of silver keys, ordered every body, who was not of the household, to retire. The flambeaux-bearers, followed by twelve officers of the guard and a herald at arms, saluted the king, and preceded him. He gave a kiss to the queen, honoured the young bard with a gracious smile, whom he recommended to his steward; and, proceeding towards his chamber, he thus sighed aloud: “ It is now twenty days since Dinevar performed for me the office of chamberlain ! How much I loved this man ! ”

"*Ah! you love him still!*" cried the grand judge, throwing himself at his feet—

Hoël the Good felt himself agitated, but wishing to unburthen his heart, he communicated to his old servant every thing that had happened; and the virtuous Dinevar had no difficulty in explaining his conduct to the king's satisfaction.

"O my friend," said Hoël, still more softened by his fidelity and candour, "even in thy disgrace, wrought by the artifices of your enemies, I had preserved for you all the places you held, *except one*—Come and receive it in my arms—it is my *heart*—and never, never, shall you again lose it." The worthy minister bedewed the breast of his king with tears of affection and gratitude—"Shall I not be this night your chamberlain?"—"To-night, to-morrow, and every day," replied Hoël, "henceforth we will be inseparable." Then, addressing himself to the herald, he said with a firm voice:

"Attend! the inmates of my palace are enjoying the most delightful dreams: they sleep in the belief that the grand judge is disgraced; let them for this night indulge a reverie which is so grateful to them; but, at the break of day, visit every gallery; strike at every door with thy staff, and cry aloud—*Rejoice! This night Hoël the Just has created the virtuous Dinevar grand master of the palace.*"

According to the custom of these times, the king and Dinevar shared the same bed: "Sleep, sleep, sire," said the grand judge—"I cannot," replied Hoël the Good; "do *thou* sleep, Dinevar; and let a gentle repose efface from thy heart the remembrance of my ingratitude."

Next day, the queen spoke affectionately to Dinevar. All the court came round him. The young bard, not daring to intrude himself, stood confounded in the crowd. The inferior bards returned to their obscure abode. The others again appeared in their hall, singing, and playing on their harps. The grand chaplain retired to his chapel, from which he never more went but by command of the king. The constable became one of the most distinguished nobles in the palace: and during the rest of the reign of Hoël the Good, king of Wales, no accents were heard in his court but those of truth, honour, true poetry, and good music.

It appears from this history, that over good kings the influence of intrigue is but of short duration. * * * * *

THE ORIGIN OF DESIGN:

AN ORIENTAL NARRATIVE.

From the Artist.

SOME shepherds on the plains of Chorasan were assembled, after the fervours of noon, at the side of a fountain built of the finest white marble by a descendant of Zoroaster. Their flocks were either scattered on the adjacent lawns, or closely grouped under the shade of the lofty palm-trees which surrounded the fountain.

The discourse of the shepherds, passing from subject to subject, fell at length on the acknowledgments due to their Deity, the Sun, for the various blessings which he bestowed on them in the regular progress of the seasons, the sweets of the refreshing Spring, the maturing ardour of Summer, and the overflowing gifts of Autumn. A general assent resounded from the lips of all, excepting Aldurasar, who impiously questioned the benignity and power of the great luminary.

Micah, one of the most learned among the pastoral tribes, unmoved by the profane temerity of Aldurasar, continued to extol the supreme dispenser of good, who every day renewed the proofs of his majestic bounty, and every hour called forth new images of creation, to extend the name of his might. Aldurasar turned an eye of affected pity on Micah, and on his lip sate the smile of silent contempt.

During the discourse, the Sun had imperceptibly withdrawn his splendour. A faint mist succeeded; portentous clouds arose in the horizon, and in a short time an impenetrable darkness spread over the whole scene. The cry of "an offended Divinity!" was now loud among the shepherds; Aldurasar was impelled to prostrate himself with his companions on the earth, and to invoke the return of the Sun.

Instantaneously his beams burst forth from a cloud of night, and, at the same moment, was heard the voice of Micah; "Behold, what new images our God creates at this instant!" Every eye glanced quickly on him, as he spoke; Aldurasar held his arms extended towards heaven with surprise and fear, and Micah pointed to the marble wall of the fountain, on which, under the bending forms of the palm trees, was seen the shadow of Aldurasar in

the posture of adoration. Micah, with the end of his silver crook, traced rapidly on the snowy surface the outline of Aldurasar's form, whom astonishment had rendered motionless; and having completed his work, "Let this memorial," he exclaimed, "remain henceforth in reproof of infidelity! Behold the hands of Aldurasar stretched out for ever in worship of that Power whom he had blasphemed!"

The faint lines marked by the silver crook were re-traced and strengthened, and the outline drawn by Micah became a rule of art and of devotion.

KOTZEBUE,

A PLAGIARIST.

MR. CONDUCTOR,

IN consequence of your observations on the *Novellettes* of Kotzebue, in the *Cabinet* of last month, I was induced to send for the volumes, and was surprised to recognize in one of the stories, viz. the *Little Lie*, a very old acquaintance. The characters indeed have foreign names assigned to them, and the scene of action is transferred from England to Germany, but all the rest is

"English, English, Sir, from top to toe."

The story forms one of the numbers of *The Adventurer*, and is entitled, I think, *the Danger of False Apologies*.

The incidents are precisely followed, and almost literally translated.

Your's &c.

DETECTOR.

ANDREW MITCHELL,

An English resident at the court of the heroic king of Prussia, to whom he was a personal favourite, though he opposed many of the sceptic and political assertions of that monarch, with frank but decent firmness.

"By the help of God," said Mitchell on a certain occasion, "we have gained a victory over the French." "How is this, my friend;" said the king, "is God one of your allies?" "Yes," replied the envoy, in a sarcastic way, "AND THE ONLY ONE WHO DEMANDS NO SUBSIDIES OF US."

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

 PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

The Stranger in America. By Charles William Jansen, Esq. Imperial quarto. 2l. 2s. Twelve Engravings, Cundee, London, 1807.

Mr. Jansen is an Englishman who removed to America with an intention of passing a considerable part of his life there: but the disappointments he met with often caused him to change his residence, occasioning various journeys to different parts of America, which, though they produced little advantage to his own personal interest, afforded him opportunities of collecting much interesting information, and a variety of facts respecting the state of the country, and the character of its inhabitants; which are disclosed in this volume, not with much methodical arrangement, but in a very easy and agreeable style, and accompanied by observations both useful and important. During the early part of his residence in America, and about the time he was planning his return to Europe, specious and tempting offers induced him to risk a considerable sum in a land-speculation, (a fatal snare, he says, laid for every emigrant) and the hopes of again realizing some portion of it, prevented his departure. He afterwards embarked in some mercantile concerns, which also proved unfortunate, owing, in a great measure, to the unprincipled conduct of the commanders of the vessels in his employ. His stay was thus prolonged for thirteen years. Mr. Jansen tells us, that there is a rooted aversion in the hearts of the Americans, against the inhabitants of Britain. When he embarked his mind was powerfully biassed in favour of the United States and their inhabitants, and it was not till long experience had uniformly exhibited them in a point of view very different from what he had fondly expected, that he adopted his present sentiments, which have been strengthened and confirmed by an attentive study of the genius, habits and manners of these people, during a constant in-

tercourse with individuals of every class and description. He unfolds the prospects that await the European emigrant in America, and the knavery of American land-jobbers; and exposes the fallacy of all that native writers have advanced relative to the facility and small expence of forming an establishment in the western regions of the republic.

“The United States (says Mr. J.) may still be considered as a new country, in every acceptation of the term. As such, therefore, it is but natural to suppose that those arts which supply the prime necessities of man, would there experience the greatest encouragement, and be held in the highest estimation. Accordingly, the farmer and the mechanic must stand a better chance of success than any other classes of emigrants, and when we so often witness the failure even of their hopes, can we be surprised at the yet more frequent disappointments of the professors of the liberal arts and sciences: or of such whose occupations are subservient only to the luxuries of life? These can prosper only in the countries where society has arrived at a high degree of civilization, and where flourishing manufactures and commerce have diffused ease and opulence. Society is still in a state of infancy in America. What encouragement is held out to the study of architecture for instance, in a region where many of the inhabitants are satisfied with log-houses; or what progress can be expected in the arts of design, if, from want of education, or deficiency in taste, their beauties are neither felt nor relished? America has, comparatively speaking, no manufactures; and how intimately the prosperity of arts and sciences is connected with these, it is unnecessary for the author even to attempt to demonstrate.”

It is certain that Mr. Jansen has formed a most unfavourable opinion of the transatlantic republicans, and without supposing him actuated by prejudice, it may be presumed that the disappointments he experienced have a little soured his temper, and some of his statements therefore must be received with caution: but he will have rendered no inconsiderable service to his country, if his book should have the effect of repressing the spirit of emigration which has proved the destruction of so many unfortunate English speculators. The history of the author's friend Mr. Gilpin, presents a lamentable instance of the difficulties and dangers attending a scheme of this nature.

“Mr. John Bernard Gilpin * possessed an estate in Westmoreland, which had descended from heir to heir for many generations, and

* This gentleman is a lineal descendant of that celebrated and pious man, John Bernard Gilpin, arch-deacon of Durham, de-

which he sold under the influence of a scheme of emigrating to America; and there becoming a proprietor of some of those immense and rich tracts of land, so luxuriantly described on the banks of the Ohio. He engaged the cabin of a large vessel at Whitehaven, and provided himself with every instrument of husbandry, and whatever might contribute to the execution of his intentions. His family consisted of an amiable wife, and two young children; a widowed sister, her three daughters, and a son. Being a man of an ancient family and greatly esteemed, several neighbours, equally restless at home, and yearning for a sight of the new world, intreated permission to accompany him. Thus the ship obtained a cargo of respectable English emigrants; among whom were some husbandmen, who had bound themselves to Mr. Gilpin for a term of years, to assist in the settlement of his contemplated domain. Mr. Gilpin was one of the most wary and frugal of his countrymen, and from this inherent disposition, he withstood the temptation of purchasing lands in America previous to his departure from England, though allured by the most specious offers.

"The passage to the United States is seldom performed under five or six weeks, and sometimes adverse winds have extended the irksome voyage to three months. On the American coast his sister expired, from the effects of the fatigue endured in the voyage, and the heat of the latitudes they had approached; and her remains were committed to the bosom of the deep. After being becalmed till the situation of the passengers was almost insupportable, the ship arrived in Hampton Roads.

"The port and town of Norfolk are as unhealthy as any on the coast. Mr. Gilpin procured a house in the upper part of the town, called the Old Fields, to which he immediately removed his numerous family. The yellow fever was then raging. By this malignant disorder were Mr Gilpin and several of his family seized. In a short time it deprived him of his wife, and reduced himself, and one of his children, to a very low state. This misfortune, added to the intense heat of the summer, had nearly clouded the prospects of Mr. Gilpin, when other obstacles presented themselves, which entirely frustrated his plans. The husbandman, on whom he had depended for the management of his farm, and whose passage he had paid, breaking at once his bond, and the ties of gratitude, absconded. This is a common trick played by redemptioners, who, allured by the prospect of high wages, run away on the first opportunity; and for that reason but few emigrants have found their way of late into the United States, through this medium."

nominated **THE NORTHERN APOSTLE**. He was doomed to martyrdom in the reign of religious terror, and was ordered to London, where he would, in all probability, have met the fate of Bishop Latimer, and the other pious preachers of the reformed religion. Within a stage or two of the capital he fell from his horse, and broke his leg, which delayed the completion of his journey till the death of Mary. Queen Elizabeth restored him to his church preferment, and offered him the bishoprick of Carlisle, which he declined.

From a volume of this miscellaneous nature many entertaining extracts might be selected, if we had room for their insertion. We have been particularly amused by the anecdotes of several distinguished characters, particularly Generals Gates, Hamilton, Pinckney, Putnam, and Arnold; Mr. John Randolph; Thomas Law, Esq. brother to Lord Ellenborough, and some others; and with a curious and interesting account of the adventures of Generals Whalley and Goffe, two of Charles the First's judges. Upon the whole we can recommend Mr. Jansen's *Stranger in America* as a work that abounds both with information and amusement, and we have no doubt but that its reception will be such as to induce him to publish a *Second Volume*, for which, as he informs us in his preface, he has sufficient materials.

The plates, of which there are twelve, present views of Philadelphia, the High-street, and Second-street; Boston; Hell-gate; Mount Vernon; the Philadelphia Theatre, &c.

Mr. Jansen's account of the American stage, and the melancholy fate of several English actors, is given in another part of our number.

The Works of Sallust; Translated into English by the late Arthur Murphy, Esq. Author of a Translation of Tacitus, &c.

This translation was among the manuscripts which Murphy left behind him, and was purchased at the general sale of his effects. The fame of his *Tacitus* will also recommend the present work to the public; but independently of the acknowledged merits and ability of the translator, the volume is made valuable by a life of the historian, very elegantly written, by Thomas Moore, Esq. the *translator of Anacreon*, who has availed himself of all the classical authorities which had been consulted by his former biographers, and added some information from the life of Sallust by *M. de Brosset*.

This learned Frenchman visited Italy in the year 1739, and has given a particular account of the site of the celebrated gardens of Sallust.

"With the wealth of the injured Africans he laid out those delicious gardens, which still "look green" in the pages of antiquity, and which were long the delight and the wonder of Rome. There,

(continues Mr. Moore, with elegant and happy irony,) in the midst of *parterres* and *porticos*, with an Italian sky over his head, and the voluptuous statues of Greece before his eyes, the historian produced those rigid lessons of temperance, those strong delineations of character, and those connected views of motives, events, and consequences, which deserve so justly to be called "Philosophy teaching by examples." There, reposing in the temple of his *Venus*, after an interview, perhaps, with some fair *Libertina*, he inveighed against the sensuality of the Roman youth; or, reclining amidst vases and pictures which African gold had purchased, composed his elaborate declamations against the rapacity of provincial governors."

Mr. Moore closes his account of the life of Sallust with the following very just observations on his merits as a writer and historian.

"Sallust shews the fallacy of a standard in criticism, as there is scarcely a fault in his writings, which some have not praised as a beauty; and, on the other hand, scarcely a beauty which some have not censured as a fault. While Quintilian admires the brevity of his style, there are others who condemn it as vicious and affected; * and Julius Scaliger, with a still more capricious singularity of opinion, declares that diffusion and prolixity are the most striking defects of Sallust. The speeches, interwoven with his history, which some critics value so highly, are considered by others as false and inelegant fabrications; and Cassius Severus has classed them among the failures of genius with the verses of Cicero and the prose of Virgil. The authenticity of these harangues is certainly too questionable to admit of their exciting such a lively degree of interest as might atone for the interruption which they cause in the narrative; and even the dramatic illusion that should be preserved, is destroyed by the uniformity or the historian's style, which confers on the rough uneducated Marius an array of language as dense and artificial as it gives to the polished and eloquent Cæsar. Without, however, entering into the minuteness of criticism, or pausing upon any of those heretical opinions which we have mentioned, we may consider ourselves orthodox in looking to Sallust as one of the purest models of historical composition; as a writer, whose style, though formed on the study of the Greeks, is peculiarly his own, and original both in its faults and its perfections, being often affected, yet always vigorous, and sometimes too brief, yet never obscure. The precepts of virtue too with which he has enriched his works are truly philosophical, and most admirably inculcated; and we have only to regret, while we read and admire them, that these flowers of moral eloquence are not native to the heart of him who utters them; but, like Virgil's branch of gold upon the gloomy tree

* *Quæ inter (says Morhofius, Polyhist. lib. iv. cap. xi.) Joh. Petrum Maffeiū quoque fuisse Erythræus refert. Pinacoth. ii. p. 53. "Illud," inquit "in eo ferendum non erat, quod Sallustium Crispum, Romanæ decus historiæ, ad sui judicii calculum revocare et damnare audebat; ideo fortasse, quod divinam ejus prudentiam illustremque brevitatē," &c.*

in the shades, are a kind of bright excrescence, "quod non sua seminat arbor."

A portrait of Mr. Murphy, a very fine likeness, from a bust by Turnerelli, appears in the front of the volume.

Some Account of New Zealand; particularly the Bay of Islands, and surrounding Country; with a Description of the Religion and Government, Language, Arts, Manufactures, Manners, and Customs of the Natives, &c. &c. By John Savage, Esq. Surgeon and Corresponding Member of the Royal Jennerian Society. Large 8vo. plates. 5s. 6d. Murray. 1807.

This little work bears a very appropriate title. It professes only to give *some* account of New Zealand. The materials indeed, are but scanty, but as far as they extend they will be found worthy of attention, and the author is certainly to be commended for withholding his doubtful conjectures upon interesting points, particularly those of religion and government, when no certain information could be procured.

Mr. Savage observes, that many of the islands of the Pacific Ocean, have been described by successive navigators, but that New Zealand, an island, as to extent and population, far superior to any of them, has not been spoken of by any voyager since the time of Captain Cook, and that that celebrated character visited parts of New Zealand very remote from those which our author has described, whose remarks are confined to the Bay of Islands, and the shores immediately surrounding it: a part of the country of greater importance to Europeans than any other, on account of the ocean in its vicinity being very much frequented by spermaceti whales, and the ample supply of refreshment it affords.

Mr. Savage brought one of the natives of New Zealand to England, and from him he received many particulars of the country which he had no opportunity of acquiring from personal observation. The parting of this man, whose name was Moyhanger, with his relatives, is minutely described, and as this ceremony was attended with circumstances which shew that affection is a very prominent feature in the character of a New Zealander, we shall transcribe the passage, as a specimen of the author's composition.

"Moyhanger had remained on board the ship several days be-

fore our sailing, happy in himself, and determined to see the world; his friends and relatives came daily to see him—some approved, and some condemned his resolution; but Moyhanger remained unshaken, and the time arrived when he was to go through the ceremony of taking leave.

"The canoe containing his kindred came alongside, and as soon as it was made fast to the ship, Moyhanger's father came on board. After a little preliminary discourse, the father and son fell into each other's arms, in which situation they remained near twenty minutes, during which time the right eye of the father, was in close contact with the left eye of the son: abundance of tears were shed, and a variety of plaintive sounds uttered on both sides. The venerable appearance of the father, who is of their religious class, made the scene truly interesting.

"When this ceremony was concluded with the father, Moyhanger descended to the canoe, and embracing his mother, mingled his tears with her's, in a similar way to that which had taken place between the father and himself—the same plaintive sounds were uttered, and evidently a great deal of affection expressed on both sides; but the time taken up in parting with his mother, was not more than half of that which had been employed in taking leave of his father. His brother came next; when a similar scene of grief occurred, but of shorter duration: his sisters were embraced by him, but in a less ceremonious manner.

"This interesting ceremony being concluded, Moyhanger ascended the ship's side, and all parties appeared cheerful and happy.

"In the early part of this parting scene, the appearance of affliction was so great, that I was induced to interrupt it, by desiring that no separation might take place between friends so much attached to each other; but I found that it was a matter of course, whenever a native quits his parents, and that I should offend all parties by retracting my permission for Moyhanger to accompany me.

"I wished to make a parting present to the venerable father, and I thought that some poultry might be acceptable: the old man declined every thing I could offer—however he had no objection to my making presents to any other part of his family; and we accordingly very soon got the better of this difficulty.

"When the canoe left the ship, the father and mother kept spreading their arms, and looking towards heaven, as if supplicating the protection of a superior power, in behalf of their son, during the whole time they remained within sight."

Mr. Savage does not conceive that the natives of this island are cannibals in so ferocious a degree as has been generally represented; but that they eat human flesh only in times of great scarcity of food, and after a conquest; and in the latter case, the victors do not devour the whole of their prisoners, but are content with shewing their power to do so, by dividing the chief of the vanquished tribe among them. He thinks that an European who should act with hostility towards them,

would be treated in the same way, but not if cast defenceless on their shore.

The harbours we are told are safe and capacious, the country beautiful, the soil favourable to cultivation; and the natives in all respects a superior race of Indians: advantages that hold out great inducements for colonization, which may hereafter deserve the attention of some European power.

Comments on the Commentators on Shakspeare. With Preliminary Observations on his Genius and Writings; and on the labours of those who have endeavoured to elucidate them. By Henry James Pye. 8vo. 7s. Tipper and Richards. 1807.

Mr. Pye is a man of learning, a respectable poet, and an agreeable writer. His knowledge of books also, we believe to be considerable. We were pleased, therefore, to see his name announced to the public as the author of comments on the great poet. We expected much from his taste, his judgment, and his research; but much indeed have we been disappointed. We have found nothing but *shreds and patches*; frivolous observations; long extracts from the best commentators; with idle and illiberal sarcasms on their labours. The *Preliminary observations on the genius and writings of Shakspeare* occupy only seven pages, the greater part of which is taken up in some loose remarks respecting Shakspeare's preservation of the unities; a quotation from Swift, noticed several times lately in the newspapers, to shew that *aches* was used by him as a dissyllable; and other points equally stale and uninteresting.

"These observations are made from the edition of Mr. Nichols, in eight volumes, thick 12mo. 1797;" and not from the *variorum editions* of later date, which Mr. Pye, as a *commentator on the commentators*, in the year 1807, would have done well to have consulted. It is very easy to say this note is unnecessary, that is tedious, and the other absurd; and a few *memoranda* may be soon swelled into an octavo volume by extracting a long comment from Mr. Steevens, another from Mr. Malone, and then observing "Malone, or Steevens, is clearly in the right." Very many pages are thus filled.

By the diligence and perseverance of ingenious critics, the sense of many passages in Shakspeare, which for

above a century and a half had remained perfectly inexplicable, is at length clearly made out; it shews neither candour, justice, nor good sense, to blame an early annotator for not having thrown so much light on the text as his more fortunate successor; or to ridicule attempts to purify and explain the writings of Shakspeare because they may not have been wholly successful. It is true that when the text is once established, many of the annotations might be dismissed: but one of the objects of the *variorum* editions, is to shew the gradation of that conjecture and research which have terminated in the full elucidation of the author's meaning; to present the various interpretations put upon words and sentences by discerning and learned men, that where there is doubt the reader may make his own preference: to render every line of "that immortal man" intelligible, not only to the well-informed, but to the meaner capacities, and consequently, to enter occasionally into explanations of difficult and uncommon words and phrases, needless indeed to such men as Mr. Pye, but very useful and highly necessary, with regard to the generality of readers.

Thus misconceiving the intention of those who have published our best editions of Shakspeare, Mr. Pye triumphs when he has only exposed *himself* to ridicule; and the notes of admiration (!!!) so liberally employed, are more applicable to his own comment than to that of his predecessor.

Some of his remarks are certainly entitled to attention, and we shall have a future opportunity of examining them. But, upon the whole, the volume is disgraceful to Mr. Pye as a critic, and is full of typographical errors.

Sympathy, and other Poems; Including Landscapes in Verse, and Cottage-Pictures; revised, corrected, and enlarged. By Mr. Pratt. With Engravings by Cardon. Drawings by Loutherbourn and Barker. 12mo. pp. 359. Phillips; 1807.

The principal poem in this collection has been much and deservedly admired. The characteristics of Mr. Pratt's muse are suavity, simplicity, elegance, and tenderness. Both in poetry and prose he always writes to the heart; and hence his productions have acquired their

popularity. His *Landscapes in Verse*, which have also run through several editions, abound in beautiful descriptions, and the most amiable sentiments. The *Tears of Genius*, one of his earliest productions, was occasioned by the death of Dr. Goldsmith. But Gray, Young, Sterne, Shenstone, Lyttleton, and Hawke-worth, are also commemorated, some in blank verse, others in rhyme and prose, according to the stile of writing in which each of these admirable authors excelled. The *Shadows of Shakspeare* formed originally part of a monody on Garrick. The following poem, entitled *Cottage-Pictures*, or *The Poor*, appeared in 1801: since that time the state of the poor has been improved, and, if the new Parliament shall pursue any of the wise measures of the last, is likely to be much more so. Mr. Pratt has expunged a few passages, which, however applicable when first published, would now appear overcharged.

The remainder of the volume consists of re-publications of numerous little poems, which had, at different times, found their way into periodical works; and which the author thought (and we think so too) were worthy to be collected, and preserved with his larger poetical performances.

The designs from which the plates in this volume are engraved are extremely beautiful.

Love's Lyrics. or Cupid's Carnival. Original and Translated. By I. Scott Byerley, Esq. Small 12mo. pp. 174. Chapple; 1807.

I ask not praise! I don't indeed—
No, damn it, and it must succeed

Mr. Byerley asks this of the reviewers as a boon, and we doubt not but that from principle, as well as complaisance, they will feel disposed to grant it. For our own parts we can comply with his request without any violation of our public duty.

Politics of the Georgium Sidus; or, Advice how to become Great Senators and Statesmen: Interspersed with Characteristic Sketches, and Hints on Various Subjects in Modern Politics. By a late Member of Parliament. Small 12mo. 5s. 6d. Addy and Co.; 1807.

A hit! a palpable hit! at various public characters who

have lately distinguished themselves in both Houses, and which will probably amuse many readers, who may be more in the secret than we profess to be. The stile is above mediocrity.

The Mountain Bard; Consisting of Ballads and Songs, founded on Facts and Legendary Tales. By James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. 8vo. Edinburgh, Constable. London, Murray; 1807.

From the memoir prefixed, communicated by the author to a friend, we learn that the author of the *Mountain Bard* is a poor man, who, without education, and following the humble employment of a shepherd and herdsman, felt an irresistible inclination to write verses; and, considering the disadvantages of his situation, the perusal of these ballads will excite no small degree of surprize. They are chiefly in the Scottish dialect, and display an uncommon facility of versification, with some fancy, and a strong feeling of the peculiar properties of the ancient ballad.

One of the shortest compositions we shall transcribe,

THE BONNETS O' BONNY DUNDEE,

TUNE.—*Comin' thro' the Rye,*

"O will ye gang down to the bush in the meadow,
An' see how the ewes an' the lammies do feed O!
An' by the fair hand, thro' the flowers I will lead you,
An' sing you the bonnets o' bonny Dundee?"
"Wi' heart an' wi' hand, my dear lad! I'll gang wi' thee;
My daddy an' mammy think nought to belie thee;
I ken ye'll do naething but kiss me, an' lead me,
An' sing me the bonnets o' bonny Dundee."

O! when fled thy angel, poor lovely Macmillan!
An' left thee to listen to counsel sae killin';
O where were the feelings o' that smiling villain!
Wha riffled thy blossom, an' left thee to die?
How pale is that cheek that was rosy an' reid, O!
To see that sunk eye wad gar ony heart bleed, O;
O wae to the wild-willow bush in the meadow;
O dool to the bonnets o' bonny Dundee!

The author has inscribed his pieces to his friend, Walter Scott, Esq. the minstrel of the Scottish border. It is always pleasing to hear of the encouragement afforded to untutored genius, but we fear the rage for

ransacking villages, and wandering over mountains, in search of obscure bards, is becoming almost ridiculous. The *Ayrshire Ploughman* in Scotland, and the *Farmer's Boy* in England, have already produced rustic versifiers in abundance, who, being once praised for rhyming, are little inclined to attend to any thing else, and whose vanity is usually great, in proportion as their talents are insignificant.

We think Mr. Hogg's friend would not have done wrong, if the hesitation he felt in publishing the poet's memoir in its present shape, had been suffered to prevail.

The Art of Stenography, or Short Hand. By Thomas Brand. 2s. Brand, 4, Union-Street, Hackney Road.

This system of short-hand is given on a card; the characters are on one side, the instructions on the other; an *invariable* attention to which will ensure, if the author may be credited, a method of writing, concise, intelligible, uniform, and natural.

Mr. Brand states, that although this system may appear, at first sight, rather complex, it will be found, on examination, to contain more useful instruction than the most lengthened system now extant, and which will be found to answer *every* purpose of the amanuensis.

The system is certainly ingenious, and worthy of attention.

REVIEW OF MUSIC.

Scène; consisting of a Solo and Pollaca, performed and sung by Mrs. Billington in the Opera of "Il Fanatico per la Musica," arranged for the Piano Forte, with an Accompaniment for the Flute ad libitum; composed and dedicated to Miss Mildmay, by G. G. Ferrari. Birchall. Price Three Shillings.

This elegant and animated song Mr. Ferrari has arranged for the piano forte; and in the form of a lesson it is more interesting than we should have expected: the passages are brilliant, and the general effect animated and pleasing. To such as have heard Mrs. Billington's exquisite performance of the original air, this arrangement of it will prove highly acceptable.

No. IV. The Vocal Magazine, consisting of Canzonets, Madrigals, Songs, Duets, Trios, Quartets, Glee, &c. composed by Jos. Kemp. Price 3s.

The first song in this number certainly can lay no claim to originality; the passages are remarkably common, and the general effect rather tame and insipid. The glee "O how blest was my lot" reflects much credit on Mr. Kemp, both as to taste and science; some degree of novelty is displayed in the construction of it, and, on the whole, we are inclined to rank it among the happiest of his productions. The song which follows is rather pleasing than otherwise.

"While the sweet blushing Spring,"

A Favourite Duett. The Words by Fielding; the Music by Edward Taylor. Goulding.

This duett, for a treble, or tenor, and bass, is pleasingly arranged, and although the general structure of the piece is plain and simple, yet some elegant and expressive passages occur. In point of composition it is perfectly correct.

Air, with Variations, composed and dedicated by Alfred Pettet, to Mr. J. Beckwith. Broderip and Wilkinson. Price 1s. 6d.

The author of the above air with variations is, we understand, a very young man; the composition, however, would have done credit to a person of more advanced years. The theme is simple and elegant, and well calculated for figurative descent. There are some unexpected accidentals introduced towards the latter end of it, to which those whose ears are accustomed to modern deviations from the Diatonic Scale will have no objection. The variations are seven in number, and no one of them is uninteresting. We consider the sixth as the most masterly.

"Once more then Farewell,"

A Favourite Song, as sung at the Hall Concert, Norwich, by Miss Pouchee, composed with an Accompaniment for the Piano Forte, by Alfred Pettet. The Words by Miss Betham. Broderip and Wilkinson. Price 1s. 6d.

This song exhibits a degree of care and skill in its arrangement such as we are but seldom able to observe. The melody is simple, yet by no means tasteless or common, and the accompaniment is constructed with judgment and ingenuity. The second movement of the song is rather too much encumbered by the piano forte, which, if not played with great delicacy, will spoil the effect of the air. We have never before had the pleasure of seeing any of Mr. Pettet's compositions, yet these we can scarcely suppose to be among his first productions: at any rate they are highly creditable to him, and give promise of his arriving at no mean proficiency as a composer.

Curran: a Glee for Three Voices; the Words selected from Southey's Madoc; composed and inscribed to Mr. Bartleman, by Dr. Callcott's Birchall. Price 2s. 6d.

Dr. Callcott holds a deservedly high reputation as a glee-writer. His compositions possess much originality, learning, and contrivance, and contain abundant proofs of the genius and the study of their author; but Dr. Callcott seems to have aimed rather more at quantity than quality in his glees; he has written some very superior ones, many good ones, but he has also not only written but published some which certainly are not worthy of him. It vexes, it mortifies us, when a man, who, we know, from experience, can produce compositions calculated to delight, to animate, even to enchant us, descends to publish any thing second-rate, any thing inferior to what we know he is capable of. From an ordinary composer we expect nothing but what is common-place, but we always see with concern a Callcott descend near mediocrity. It will be said that even Handel was not always great:—True:—But it was perfectly right, it was necessary that he should not be so. The structure of an oratorio requires a due degree of light and shade: the dazzling effulgence, the splendid coruscations of Handel's mind, had they been poured on the senses of his auditors in one undiminished stream, would, he knew, have lost their effect; but a glee, being an unconnected composition, must stand entirely on its own individual merits; and, for this reason, a composer who has proved and established his powers, cannot be too cautious how he detracts from the reputation he has raised.—The present glee, had it been the production of any common writer, we should most probably have praised rather highly, but we know Dr. Callcott to be capable of so much better things, that we cannot give him a like degree of approbation. We repeat, that from his pen we expect a glee which not only should be faultless in point of composition, but masterly in its conception, skilful in its arrangement, in short, calculated not merely to catch an ephemeral and transient breeze of popularity, and sink into oblivion at the end of a year, but to transmit the name and confirm the reputation of its author among future ages. We shall embrace the present opportunity in order to offer our opinion on the words which Dr. Callcott, and some others of our modern glee-writers, have selected. We have always thought that the sentiment contained in the words of a glee cannot be too obvious or apparent, since these compositions are frequently, if not generally, sung to auditors who have not copies of the words: they should therefore be such as are easily and quickly understood; but the words of the glee before us, selected from one of the obscurest parts of Southey's obscure poem of *Madoc*, must be wholly unintelligible to nine tenths of its auditors. Such must have been the case with many of the glees which are adapted to those bombastic and obscure effusions of Macpherson, known by the name of the Poems of Ossian. Having extended this article to so very unusual a length we shall refrain from adding more on the subject, but we conceive it to be our duty to offer our opinions, such as they are, clearly and openly, but, at the same time, we hope, candidly and fairly, without any servile reverence or blind regard to popular opinion or applause.

(Notices of Musical Publications will be thankfully received, and inserted in this department of our work.)

THE DRAMA.

 ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.—*Shakespeare.*

THE FOREIGN THEATRES.

AMERICA.

From Jansen's Stranger in America.

[Resumed from Page 273.]

THE next season, the old company being called for in New York, and, it is said, willing to decline a farther contest, left the field to their opponents. This circumstance by no means abated the zeal of Wignall. He brought forward new pieces and fresh performers. Among the latter was Mr. Cooper, whose abilities are known in London, and who far eclipsed all competitors of the buskin; but, as a general actor, Mr. Hodgkinson was the best performer I have seen in America. His death, which shall hereafter be particularly noticed, was a great loss to theatrical amateurs. Mr. Cooper had a high opinion of his own merit. He would not enter into a regular engagement with any of the American managers; and thus he lays them all under contribution, migrating, as it were, in a short space of time, from North to South, and dividing the profits of the theatre in which he may condescend to perform. As a proof of this gentleman's industry, after acting his limited number of nights last season at Philadelphia, he set off in his phaeton on a Saturday morning, and arrived at Baltimore on Monday, where he performed on that stage the same evening. He now contemplated a journey to Charleston, where Placide, formerly a rope-dancer at Sadler's Wells, has an elegant theatre. Having performed three nights at Baltimore for the trifling consideration of a *free* benefit, he proceeded on his route to Richmond in Virginia, where he performed the same number of nights, and on the same terms. He arrived in Charleston in ten days, a distance of between five and six hundred miles; and, after skimming the theatrical cream there, he returned with equal expedition to the

North, ready for the opening of the Boston theatre. The greatest part of this rapid travelling he performs with his own horses, and drives himself. His horses fell sick at Baltimore—he sent them to pasture, and purchased a fresh set. At Charleston he sold his new purchase at an advanced price, bought others, and on his arrival again in Baltimore, he took the former, being favourites and now refreshed, and disposed of those he had last driven. Thus is this theatrical hero amassing a fortune.

In the New York company, or, as it is still called, the Old American company, there has long been a kind of theatrical inter-regnum. On the death of Henry, the co-partner of Hallam, his place was filled by Hodgkinson, who became joint-proprietor and acting-manager, and for some time the theatre was jointly governed by them; but Hallam growing old and inactive, Mr. Dunlap, celebrated as a dramatic writer, purchased of Hallam, and entered upon an active part in the management. He soon took the ostensibility upon himself, the funds being below par, and Hodgkinson's extravagant manner of living rendered him unable to maintain his ground as a manager. We now find the theatre under the sole controul of Dunlap, and Hodgkinson once more merely a player. With the pen Dunlap did much, but, totally unacquainted with the interior regulations of a refractory company, he soon failed in his speculation; and at length was obliged to give up the whole to his creditors and the renters, who had subscribed to the building of a large theatre in the park of New York, in which the company performed but a few seasons. These proprietors and creditors deputed Tyler and Johnson, two of the performers, acting managers, Hodgkinson having left the company, and joined that at Charleston. They recalled Harper, who had been some years manager of the theatres in Boston, Providence, and Newport in Rhode Island. Mr. Harper is a good performer, a great favourite, and in his manners and dealings a gentleman; but unequal to supply the want of Hodgkinson. Sully, Bailey, young Darley, and his wife, were drawn from other theatres. With these performers, added to the remains of the company, among whom was Mrs. Melmoth, whose name was a powerful attraction, the theatrical campaign of 1805 was opened in New York. They had not the Philadelphia company to contend with; all

opposition to them in the same city, except in respect to Mrs. Melmoth, would now have been in vain.

It appears that, notwithstanding the exertions of the newly-deputed managers, and their company, matters did not turn out to the expectation of the proprietors. Overtures were sent to Hodgkinson, who accepted the sole management, and in consequence left Charleston to prepare for the next season. He arrived, late in the summer, in New York, and entered upon his office. From that place he set off in quest of performers, and a theatre being then open in the city of Washington, and another in Fairfax county, Virginia, he arrived at the former place to make engagements. It is supposed that he had inhaled the pestiferous air of the mouth of August in New York, as, on his arrival at the former place, he was seized with the symptoms of the yellow fever, which in three days put a period to his life. At this time it raged in New York with dreadful malignity. The people at the hotel where he lodged, fled his chamber in affright. Mr. Hopkins, one of the performers at Washington, who had agreed to follow his fortune in New York, with Dr. May, his physician, alone attended him. Thus perished John Hodgkinson, a man most eminent in his profession, and highly respected by the first characters in America. His remains were wrapt in a blanket by some negroes, who were induced by a considerable reward to perform the office, thrown into a waggon, and conveyed to an obscure burial-ground on the Baltimore road, where they were left *unattended* 'till a shell of a coffin was made, and a grave hastily dug, when the same negroes returned, and consigned him to the earth.

Some of the most eminent physicians in New York and Philadelphia contend that the yellow fever is not infectious when the patient is removed from the tainted atmosphere where it is generated. A proof to the contrary of this opinion is demonstrated in Hopkins, who accompanied Hodgkinson. There was no fever, no sickness, in Washington; yet, in a few days Hopkins sickened, was attacked with the same symptoms with equal malignity, and died in nearly as short a time as the friend he had attended.

From the encouragement given to theatrical exhibitions in Philadelphia, it would be concluded that Messrs. Wignall and Reinagle, the managers, must

have accumulated large sums of money. I cannot define the cause, but it is very certain that the contrary is the case. They were ever involved in debt, and finally availed themselves of the bankrupt laws; thus giving up the theatre to their creditors. They were, however, soon re-invested with the management, and after their "white-washing," appeared as before; a common circumstance in America. It appears that all the American managers are losers. We have already instanced those of New York and Philadelphia. At Boston, Powell, with great encouragement, made nothing. Harper could barely keep his ground, and was often much reduced. West, of the Virginia company, is greatly in debt, so as to prevent the opening of the theatre at Alexandria for several years; and Placide, at Charleston, says, that he can barely support himself by his theatre.

Charleston has proved a grave to the theatrical corps in America. The high salaries given there, from the great plenty of money, and riches of the principal inhabitants, who are great amateurs, drew thither numbers of performers on the expiration of their engagements with the northern managers. Among those of eminence, who fell a sacrifice to an unwholesome climate, we have to lament Mrs. Wroughton, then married to Mr. Pownall, a druggist in New York, and one of her daughters, who was then following the mother in the same line of stage business. Miss Broadhurst's death was attended with melancholy circumstances. Viewing with dread the havoc made among the performers, she intreated her mother to spend the sickly months with her on Sullivan's Island, a place at that time of great resort, and to permit her to decline a proffered engagement as first vocal performer in the concerts at the public gardens. The parent refused to acquiesce, and the victim prognosticated the fatal consequences. She entered upon the duties of her engagement—sung a few nights—was then taken ill, and in a few days expired. To this young and accomplished female, must be added Miss Fontenelle, who first appeared in *Moggy McGilpin*, at Covent Garden, and whose remains are interred at Charleston. In the list of deaths in this place are also the names of Mr. Williamson, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones, from the Salisbury theatre, Mrs. Kenna, and her son, a rising young actor. Mr. Jones had risen to eminence in the

late Mr. Edwin's style, and was acting-manager under Placide.

Jones was succeeded in his management by Mr. Villiers, a young man of superior address and education, who, from his own account, left a very genteel family and good connections, to become a player in America. His real name was not Villiers, and from the same motives which probably influenced him to conceal that of his family, I decline making the discovery. He was a good low comic actor, studying nature in all he attempted; and he was a great favourite. In the summer of 1805, he came as far as New York on the business of his theatre, and was proceeding up the Hudson River to Albany, where the old American company were performing, when he was suddenly seized with sickness, and landed at a small town called Esopus, where he died with the most violent symptoms of the yellow fever, imbibed during his short stay at New York.

From this mortality the American stage is at present somewhat depreciated, and it is not to be expected that England can spare a supply of such performers as have been last named, with the celerity with which a Carolina climate may carry them off. At New York, Cooper has lately been invested with the theatrical command, having rented the theatre of the proprietors; from his taste in selection, added to his abilities in performance, much is expected.

The death of Wignal has thrown the direction of the Philadelphia company into the hands of Warren, who is well qualified for the arduous undertaking. Wignal was also cut off suddenly. He had recently married Mrs. Merry, and in a very few months she was left in a state of second widowhood.* The performers brought forward last season at Philadelphia were Mr. and Mrs. Woodham, and Mr. Bray, late of the York theatre. The lady possesses a fine figure, and is easy in genteel comedy. Mr. Woodham is a good singer, and a musician. Bray is one of the laughter-loving sons of Momus, and manages his business in the manner of Emery, and with considerable effect; his figure and

* Mrs. Merry has lately entered a *third* time into the matrimonial state, with Mr. Warren.—ED.

phiz being well calculated to pourtray the Yorkshire clown. †

In their private capacity, the performers are treated by the Americans with an assumed contempt. They will neither associate with, nor notice them off the stage. Mr. Harper, whose company I always found interesting, one day amused me with an account of a journey of the old American company, some years before, to Richmond in Virginia. He said the people were assembled when the performers arrived; at first they were stared at as though they were so many wild beasts; but at length the gaping crowd discovered them "to be men and women, formed and dressed like other folks!"

The above account of the American theatres, is inserted, not merely for the information it affords, but in the hope that it may deter our speculating English actors from quitting the *substance*, in search of what appears to be a *shadow*, and prevent many a stage-struck hero from being deluded over to this "Land of *Promise*," by the splendid but fallacious representations of theatrical *kidnappers*.

ON AUTHORS' BENEFITS.

By Edmond Malone, Esq.

It is uncertain at what time the usage of giving authors a benefit on the third day of the exhibition of their piece, commenced. Mr. Oldys, in one of his manuscripts, intimates that dramatic poets had anciently their benefit on the first day that a new play was represented; a regulation which would have been very favourable to some of the ephemeral productions of modern times. I have found no authority which proves this to have been the case in the time of Shakspeare;

† The public prints have just announced that Mr. Hallam, who is mentioned in the beginning of this article, after having been fifty-four years a faithful dramatic servant to the public, at Philadelphia, is dismissed the theatre, and obliged to sell his property in it for bread.

but at the beginning of the present century [the last] it appears to have been customary in Lent for the *players* of the theatre in Drury Lane to divide the profits of the first representation of a new play among them.*

From D'Avenant, indeed, we learn, that in the latter part of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the poet had his benefit on the second day. † As it was a general practice, in the time of Shakspeare, to sell the copy of the play to the theatre, I imagine, in such cases, an author derived no other advantage from his piece, than what arose from the sale of it. Sometimes, however, he found it more beneficial to retain the copy-right in his own hands; and when he did so, I suppose he had a benefit. It is certain that the giving authors the profits of the third exhibition of their play, which seems to have been the usual mode during a great part of the last century, was an established custom in the year 1712; for Decker, in the prologue to one of his comedies, printed in that year, speaks of the poet's *third day*. §

* Gildon's *Comparison between the Stages*, 1702. p. 9.

† See *The Play-house to be Let* :

"*Players*.——There is an old tradition,
 "That in the times of mighty *Tam'rlane*,
 "Of conjuring *Faustus* and the *Beauchamps* bold,
 "You poets us'd to have the *second day* ;
 "This shall be ours, sir, and to-morrow yours.
 "Poet. I'll take my venture ; 'tis agreed."

§ "It is not praise is sought for now, but pence,
 "Though dropp'd from greasy-apron'd audience.
 "Clapp'd may he be with thunder, that plucks bays,
 "With such foul hands, and with squint eyes doth gaze
 "On Pallas' shield, not caring, so he gains
 "A cram'd *third day*, what filth drops from his brains !"

Prologue to *If this be not a good Play, the Devil's in't* 1612.

Yet the following passages intimate, that the poet, at a subsequent period, had some interest in the *second day's* exhibition :

• "Whether their sold scenes be dislik'd or hit,
 "Are cares for them who eat by the stage and wit ;
 "He's one whose unbought muse did ever fear
 "An empty *second day*, or a thin share."

Prologue to *The City Match*, a comedy, by J. Mayne, acted at Blackfriars in 1639.

So, in the prologue to *The Sophy*, by Sir John Denham, at Blackfriars in 1642 :

The unfortunate Otway had no more than one benefit on the production of a new play; and this too, it seems, he was sometimes forced to mortgage, before the piece was acted †. Southerne was the first dramatic writer who obtained the emoluments arising from two representations||; and to Farquhar, in the year 1700, the benefit of a third was granted **; but this appears to have a particular favour to that gentleman; for, for several years afterwards, dramatic poets had only the benefit of the third and sixth performance.

The profit of three representations did not become the established right of authors 'till after the year 1720.

To the honour of Mr. Addison, it should be remembered, that he first discontinued the ancient, but humiliating, practice of distributing tickets, and soliciting company to attend at the theatre, on the poet's nights.††

" ——— Gentlemen, if you dislike the play,
 " Pray make no words on't 'till the *second day*
 " Or *third* be past; for we would have you know it,
 " The loss will fall on us, not on the poet,
 " For he writes not for money. ———

In other cases, then, it may be presumed, the loss, either of the *second* or *third day*, did affect the author.

Since the above was written, I have learned from Sir Henry Herbert's office-book, that between the year 1625 and 1641, benefits were on the second day of representation.

† " But which amongst you is there to be found,
 " Will take his *third day's pawn*, for fifty pound.

Epilogue to *Caius Marcius*, 1680.

|| " I must make my boast, though with the most acknowledging respect, of the favours of the fair sex—in so visibly promoting my interest on those days chiefly, (the *third* and the *sixth*,) when I had the tenderest relation to the welfare of my play." Southerne's dedication to *Sir Antony Love*, a comedy, 1691.

Hence Pope:

" May Tom, whom heaven sent down to raise
 " The price of prologues, and of plays," &c.

It should seem, however, to have been some time before this custom was uniformly established; for the author of the *Treacherous Brothers*, acted in 1696, had only one benefit:

" See't but three days, and fill the house, the last,
 " He shall not trouble you again in haste." *Epilogue*.

** On the representation of the *Constant Couple*, which was performed fifty three times in the year 1700. Farquhar, on account of the extraordinary success of that play, is said, by one of his biographers, to have been allowed by the managers the profits of *four* representations.

†† Southerne, by this practice, is said to have gained seven hundred pounds by one play.

THEATRICAL MISERIES.

original and selected,

BY LACHRYMAL GLUM.

THE gallery at the Opera-House restricting you, not merely to a bird's-eye view of the dancers, but to a bird's-ear sound of the singers.—Item,

The loss of your delight in looking at the faces of the female performers, after the enchantment has been dissolved by a closer inspection behind the scenes.

On the first and last appearance of some theatrical meteor, when every seat in every box has been eagerly caught up months ago—venturing for *the pit* amidst a shoal of plebeians, completely soldered into one mass—with the varied accompaniments of heat, delay, fatigue, crushings, treadings, quarrellings, and total loss of purse, peace, and—shoes. When you are at length borne along to the paying-place, the new struggle and difficulty of ransoming your right arm from its close captivity, for the purpose of diving into your pockets, to find nothing there. After thus involuntarily bilking the treasury, you continue to be swayed along into the house, there to be rewarded, at last, for all your patience (if you have had any) by finding—“a little standing room!”

Boring a friend to death, who has pronounced Kemble his aversion, to go and see him in a *favourite* character, and finding that it is one of the nights in which he has made up his mind to—*walk over the course*.

Having your ears annoyed by “a bill of the play” under the piazza, and “want any oranges, want any beer or cyder” when you have struggled, through a phalanx of impediments, into the house.

A *modern* prologue to a *modern* play.

Shirking a pleasant party to get early to Drury-lane to see the new comedy of a popular writer, and, when the curtain draws up, learning from your next neighbour that on account of the indisposition of a principal performer, the managers have been under the necessity of substituting the *Bold Stroke for a Wife*, or *She stoops to Conquer*.—N. B. No money to be returned!

A Ticket night at Covent Garden on the *thirtieth of June!*

LACHRYMAL GLUM.

"WINE AND WASSEL."

MR. CONDUCTOR,

IN addition to your note on the following passage in *Macbeth*—

"Their two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so convince."

I submit to you the following remark:

In the western counties, the custom of *wassel* is still preserved among the country people, with some particular ceremonies: not, indeed, on the eve of the new year, but on the eve of *Twelfth-day*. The *wassel-bowl*, as it is still called, is filled with ale or cyder, into which is thrown a toast with spice and sugar, and the first libation is made to the apple-trees. They are sprinkled with the liquor, while a song is sung by the superstitious rustics, expressive of their wishes and hopes of a plentiful season. In towns the boys parade the streets on the eve of *Twelfth-day*, and sing the *wassel-song*. It may be observed that they make use of the old Saxon word, *was-heil*, without any alteration, either of its original meaning or manner of pronunciation. It begins—

"Was-heil, was-heil all o'er the town, &c."

i. e. we wish health to all the inhabitants.

In the *Archæologia*, there is a particular account of an ancient chimney-piece, on which the *wassel-bowl* is carved, ornamented with leaves of the apple-tree. The gentleman who communicated his remarks on this remain of antiquity, conjectures that the *leaves* were emblematical of the good cyder which generally filled the bowl. I rather think they referred to the custom of carrying the bowl into the orchards, to sprinkle the trees with the liquor it contained, whether it were cyder or ale.

Permit me to avail myself of this opportunity to thank you for the pleasure I have received in perusing your *preliminary observations* on the *Macbeth* of Shakspeare; for your judicious comments on the annotations; and for the very careful attention which is paid to the printing of his text.

Your's, &c.

A SHAKSPEARIAN.

MR. YOUNG.

THIS gentleman, whose recent *débüt* in *Hamlet* has been crowned with such complete success, promises to become a distinguished favourite on the London boards, both in tragedy and the higher walks of comedy. A performance exhibiting stronger marks of genius, finer animation, or happier display of intellect, we have seldom witnessed. Mr. Young has studied this master-piece of Shakspeare with infinite care, not merely as to the text, and general scope of the character, but throughout all its shades and gradations, discriminating with the utmost truth and nicety, each peculiar feature of *Hamlet*, and presenting a whole so finished and forcible, as to leave the strongest impression upon the minds of his audience.

Mr. Young is of good height—his figure is well formed; his features are expressive and flexible; his voice “from the lowest note to the top of its compass,” is good, and his action and deportment gentlemanly and graceful.

We do not propose to enter into a regular criticism of his *Hamlet*; but shall merely point out a few of the passages in which he distinguished himself the most, or wherein he varied from other performers of the character. The *address to the Ghost* was very fine, gradually rising from a tone solemn and tremulous, into an earnestness and entreaty very impressive, not once forgetting, either in this or the subsequent interview, the filial respect due to a father so tenderly loved and so deeply lamented. The *Go on, I'll follow thee*, was determined, but solemn, and we approve of the variation which is adopted on the *exit* of the Ghost. He does not descend the trap, but retires behind the stage. Hamlet follows him with his eye for some time, and as the spirit is supposed to descend, falls gradually on his knee into an attitude that bespeaks the awe which this preternatural visitation has excited, and the powerful impression that the ghost's narrative has made upon his mind.

In the latter part of the second, and the whole of the third act, Mr. Young “stuck fiery off indeed.”—In the scene with the *players* he was highly judicious; his deportment had all the ease and at the same time all the dignity of the Prince of Denmark. The soliloquy of *To be or not to be*, was delivered with an earnestness

that shewed Hamlet was himself interested in the solution of his own question. Mr. Kemble in this soliloquy is always too cool and philosophical. The interview with *Ophelia* was full of beauties, and was rapturously applauded. When he first observes her, he does not give *the fair Ophelia!* as it is pronounced in general, *pathetically*, but with a significance that implies he is aware that she is placed in his way by design; and, thus believing, his behaviour to her, which Dr. Johnson thinks marked with a "rudeness that seems to be useless and wanton cruelty" receives a strong justification. The instructions to the players could not be better delivered. His own sensible performance was an apposite illustration of the excellent lesson which Shakspeare has in this scene bequeathed to the profession. The closet scene was hit off with uncommon spirit. He poured his soul into the situations, and what he felt himself so powerfully, was communicated with electrical effect to the audience. In the description of his father's person, as suggested by the picture, we thought him somewhat too loud; we are of opinion that the voice should rather soften into accents of veneration and tender recollection, than be extended into a rant. The stress in *every God* should also be placed on the word *every*, and in "*the assurance of a man*", the first substantive is a word that Shakspeare meant to be strongly emphatical.

"*Is it the king*" was excellent; and in the whole of this admirable scene he displayed judgment of the highest order, and powers of execution which few actors have possessed in a degree so strikingly effective. In the *Play Scene* which we find we have unintentionally passed by, he discovered also considerable address, and his *bye-play* was exceedingly skilful.

We have very briefly noticed Mr. Young's performance, because, in the first place, our limits this month would not allow us to do it full justice, and in the next, because we know we shall have frequent opportunities of pointing out his general merits as an actor. He is indeed an acquisition of importance. Of *intellectual* actors we have very few. "*Strutters and bel-lowers*" we have in abundance. We therefore hail Mr. Young's appearance with more than usual satisfaction; and the more so since we hear that his manners are highly estimable in private life. On and off the stage he will thus prove an ornament to his profession.

POETRY.

IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION

Of the following Lines under a French Statue of NIOBE.

LE fatal Courroux des Dieux
Changea cette Femme en Pierre ;
Le Sculpteur a fait bien mieux,
Il a fait tout le CONTRAIRE !

TRANSLATION.

Apollo's power, we all must own,
That turn'd the Mourner's tears to Stone,
For so the Poets feign ;
But far beyond him in the Strife,
Is he who gives the MARBLE Life,
And bids them flow again !

ANNA.

SONNET

IN RETIREMENT.

WHILE here contentment trims her wood-bine bowers,
And peace, her smiling sister, soothes the breast,
Lap'd ever in the dream-like charm of rest,
How sweetly pass the golden-winged hours !
When morning mild her flood of radiance pours,
I rise refresh'd, from dreams and slumber blest,
To breathe the gale ; when evening paints the west,
I climb the rugged steep that rudely towers,
Whence view'd around the rich-hued landscape spreads ;
Or thro' the fragrant vale's sequester'd haunts,
I wind with easy step, my careless way,
Where ne'er oppression, sullen tyrant, treads :
And far from scenes where vacant folly flaunts,
Wake, as the muse inspires, the simple lay.

Liverpool.

G. W. C.

SONNET

FROM PETRARCH.

DEAR eyes ! ye day-stars of my fate ! from whence
 Fall the pearl drops of sympathetic tears ;
 Bright azure lamps, within whose chrystal spheres,
 The rays of virtue live, and innocence :
 From ye, inspiring orbs ! no guilty sense
 Of passion kindles, while each look endears,
 But in the wand'ring soul, a love, thro' years—
 To burn, with chaste, and holy thrill intense !—
 To ye pure eyes ! I humbly look, and there
 I read the words that calm my troubled soul ;
 " Oh ! Petrarch, murmur not !— to earthly share
 " Of griefs, shall recompense on high be given."
 Yes, I will ev'ry grov'ling wish controul,
 And thro' their mistress, lift my thoughts to Heav'n !

Liverpool.

G. W. G.

ODE

TO PATIENCE.

NYMPH of the ever placid mien,
 With humble look, and soul serene,
 In fortune's adverse day ;
 Who calmly sit'st amid the storm,
 When bursting round thy angel form,
 Nor murmur'st at its sway !
 Oh ! now regardful of thy spell,
 While heaves my aching bosom's swell,
 Each grief, each pain reveal'd,
 Still trembling in the dang'rous maze,
 When ill's assail, be near to raise
 Thy strong protecting shield !
 Full many a heart, by sorrow try'd,
 Has felt the balm thy hand supply'd

To ease the wretch's woes,
 As resignation lifts on high,
 Not vainly so, the trusting eye,
 And soothes him to repose.
 Yet ah ! upon thy steps no less
 The watchful fiends, relentless, press,
 To urge their fell controul :
 How oft they aim the pois'nous dart,
 In vain, to strike thy gentle heart,
 And fright thy tranquil soul !
 Methinks I see thee, even now,
 With hands compos'd, and halcyon brow,
 While glaring near thee stand,
 (Undaunted thou behold'st them wait,)
 The vengeful ministers of fate
 A dreadful, num'rous band !
 Then stern misfortune frowning lowers,
 And chills the heavy-passing hours,
 Mad anguish writhing nigh ;
 And drooping misery, and scorn,
 And weeping poverty forlorn,
 Their different efforts try :
 There base ingratitude, and lo
 Sly falsehood striking off the blow
 In friendship's specious guise,
 Whose hell-born art can none avoid,
 By sad experience fully try'd,
 The guarded, nor the wise !
 Tho' ne'er involk'd before, thy aid
 Refuse not then, propitious maid !
 This warmly-wetive hour,
 A suppliant at thy shrine, decreed
 By many a bitter wrong to bleed,
 Implores thy pitying power :
 With pious hope, thy sister friend,
 Oh ! hither come, thy succour lend,
 To quell this painful strife,
 And teach me now, with rising thought,
 And breast with conscious virtue fraught,
 To bear the ills of life !

Liverpool.

G. W. C.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

DRURY LANE.

MAY.

- 27. Cabinet—Tekeli.
- 28. Adelgitha—Wood Dæmon.
- 29. [Mr. Spring, the Boxkeeper's Benefit.] Siege of Belgrade—Blue Devils. Annette, Miss Mellon.—Weathercock.
- 30. Curfew. Florence, Miss Boyce.—Young Hussar.

JUNE.

- 1. [Benefit of Mr. Johnston, Machinist.] Dramatist. Marianna, Miss Boyce—Prize—Wood Dæmon.
- 2. Pizarro—Tekeli. Alexina, Mrs. Ansell.
- 3. [Benefit of Messrs. Wewitzer, Cooke and Gibbon.] Birth Day—Devil to Pay—Midas.
- 4. Haunted Tower—Wood Dæmon.
- 5. John Bull. Peregrine, Mr. Barrymore.—Fair Circassian—Weathercock.
- 6. Soldier's Daughter—No Song no Supper.
- 8. [Miss DUNCAN's Benefit.] Belle's Stratagem—Fair Circassian—Tekeli.
- 9. Mr. DIGNUM's Benefit.] West Indian—Fair Circassian—House to be Sold.
- 10. School for Friends—Wood Dæmon.
- 11. [Mr. RUSSELL's Benefit.] Travellers—Sylvester Daggerwood, by Mr. Russell.—Tekeli.
- 12. Clandestine Marriage. Lord Ogleby, Mr. Everard.—Young Hussar.
- 13. She Stoops to Conquer—ib.
- 15. Mountaineers—Fair Circassian—Devil to Pay.
- 16. [Last Night.] Rivals—ib.—Young Hussar.
- 17. [Mr. Lacy's Night, by free grant.] Birth Day—The Storm by Mr. Incedon.—Devil to Pay.

COVENT-GARDEN.

MAY.

- 27. [Mr. EMERY's Benefit.] School for Prejudice—We Fly by Night. Gaby Grim, Mr. Emery.
- 28. Peter the Great—Harlequin and Mother Goose.
- 29. [Mr. BLANCHARD's Benefit.] Town and Country—Hartford Bridge. Peter, Clara, Susan, (1st time) Mr. Blanchard, Miss Bolton, Mrs. Liston.
- 30. Way to Keep Him—Fortune's Frolick.

JUNE.

- 1. King Lear—Harlequin and Mother Goose.
- 2. [Mrs. MATTOCK's Benefit.] Way to get Married—Persuasion—Valentine and Orson.
- 3. [Mr. TAYLOR's Benefit.] Poor Gentleman—Imitations—Poor Soldier. Captain Fitzroy, Mr. Bellamy; Patrick, Mr. Taylor; Norah, Miss Bolton; Kathlane, Mrs. Liston.

4. [Benefit of Mrs. Smith, Mr. Beverly, and Mr. Field.] *Othello*, the Moor, by Mr. Seyton, from Norwich.—Turnpike Gate.

5. [Miss BOLTON's Benefit.] Fontainebleau. Henry, Lapoche, Rosa, Nannette, (1st time) by Mr. Bellamy, Mr. Melvin, Miss Bolton and Mrs. Liston, Celia, by a Young Lady (her 1st appearance.)—*Love-à-la-mode*.

6. [Benefit of Mrs. DIBDIN and Mr. WADDY.] Five Miles off—Lock and Key. Fanny, Mrs. Dibdin.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

8. [Mr. BRANDON's Benefit.] Mountaineers—Tom Thumb.

9. [Benefit of Messrs. GRIMALDI and BOLOGNA Jun.] Man of the World—*Poor Jack*, a comic Ballet—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

10. [Benefit of Messrs. CLAREMONT and KING.] School of Reform—*Poor Jack*—Tale of Mystery.

11. [Miss MEADOWS's Benefit.] Tempest—Irish Widow. Widow Brady, by a Young Lady (1st appearance.)

12. [Mr. MELVIN's Benefit.] Secrets worth knowing. Rostrum, Mr. Melvin; Egerton, Mr. Brunton; Plethora, Mr. Liston. Mrs. Greville, Miss Brunton; Rose Sydney, by the Young Lady, who performed Sophia on Mr. Munden's night.—Personation—Col. Lins's Ode, by Mr. Seyton.—Adopted Child.

13. Blind Bargain.—Paul and Virginia.

15. [Benefit of Mr. GLASSINGTON, Prompter.] Revenge—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

16. School for Prejudice—*Poor Jack*—Guardian.

17. Provok'd Husband—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

18. John Bull—Padlock. Diego, Leander and Leonora, (1st time) Mr. Bellamy, Mr. Taylor, and Miss Bolton.

19. Wild Oats—Paul and Virginia.

20. Beggar's Opera—Jew and Doctor.

22. Tempest—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

23. [Last Night] Hamlet—Harlequin and Mother Goose.

On casting our eye over the above lists, we do not perceive that any particular observations are necessary. The benefits, notwithstanding the election, have in general been very productive to the performers, and the *cackling of Mother Goose* was heard to the very close of the season, which her *golden eggs* have rendered profitable in the extreme, notwithstanding the heavy disbursements for splendid but unattractive revivals. We were present at Mr. Seyton's performance of *Othello*, and have no hesitation in pronouncing him a most promising Tragedian, though the *Moor* is rather too weighty both for his person and powers. We understand that this gentleman is engaged by Mr. Macready for Manchester.

HAYMARKET.

JUNE.

15. Heir at Law. Henry Moreland, Mr. Carles; Kenrick, Mr. Waddy; Caroline, Miss Taylor.—Catch him who can.

16. Mogul Tale—Ways and Means—Review.

17. Mock Doctor—Review. Phoebe Whitethorn, Mrs. Taylor.—Five Miles off.

18. Fortune's Frolick—Inkle and Yarico. Trudge, Mr. Matthews.—Animal Magnetism.

19. *Hunter of the Alps*, Felix, Mr. Palmer, Jun.—Dramatist Vapid, Mr. Fawcett.—Catch him who can.

20. *Five Miles off*—*Irish Widow*. Whittle, Mr. Noble; Kecksey Mr. Mathews; Thomas, Mr. Liston. Widow Brady, Mrs. Litchfield, (her first appearance here these five years.)—Tom Thumb.

22. *Hamlet*. Hamlet, Mr. Young; Polonius, Mr. Mathews; Ghost, Mr. Chapman; Laertes, Mr. Palmer; Osrick, Mr. De Camp; Gravediggers, Messrs. Liston and Grove. The Queen, Mrs. Litchfield; Ophelia, Mrs. Taylor.—Mock Doctor.

23. *Meir at Law*—Review.

24. *Hamlet*—Fortune's Frolick

25. *Sighs*. Josephine, Mrs. Gibbs; Louisa, Miss Taylor.—Mrs. Wiggins—Tom Thumb.

26. *Hunter of the Alps*—*Five Miles off*—*We fly by Night*.

27. *Mountaineers*. Octavian, Mr. Young; Bulcazin Muley, Mr. Carles; Kilmallock, Mr. Taylor.—*Irish Widow*.

The summer campaign opens under the most favourable auspices. The Theatre has been fresh painted and ornamented, and we must acknowledge, notwithstanding the letter of our friend GLIB in the last *Cabinet*, that the decorations are creditable to the taste of the superintendant. The house has a light and elegant appearance, and the additional lobby behind the two shilling gallery cannot fail to lessen the disturbances which heretofore so much annoyed the company in the front boxes. The refectory is removed to the same quarter, and as "where the carcass is, there will the Eagles be gathered together" we are in hopes that the box-lobby lounge and his frail companions will follow the ice-creams, and the jellies, up-stairs, and suffer the more sedate part of the audience to hear a *little* of the play.

The stage has been reduced by taking away some unnecessary space before the proscenium; the orchestra is of course carried further on, and the pit gains by the alteration three or four additional rows, and will, thus, hold more than it did, in preceding seasons, by eight or nine pounds.

The manager has strengthened his company by the acquisition of Mr. YOUNG, an actor of great genius, who has distinguished himself in some of our best provincial theatres, and of Mrs. Litchfield, with whose merits both in tragedy and comedy the public are very well acquainted. Fawcett's name is a tower of strength, and Mrs. Gibbs looks as beautiful, and plays with as much spirit and vivacity as ever.

Our favourites Mathews and Liston, resume their situations; and the company has also to boast the names of Chapman, De Camp, Taylor, Grove, Noble, Palmer, jun. Waddy, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Mathews, Mrs. Liston, and Mrs. Powel. A Mr. Bennet, from Bath, is engaged as a vocal performer, of whom report speaks in favourable terms. Paul, in *Paul and Virginia*, is selected for his *début*, being his seventh appearance on any stage.

SADLER'S WELLS.

THE attractions of this Theatre have recently been increased by a splendid and interesting melo-dramatic romance called the OCEAN FIEND, or, the *Infant's Peril*, invented by Mr. C. Dibdin, which in variety of action, striking display of scenery, and magnificence of decoration, surpasses every thing of the kind that has lately been exhibited. The effect of the last scene has never been surpassed on any stage. It exhibits an uninterrupted body of water, on which dolphins, tritons, sea-horses, boats, &c. &c. are displayed so as to form a most interesting and romantic spectacle, which concludes with the appearance of the *Ocean Fiend*, and a general conflagration. There is a delightful overture to it by Mr. Reeve.

The performers are highly respectable. Smith is a good comic actor as well as a most respectable singer; and the vocal talents of Mr. Pyne, are also of a superior description. GRIMALDI, in the *Forty Virgins*, continues to astonish the audience by his activity, and convulse them with his grotesque humour, in the *Clown*.

The house is crowded almost every night, and the boxes are filled with families of the first distinction.

MRS. MARTYR.

THIS favourite actress and singer, died on Sunday the 7th of June, after an illness that lasted nearly the whole of the past season.

Mrs. MARTYR was, previous to her appearing before the public, a scholar of Mr. Hook, the composer, and as a singer, (then Miss Thornton) made her first appearance at Vauxhall Gardens. Her *entrée* was most flattering, and her voice happily accorded with the situation chosen for her *début*. After a season or two's successful exertions, she was offered an engagement at Covent-Garden theatre, which she accepted. Mrs. Martyr came out in the part of *Rosetta*, and received the most flattering testimony of public approbation. At this time the celebrated Miss Catley, who was engaged at the theatre, having acquired a genteel competency, entertained serious thoughts of retiring. Miss C. discovered striking talents in Mrs. M. and repeatedly advised her to persevere, adding—"She should shortly leave the stage, and that she was convinced there was no person in the theatre, calculated to become her successor, except herself."

At the end of the following season, Miss C. relinquished her engagement. And at the commencement of the next, the hurletta of *Tom Thumb* was got up, and Mrs. M. had the part of *Dollalolla* assigned her, in which her success was most ample; and it was even thought, that her manner of singing the celebrated stoccato song (*Fisher's Minuet*) was superior to her great predecessor.

The pastoral drama of *Rosina* was next brought forward, and the part of *Phæbe* being allotted to her, afforded her a fair opportunity of cultivating the favour of the public. In a season or two after, when the comic opera of *Robin Hood* was produced, she performed the part of *Clorinda*, and her favourite hunting song, "*Oh oh oh!*" became as popular as any song of the time. This opera was succeeded by the *Follies of a Day*, in which Mrs. M. performed the

Page; her manner of singing the song, "*Ah, well-a-day, my poor heart!*" is in the ears of every one; it was a chaste, and unaffected effort of nature.

The parts in which the talents of Mrs. Martyr appeared most prominent, were, the *Page*, in the *Follies of a Day*; *Clorinda*, *Robin Hood*; *Phæbe*, *Rosina*; *Fanny*, *Maid of the Mill*; *Wowski*, *Inkle and Yarico*; *Kathlane*, *Poor Soldier*; *Fanny*, *Lock and Key*; *Lucy*, *Beggar's Opera*, &c. &c. Mrs. M. had the good fortune to possess a disposition so engaging, that she was equally esteemed by all ranks of persons employed in the theatre to which she belonged; and in private life she enjoyed the esteem of a numerous and respectable circle of friends.

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE young Roscius, at the close of his present engagements, is to retire entirely from the stage, and to be placed under the reverend Mr. Butler, with a view to the church. Mr. Butler is to be compensated for his trouble with an allowance of £300 a year.

Mr. Pope has for the third time entered the matrimonial state, with Mrs. Wheatley, the widow of Francis Wheatley, Esq. R. A. He is gone, with his lady, to Dublin, to perform on the stage of that city. Mrs. Powell is also engaged there. These acquisitions, with the addition of the powerful names of Hohman, H. Johnston, and Talbot, will give great strength to the tragic performances.

Mrs. Merry has also passed through the marriage ceremony for the third time. The happy man is Mr. Warren, an actor and manager in America.

Mrs. Glover has quitted her situation at Covent Garden theatre, which in her has lost its best comic actress.

Bannister this summer "skirrs the country round" with his budget of *Ways and Means*, a *pasticcio* of singing and recitation, which we hear is very amusing. Mr. Colman, Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Kenny and others, have contributed something to his *stock in trade*. He has had the honour of performing it before his Majesty, who has given him leave to announce the entertainment to be *under his Majesty's Permission*, an indulgence which (as we are told) discharges him from the controul of the magistrates of any town he may chuse to visit. Mr. Reeve accompanied him at Windsor on the Piano Forte, and the Princess Elizabeth expressed great satisfaction with his performance, and her approbation of his musical compositions in general.

Raymond and Downton propose making a similar tour; with some original pieces furnished by Mr. Cumberland, Sir James Burges, Mr. Monk Lewis, and other popular writers. The *Wandering Melodist* (Incedon) and the *Lyrical Novelist* (Mrs. Mountain) have commenced their operations.

Mr. Jones from Dublin, in the line of Mr. Lewis, is engaged for the ensuing season at Covent-Garden; and Miss Norton from Manchester.—The new theatre, at Brighton, is to open with *Hamlet*; Hamlet and Ophelia by Mr. and Mrs. C. Kemble. Mr. Balmer again exhibits his portraits of the *Living and the Dead* at the Lyceum. Catalani is to have 5000 guineas next year at the opera-house, and two clear benefits, one of which is to be secured at 1000 guineas.

FOREIGN THEATRES.

PARIS.—*Académie Impériale de Musique.*—The ballet of *Ulysses* is rather a pantomime than a ballet: the subject of it is the return of the King of Ithaca to his wife Penelope and his triumph over all her persecutors. This subject, taken of course from the *Odyssey*, and which possesses sufficient interest, has already been treated, in a tragedy by the Abbé Genet, and an opera by Marmontel. The ballet was very successful, but a dreadful accident happened at the conclusion of it. *Minerva*, represented by Mademoiselle Aubri, was unfortunately precipitated from the height of fifteen feet, and the performer was so severely bruised as to excite apprehensions for her life; but we are happy to say that after a few days she recovered from the effects of the fall, and returned to the exercise of her profession.

Theatre de la Porte Saint Martin. A piece has lately been brought out, taken from a tale in the *Bibliothèque bleue*. King John, surnamed the good, son of *Philippe de Valois* travels into Spain incognito, in the disguise of a very rich merchant, to dispute with an English prince, the heart and hand of the infant. In the first act there were some pleasant dramatic touches, but the satisfaction we derived from them was soon counterbalanced by the shocking caricature which is made of the English rival, who, to increase the absurdity, happens to be Edward the black prince. The battle of Poitiers is an event too well known to bear such misrepresentation even in a melo-drama.

Théâtre de l'Impératrice, rue de Louvois. The *Avaricious heir, or the Heir without an Inheritance*. A comedy in three acts, in prose.

Dorville, is a sort of *Legacy hunter*, who hopes to conceal his interested views by affecting an extraordinary degree of sensibility. He feigns an affection for his cousin merely because she is an heiress, who is however attached to *Sezanne*, a person whose principles and conduct are unexceptionable. The efforts of *Sezanne* to unmask the scoundrel, and those of Dorville to secure the interest of his old aunt, create some diversion. The result is a *Will*, apparently very advantageous to Dorville, in consequence whereof he thinks he is to be put in possession of several thousand pounds, but by the *Items* of it he is in fact made a debtor to *Sezanne* in a sum more than equal to the whole amount of the property. The legacy hunter is thus unmasked and punished, and leaves his rival master of the field of battle.

THE COUNTRY THEATRES.

Theatre-Royal, LIVERPOOL.—This Theatre, which opened for the season on Monday, May 25th, has (thanks to the liberality of the managers), been painted afresh, in a style far beyond the public expectation; its uniform neatness exhibits a pleasing contrast to the light, fantastic elegance of what it was in 1806; but it would be improved by the addition of four chandeliers round the higher tier of boxes, and a few lights in the upper boxes: this I think the managers ought to take into consideration, as it is utterly impossible to read a bill in this part of the house.

We have plenty of performers, but few of any note. Mr. Rae, who is our hero in tragedy and light comedy, is possessed of many requisites for his profession; nature has done much for him: in his acting as well as manner of speaking, it is very obvious that he copies Mr. Elliston, and in some particular parts with great effect; his chief failings consist in a too hurried delivery of his words in impassioned passages, and almost a perpetual motion of the head and arms.—Mr. Grant is an old favourite here, and deserving of the approbation he receives; he is, in every sense of the word, a general actor.—Messrs. Lewis and Knight have long since established their names as actors, both on the London and provincial boards, therefore little remains to be said of them in that capacity, but as managers I may perhaps hereafter have occasion to speak of them more fully.—Of Mr. Gibbon and Mr. Turpin I cannot make too favourable a report; the former is a stranger here, but is already become a great favourite in Munden's characters, whose manner he imitates very successfully; the latter in countrymen is very clever, and only inferior to Emery.—Mr. Tayleure is one of the most imperfect, confident actors I ever beheld; his principal characters are country lads, which, instead of being represented as simple country boors, are by a curious writhing of the mouth, and a particular starting of the eyes, which appear nearly half out of the head, completely transformed into merry-andrews and buffoons; but I must do him the justice to say I never saw Mr. Punch in a puppet-show dressed or played with more effect, than by him in the Mayor in Peeping Tom of Coventry: Mr. Moore also converted Peeping Tom into a native of Hibernia.—Mr. Hamerton is an universal favourite here, and generally allowed, as an Irishman, to be very little inferior to the celebrated Johnstone.—Our singers are Mr. Smith and Mr. Asker; the former has an uncommonly powerful and melodious voice, and is on the whole the best vocal performer we have had for some years: the latter as a bass singer is tolerable.—Among the females Miss Grant stands foremost; she is a truly interesting actress, without the slightest affectation.—Mrs. Mourtou is the heroine in tragedy and sentimental comedy; she possesses a good figure, her eye is expressive, and some of the tones of her voice are extremely pathetic, but she should pay more attention to the business of the scene, when she has done speaking.—We have also a Mr. Jones from Birmingham, Mrs. Terry, Mrs. Waring, Mrs. Skinner, and Mrs. Brown, of whom I shall at present say nothing.—Mrs. Tayleure in old women has merit, but is by no means to be compared to her predecessor Mrs. Grove.—Mrs. Smith as a singer is a

great favourite, and Miss Larkman I have no doubt will shortly become one:—Besides these we have had the four Miss Adams's from Dublin, and are at present gratified by the fine performances of Mrs. Siddons.

ARGUS.

Theatre WORTHING.—Mr. Trotter has erected a very commodious theatre at this fashionable watering-place, which he has fitted up, without regard to expence, in a style of uncommon elegance; the decorations are of the most tasteful description, and arrangements have been some time making for the opening which is expected on the 6th of July. Miss de Camp, Mr. Purser, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Siddons are among the performers engaged.

Theatre Royal, EDINBURGH.—In the list of the Edinburgh benefits, I perceive one or two mistakes and deficiencies, which fall to be corrected and noticed. Archer—the last night, was less by £.12 than the sum of £.120, as stated in the Cabinet by your correspondent. Mr. Macgregor's night, one of the very weakest of the whole four of performance, and that too in Passion week, when by far the most genteel, if not the most numerous of the frequenters of the theatre were precluded from attending and patronising one of the most meritorious, diligent, able, and faithful office-bearers that ever belonged to a similar establishment—rather exceeded the sum mentioned in the Cabinet. Mr. Evatt's, was, under all circumstances, one of the very best benefits of the season, and most honourably marked the estimation in which he is held, not only as a most promising general actor, but as an amiable man and excellent member of society.—Meggett, considering it was his first season, a weak night, and other still more unfavourable circumstances (but of too personal a nature to be even here alluded to) had no good reason to be, if he was, which I credit not, dissatisfied. It gives me infinite pleasure to remark, that this very meritorious young performer continues daily to rise in merit and public estimation. Indeed I hear it continue to be asserted, that his performances of Reuben, Glenroy, the Captain of Robbers (in the Curfew); above all, the latter in Glasgow, and the Dr. Pangloss of Evatt, have been in every respect by far the most finished, and of course the most attractive exhibitions of the last season without exception. It is the most delightful of my duties to confer the just reward of praise where justly earned by unassuming merit.

Archer's stiffness and preaching are to me intolerable. Mrs. Orger—how unfortunate that there is something in exquisite beauty incompatible with the growth of judgment!—Vining, but as a pantomime wight is good for nothing.—Poor Miss Benson, now, alas, Mrs. Vining! much surely is due to thee in thy new state, for much hast thou sacrificed to attain it; but I cannot be cruel to beauty above all in the garb of modesty.—Berry whom one of your correspondents, who I judge from his writings must know better, compares to Munden, pleases still the shilling gallery, and as many of the pit as he can, and in the broadest parts of broad buffoonery, pleases me too.—Dwyer is still the darling of the ladies, and our lady-like men; and when an author is fortunate enough to write at or for him, may well please even the most fastidious.—Rock, when he shall have thrown aside those vile punchings or pawings with his arms, and in

English parts, certain Hibernian cadences; when he shall have chosen to get rid of the necessity of fishing for his words, by a study less capricious and interrupted; when to all this he shall choose less to depend upon example than follow his own judgment in playing certain parts (and I have some reason to believe that he would find infinite advantage in doing so), then shall he have my suffrage to his naturally considerable comic powers; then shall he no longer be eclipsed or rather out-applauded by one (Berry) infinitely as inferior to him in native genuine legitimate humour, as in professional judgment, just conception, and accurate delineation.

On the disjunction of the Edinburgh and Glasgow companies by the preference to Rock of one Beaumont, a native of Guernsey, and a manager of a strolling company in the north of Scotland, as manager of the Glasgow Theatre; and on the consequences resulting therefrom to the theatrical entertainments of this country, accept a few remarks next month.

EQUUS.

Theatre Royal GLASGOW—Mr. Conductor. As the liberal scope of your theatrical criticism, is not confined to the metropolis, or to England, I trust, you will insert in the Cabinet a few observations which, at this distance, I am desirous to offer, concerning a gentleman, who, in a different miscellany, has been the subject of much injurious misrepresentation. The person I allude to, is Mr. Dwyer, whose absence from London, though it cannot have effaced the favourable impression he had made at Drury Lane, has not yet been sufficient either to confirm or disappoint the expectations of his friends. The talents of an actor will always be more or less conspicuous accordingly as his ambition is stimulated by success or repressed by chagrin; and it would not be surprising if Mr. Dwyer, with a laudable endeavour, and no unreasonable hope, to attain the highest honour and advantage of his profession, should, being baffled in such endeavour, and cut off from such hope, become negligent in his performance, and indifferent to his fame. With these suggestions before me I was led to give some credit to the censures in the Monthly Mirror, at which I have pointed; but I can now, with a satisfaction wherein I know your candour will participate, assure you that, to my judgment, Dwyer, in the gayer range of polite comedy is without a rival, or any adequate competitor, at present, on the English stage. I do not overlook Mr. Lewis, whose peculiar pleasantry I fully acknowledge; but the comedian of most value, and now the most wanted, is such a one as we have heard of, and some of us beheld, in O'Brien, what we all remember in John Palmer, and to supply whose loss I have no hesitation in affirming that Mr. Dwyer possesses many of the best requisites.

I am Sir,

A Friend to Truth, Justice, and your Cabinet.

Glasgow, 10th. June 1817.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Works recently published, in the press, or in preparation.

BIOGRAPHY.—Memoirs of Mr. Pitt, by Henry Cleland, Esq; of Isaac Pennington, by J. G. Bevan; of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, with her Poems, Essays, &c. by the Rev. M. Pennington.—Life of Charlemagne, by Mr. Card; of the Historian Thuanus, by the Rev. Mr. Collinson.—Memoirs of John Lord de Joinville, Grand Seneschal of Champagne, with a History of part of the Life of Louis IX. of France, by T. Johnes, Esq. M. P.

HISTORY.—The Chronicles, of Holinshed.—History of the Anglo-Saxons, by Sharon Turner, F. S. A.—Caledonia, or an Account of North Britain, by G. Chalmers, F. R. S. & S. A.—A new Edition of the Harleian Miscellany, with additions, by T. Park, F. S. A.

TRAVELS, &c.—Journal of a Tour through Ireland, in 1801, by Sir R. C. Hoare, Bart.—Tour through Holland, along the right and left Banks of the Rhine, to Darmstadt, in the Summer and Autumn of 1806, by Sir John Carr.

ROMANCES, &c.—Henry Hooka, by Mr. C. Dibdin. The Hungarian Brothers, by Anna Maria Porter.—The Libertine, by Rosa Matilda.

POETRY.—Poems by Miss Bower.—Poetical Works of Sir W. Jones.—Bishop Corbet's Poems, by O. Gilchrist, F. S. A.—Poems by W. Wordsworth, Author of Lyrical Ballads.—The Triumphs of Petrarch, by the Rev. Henry Boyd.—A Classical Collection of Sonnets, under the title of Laurana, by Capel Lofft, Esq.

DRAMATIC.—Caitiff of Corsica an historical drama—Mr. Morton's Town and Country—Mr. Cherry's Peter the Great—Mr. Lambe's Whistle for it—Mr. Dimond's Young Hussar—A Fac-simile of the first folio of Shakspeare.

FINE ARTS.—Lord Orford's Royal and Noble Authors, augmented and continued to the present period, by T. Park, F. S. A. with 150 Portraits.

MISCELLANIES.—The Bath and West of England Magazine; which commenced on the 15th of June, and is to be published on the 15th of each following month—Dialogues on various subjects, by the late W. Gilpin, A. M.—Sir W. Jones's Works, by Lord Teignmouth—Mrs. Chapone's posthumous works, with her life and character—Lounger's Common-place Book, Vol. IV.—Essay on the authenticity of the poems of Ossian, with a refutation of Malcolm Laing, by Patrick Graham, D. D. Minister of Aberfoyle.

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